

The Western Home Monthly

January
1928

10¢



“Leave it to Eddie”

By Ellis Parker Butler

“The Man on the Stairs”

By Mary Hastings Bradley

CLARK'S

PORK *and* BEANS



*Let the
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A Tempting Dish

Low in Price, High in Food Value

*Here are a few of
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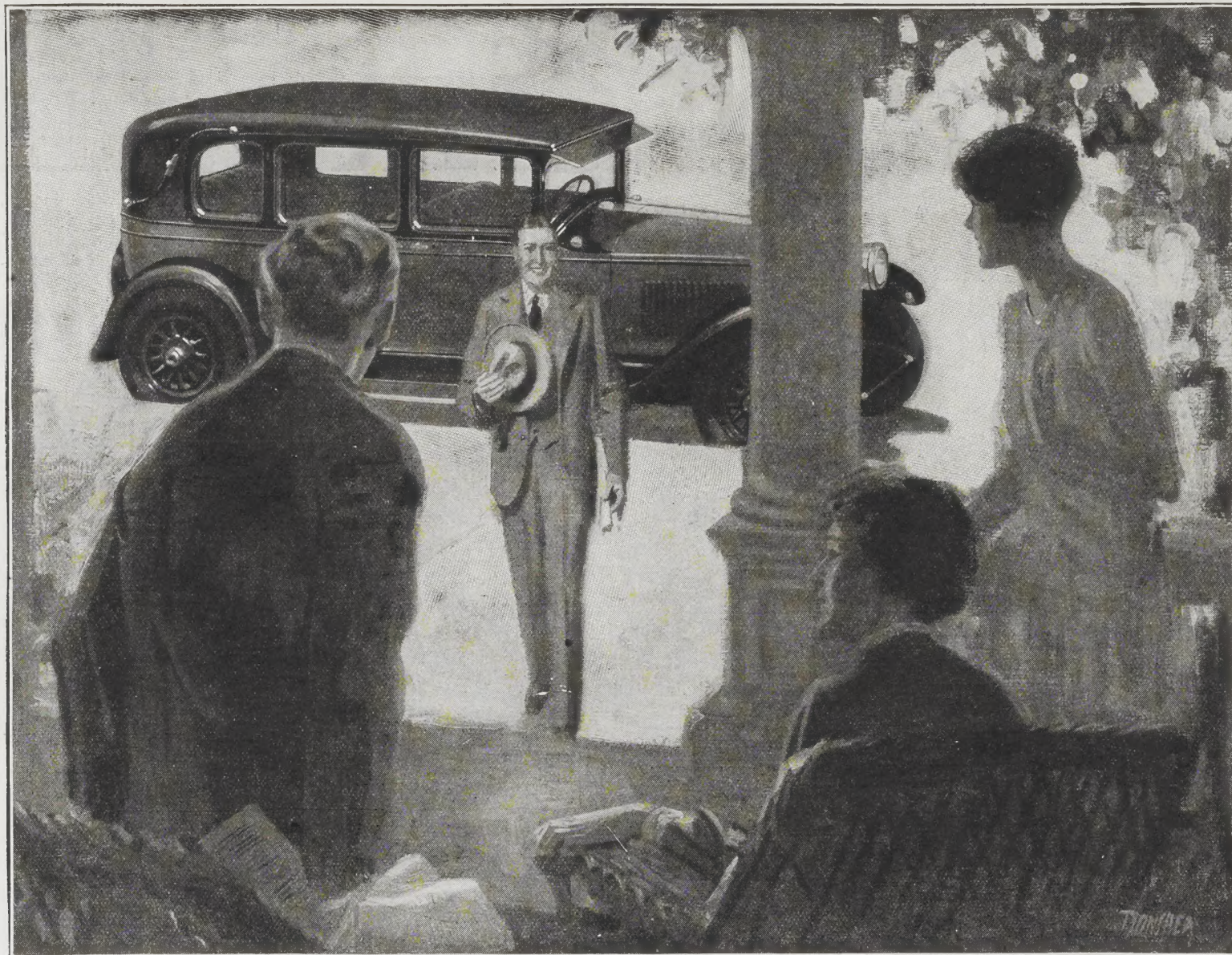


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WHEN the salesman representing a General Motors car visits you, he comes armed with facts of unmistakable interest—facts which you should know before you select a motor car. He will tell you about the greater value and satisfaction of Body by Fisher—the all important story of engineering and manufacturing leadership which every car owner should

hear. Once learn about Fisher Bodies—about their safety construction, their greater value, comfort, beauty—and you will surely choose a General Motors car which bears the emblem “Body by Fisher”. General Motors of Canada, Ltd., has just announced new cars of incomparable beauty, performance, comfort, and durability—each offering the advantage of Body by Fisher.

Roof—In every Fisher Body strength is built into the roof construction by a lattice work of slats and bows, covered with durable, weather-resisting and sound-reducing materials, which eliminates “drumming” noise.

Plate Glass—Crystal plate—or thick window glass—is *never* used in Fisher Bodies. The diamond-like polish of the genuine plate glass used in every Body by Fisher affords perfect clarity of vision—another highly desirable safety feature of every Fisher Body.

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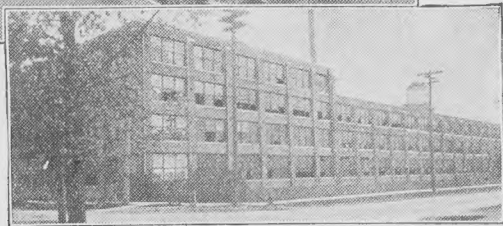
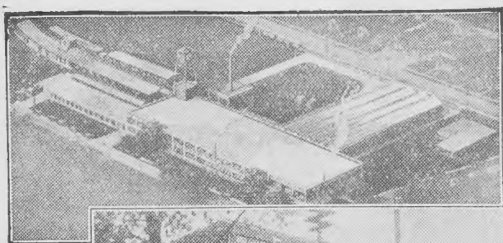
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Today the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, operates these two plants at Windsor, Ont.—(1) the chassis manufacturing plant and (2) the body building plant. Demand for the Canadian-built Chrysler has been so insistent that production each year has increased 100% or more, resulting in the record total increase of 491% in three years.

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BECAUSE of Chrysler's inveterate habit of stepping faster than the procession, the world today expects and receives extra quality and extra value in every Chrysler, whether "52," "62," "72" or Imperial "80." As confirmed by ever-climbing sales, the world is recognizing that the Chrysler spirit of progressiveness, which has brought about every worth-while improvement in the industry within the past four years, positively assures these unique advantages. See the new Chrysler models—"52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80." Make any test you wish. The more exacting your requirements, the more certain your choice of a Chrysler.

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Chrysler "52"
SEVEN BODY STYLES
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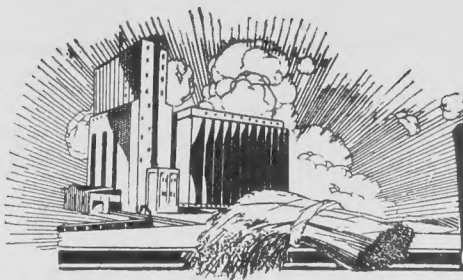
Chrysler "62"
SIX BODY STYLES
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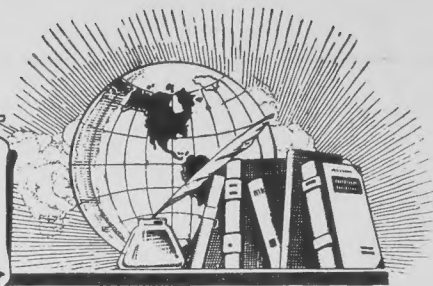
Chrysler Imperial "80"
FIVE BODY STYLES
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80 miles plus—112 horsepower

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra)

THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS



EDITORIAL



The New Year—The New Way

“WHEN a baby is chewing a raw potato there are two ways to stop him. The first is to take away the potato, with the result that there will be resentment and fury; the second is to roll him an apple, in which case he will naturally relinquish the potato.”

This is an ancient, though a homely illustration, but it suggests a principle that has varied applications. The principle is, that right behavior is more surely and readily secured through positive than negative appeals. In the home, persuasion is better than compulsion, commendation better than condemnation, praise better than blame, kindly speaking better than scolding, laughing better than frowning. So, too, in school, Arnold at Rugby is a better type than Squeers of Dotheboys Hall; appeals to reason and good-feeling better than the use of force. Even here love conquers all things—inertia as well as opposition.

The same law holds in the business world. A man can get good work from his employees at any time despite organized opposition, if he but uses the kinder way. And in social intercourse it is not the bully and the assertive braggart who commands respect, but he who is the soul of courtesy and unselfishness.

There are two special applications of the law that should be made—the first, to religious culture, the second to international relationships. Piety in its highest form is never the result of restraint. It comes not merely through abstinence; its essence is positive activity. “He went about doing good.” The highest motive that impels the Christian soul to action is not the fear of everlasting punishment. In fact, it is not punishment of sin, but sin itself that people should fear. It is a terrible doctrine which proclaims that the only way to bravery is through cowardice. It was not the method of Him who called to His service His first disciples on the simple invitation: “Follow Me!”—this not an appeal to fear, but a call to whole-hearted, loyal support.

In the solution of international problems the world has tried force for centuries. Each nation has endeavored to get all it could at the expense of its neighbors. It has threatened, scolded and fought for its rights. Why not try the way of sacrifice. The greatest is always he who helps. As for our nation, we will do most for ourselves when we do most for others. We can cultivate love in our hearts until it overflows and all lands are gladdened.

This is the goal for 1928. Is it impossible? Not if each one makes it the passion of his heart.

Disarmament

THERE is no denying the fact that conditions in Europe are far from reassuring. Notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of the League of Nations, those little fighting groups in the South-eastern corner continue to disturb the peace, and Poland, still dissatisfied, is clamoring for added power. All this is as nothing compared with the ambition of Italy and the unconquerable fear of France that her old enemy will some day endeavor to retrieve her losses. Britain, looking on, is alarmed, of course, yet anxious to promote peace, yet like her closest ally, the United States, she is unable to agree upon a formula for disarmament.

The comedy of the situation is supplied at this time by Russia—red and relentless—who comes forward to plead for universal peace. The proposal is to scrap all navies, to disband all armies, to destroy all forts within four years. And the proposal is made as from one who is an apostle of peace and righteousness to a group of bullies and scoundrels. It is as if a bootlegger were to approach an organization such as a board of trade to reprove it for its shortcomings and to show it the way to righteousness.

As a programme the idea of total disarmament is not new. It is what good Christian people have been constantly urging upon governments and

military authorities; it is what womankind the world over have been hoping for and praying for, and now more than ever it is what the Allies promised and what unfortunately they are not able yet to perform—but for Russia the discredited, the dishonest, the totally untrustworthy, to advance this proposition, and with mock solemnity—it is indeed laughable.

What is Russia to give up? Nothing but an army that is keeping the people in rags and terrifying them into bestiality. What would she have to gain? No sooner would the power of other nations be lessened than she would renew her intrigues, and every country in the world would be in a turmoil because of her propaganda.

The one thing Russia does not yet see is that in this matter of giving advice on world peace she is completely discredited—not because some of her leaders (at present) have not intelligence, but because they appear to be wholly lacking in moral qualities. We can believe the statesmen of France or Italy or Britain when they seriously state their views. Who would believe the words or trust the intentions of the commanding figures in Russia today?

The menace of the world is Russia. But for her, all armed force could well be disbanded. It is the fear of civil strife in all lands, fomented by the teachings of the maddened agents of Bolshevism, that makes countries maintain forces to repress wrong. Better a hundred times have international war than civil strife. Once give Russia a free hand to work her designs and there would be no Europe, no mankind.

Yet peace is coming, but it can make no terms with intrigue and irreligion. The one use of armies in the meantime is to keep Russia in her place.

Companionate Marriages

THAT was a wonderful thought of Judge Lindsey—to introduce as a common practice in the United States “the companionate marriage.” Maybe that is unjust to the Judge, but if so, we apologize right now. We have only vague paragraphs in the newspapers as authority for using his name, and newspapers are always pleased to use his name when they can.

But, leaving the Judge aside, what are we to say for the idea? Just this: that it may go in America, where every experiment is sure to receive a trial by somebody, but that it will never go in a country like Canada, where marriage is looked upon as a most sacred obligation, and where the family is considered as the one institution which must be preserved inviolate if the nation is to grow in power and righteousness.

The arguments for permanent marriage concern the parties to the bond, their offspring, and the state itself. One or both of the parents who break the bond must lose self-respect; the children must grow up without the benefit of that filial affection which is the most enduring thing in life; and the state must lose the support of the unit upon which its strength depends—since the unit of civilization is not the individual but the family group.

The cry for “companionate marriage” will appeal to two or three classes—who might all be classed as one—“lovers of lust.” Think of a young man experimenting with his manhood or a young woman with her womanhood. What ignorant youth does in “Mother India,” the intelligent youth of America would do under protection and under favor of law. The nation as well as the individual would become a partner of the crime.

Leave us in Canada to our old ways. Let men and women soberly and religiously seek out their soul-mates, and let them be as one “for better or for worse until death do them part”; let families grow up around them in peace and love, and let no provision be made for separation and for change. Thus shall we join in promoting that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

Moving On

IT WOULD seem as if Western Canada were about to take another step forward. Away up the north-west of Manitoba, and running into Saskatchewan is a mining district that gives promise of being one of the greatest in the world, and away out near the mountains north-west of Edmonton the great Peace River Valley is beckoning to settlers.

What mining will mean to Manitoba it is not easy to predict. It will mean more than a new railway, more than the opening of mines and the erection of plants for development. It will mean harnessing the rivers, using the forest supply and cultivating the fisheries in the new North that is opened for exploration and settlement.

What the settlement of the Peace River district will mean we already know. There is nothing the rich prairie provinces can produce which cannot be duplicated there. The climate is unsurpassed, the route to the seaboard and to the older provinces wide open, and there are inexhaustible treasures to be yet discovered—in oil, timber and minerals.

So Canada is coming on. Let the opening of the New Year give us hope and courage.

Manitoba's Beer Bill

THE Attorney-General of Manitoba has introduced the new beer bill for consideration of the Legislature. It may be taken for granted that with minor alterations it will be accepted and become law. There is evidently an attempt to introduce such provisions as will make the law operative.

The bootleggers will not find it so easy to ply their trade, and the stiff penalties proposed for violation of the law should prove effective. Particularly gratifying is it to note that cancellation of licenses for infraction of the law shall apply both to individuals and to houses.

Among other features of the bill that will receive approval from those who wish to see the life of the country as orderly as possible and therefore the supply of liquor reduced to a minimum are these: limited purchase to carriers, brewers' privilege to sell and deliver abolished, all liquor to be bought from the Commission, doctors' and druggists' prescriptions reduced.

The cry for local option has prevailed. There is here a sword that cuts both ways. If in a few years the province votes to do away with the sale of liquor, will the cities and towns who favor the sale not demand local option?

There will be great objection to the clause which takes away from the municipalities the profits of the sale of liquor. There is no doubt but that during the referendum thousands of citizens voted as they did because they thought the sale of liquor would reduce local taxation. That was true in Winnipeg particularly. Had the proposed clause been operative before the referendum it is probable the vote would have gone the other way. It seems now that though the municipalities are denied a share of the profits, they will be recompensed in another way.

Apart from the general principles of the bill are regulations of which all will approve: separate rooms for men and women, no sale to persons under 21 years, no women waiters, limited license to clubs.

One of the outstanding provisions of the bill which may be interpreted as a threat or a necessary precaution, is that the government may take over all breweries and distilleries. Seeing that the province is now, by the vote of the people, in the liquor business, perhaps complete control of manufacturing concerns is the logical procedure.

On the whole the government seems to have gone about its task in a thorough way, and while obeying the wish of the people as expressed at the polls, it seems to have exercised great wisdom and caution in drafting the bill.

She was so radiantly healthy, so clearly enjoying life to the full

*..and she told us her
Thrice-a-day Secret*



DOROTHY'S health was proverbial. She was one of those lucky people who "never had a day's illness!" She was simply everlastingly full of the happiness and energy that come from perfect health.

Long ago she discovered that Fleischmann's Yeast is a wonderful health food. Eaten three times a day, regularly, it has a stimulating effect on the digestive processes, assisting your body to eliminate waste matter, and giving a general feeling of well-being.

Thousands of healthy Canadians are aided by Fleischmann's Yeast to

"I WAS A MISSIONARY in Africa for fifteen years, the last four and a half years in the heart of the jungles. I suffered continually from boils and while on various expeditions, I contracted malaria. I was then 1500 miles from either coast, and was forced to make the journey homeward with a high fever. I suffered a complete nervous and constitutional breakdown and returned to Canada a physical wreck.

"About eight months ago I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. At first I did not see any particular change, but by persistently taking it I finally began to feel better. I have since completely got over my run-down condition, and even my boils. My troubles are at an end, and I cannot but voice my praise for Fleischmann's Yeast."

JOSEPH BLAKENEY, Toronto, Ont.



"I AM A SINGING MASTER, and formerly played many leading roles in Grand Opera. Being confined to my studio in recent years, I began to suffer from constipation.

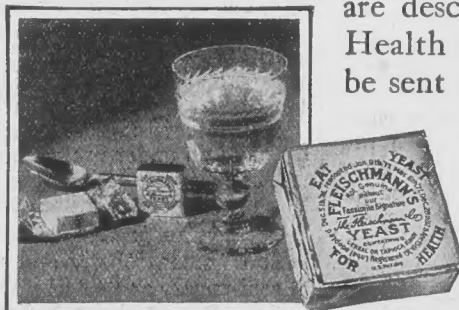
"One day a pupil of mine remarked: 'Maestro, if you will excuse me for saying so, you do not seem to have the zest behind your work that you formerly had.'

"I decided to take him into my confidence. He immediately told me that he himself had been similarly troubled but had taken Fleischmann's Yeast and had now obtained practically normal action. The pupil's advice has saved me much suffering and thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast I am continuing in my profession and am healthy in mind and body."

TOM BENSON, Toronto, Ont.

regulate health habits. Their clear complexions, and bright eyes, are eloquent testimony to the value of this wholesome health food.

Fleischmann's Yeast, eaten regularly, wards off constipation and all its attendant ills, without the



aid of dangerous cathartics.

Many appetizing ways of eating Yeast are described in the latest Yeast for Health booklet, of which a copy will be sent to you, free, if you will write to Health Research Dept. MC018 The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Canada.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada



"I HAVE BEEN a nurse on two continents. Before the war my work took me through several countries in Europe, and in 1916 I nursed the troops overseas. I had always suffered with indigestion and headaches, but with the strain and improper food my troubles were intensified. There were times when I felt I could not go on—12 hours' duty, every day. Then night duty for three months. I did not want to eat, knowing I would suffer afterward. I tried various treatments but never had good results.

"Then I came to Canada and heard of Fleischmann's Yeast. Having tried everything else I began inquiring and one of the doctors suggested taking it daily. Improvement began very soon after. My headaches went entirely from me and I began to feel really hungry. I still take Fleischmann's Yeast and find its qualities invaluable for indigestion and constipation. I have recommended it to many of my friends."

MRS. HELEN PANSELL, Toronto, Ont.

THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY



JOHN CASEY, the Third Ward Ice Company, came in from his stable on the rear of the lot, and he was mad. "Annie"! he shouted. "Annie, where th' devil are ye? The fried potatoes are burnin'."

There was no reply, and he threw his cap on the floor vehemently and grasped the handle of the frying-pan. It was almost red hot, and he let go of it so suddenly that both potatoes and pan went into the bowl of water standing on the floor for the dog. The bowl split in two equal halves and the water spread over the floor.

"What next? what next?" Mr. Casey asked the air of the kitchen in the tone of a man with whom things have gone just a little too far. He was in an irritated mood, partly because he was always in an irritated mood, but especially because he had been spending half a day over a sick mare in his stable and the mare had just died—one hundred and sixty good dollars gone to nothing and more to go, to have the mare hauled to the bone-yard.

"Annie"! he shouted again, and Mrs. Casey put her head in from the hall.

"Easy wance, Jawn"! she said in a loud whisper. "Stop yellin'. Sneak up th' stairs and get into your good clothes. Mamie has fetched her young man home to dinner."

"Me get into my good clothes"! cried Mr. Casey. "I will not! What does she mean fetchin' some young squirt to th' house for dinner?"

"Not so loud, Jawn," whispered Mrs. Casey. "He's in th' parlor this minute tellin' me how her and him is goin' to be married."

"Married, she says"! cried Mr. Casey. "Like fun you mean. Mamie'll do no marryin' this long while yet. Annie, wait now—th' potatoes burned, and I slang them in the dog bowl—"

"No matter," whispered Mrs. Casey excitedly. "They're waitin' for me."

She closed the door, and Mr. Casey stared at it.

"What next"? he demanded bitterly of the door. "Mamie'll be marryin', will she? And I do but finish payin' for th' stenography schoolin' for her! There's a fine way to ack. Ye give a girl an eddy-catin' an' th' momint she is fitted t' earn a part of what ye spint on her she quits ye. I will not put on anny clothes. Be hanged if I put on anny clothes!"

The hall door opened again and Mamie came into the kitchen and closed the door.

"Yes that's all right," said Mamie, hurriedly, paying no more attention to him than she usually did. "You'll just love him, Pa."

Leave it to Eddie

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," Etc.

Illustrated by J. Clymer

"Pa," she exclaimed ecstatically, "Eddie is here! And what do you think? I'll give you three guesses."

"Eddie"! said Mr. Casey sarcastically. "Eddie who, may your father take th' impertinence t' ask you? And I need no three guesses with your mother already yellin' her head off at me. But hark ye, Mamie—ye'll not be marryin' no Eddie nor yet no Jimmie nor no Sammie. Get your mind off it if it's on your mind."

"Yes, that's all right," said Mamie hurriedly, paying no more attention to what her father said than she usually did. "You'll just love him, Pa. He's the dearest thing! But—oh, yes, go right up and put on your other clothes, and rush over to the store and get a quart of ice-cream. Peach. No, peach and strawberry mixed. And, Pa, don't forget to put on a necktie. And—oh, yes; get a bottle of olives—big ones."

"Olives"! cried Mr. Casey. "Me buy a bottle of olives! Do you think I'm crazy? Me buy olives!"

"Stuffed ones," said Mamie. "And hurry, Pa."

"Indeed"! said Mr. Casey sarcastically, but Mamie was no longer there to hear him. "Put on your other clothes and go get a bottle of olives!"

And hurry, Pa! Sure, I'll hurry! I'll run me head off t' buy olives for some grease-haired jazz-hound to eat at my expinse. I will not! I see Jawn Casey puttin' on his Sunday-go-to-mass clothes t' go t' th' store an' say: 'Please do up a quart of peach ice-cream and make it half strawberry,' because some young pup that don't earn enough to pay his board has come to my house to eat on me. Since when have I been a messenger boy for a college-cut cake-eater?"

He picked up the two halves of the dog's bowl, and, seeing no place to put them except on the floor, put them back on the floor. This brought him near the

sink so he washed his hands, using the brown soap.

"What next"? he said. "Olives for the fine gentleman that's done me the honor of comin' to th' house for a free eat. Will I get them? I will not—not in ten thousand years. Annie"! he yelled.

There was no answer.

"Annie," he shouted, "I'm goin' out, and I'll not be back till late."

He glared at the door and took up his cap and drew it on so viciously that his ears stuck out beneath it. Then he went out into the dusk. Ten minutes later he opened the kitchen door and put a bottle of stuffed olives on the kitchen table; the ice-cream, half peach and half strawberry, he put in the refrigerator. There was one thing of which the Caseys always had plenty—ice.

FIVE minutes after that Mrs. Casey in the parlor heard a loudly whispered "Annie"! from the head of the stairs, and went into the hall to have Mr. Casey ask her where his collars were, and not long after that Mr. Casey came down the front stairs, looking for all the world like an iceman ready for church. He went to the parlor door, and a young man in a neat blue serge arose to greet him.

"How do you do"? said Mr. Casey.

"Pa, this is Eddie," said Mamie. "His name is Eddie Murphy, Pa."

"How do you do," said Mr. Casey again.

Eddie Murphy took Mr. Casey's hand and shook it and found it hard and horny but unresponsive.

"Oh, for goodness sake, Pa"! exclaimed Mamie, "don't act as if you were afraid Ed was going to borrow money. All he's going to do is marry me,

and that ain't anything to have fits about, is it? I've got to marry someone some time."

"Mr. Casey isn't feelin' very well," said Mamie's mother. "One of his horses that was a mare got I-don't-know-what and is like to die on him anny minute."

"It's dead, if it does you any good to know it," said Mr. Casey sourly, "though little enough anny of this family cares what happens."

"Ah, th' mare is dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey. "Mamie, the mare is dead."

"Well, I heard Pa say so, Ma," Mamie responded. "Gosh knows I'm sorry. We'll never hear the last of it now."

"That's the trouble with horses," said Eddie, politely ignoring Mr. Casey's slightly unfriendly demeanor. "Horses will die. Now, that's one thing about an automobile truck. Of course, if an automobile truck is not taken care of—"

"Is that so?" said Mr. Casey rather rudely. "An ottymobel truck will not die, will it not? You must be profissor of a college t' know such a lot about ottymobel trucks, Mr. Murphy. I am pleased to meet a gentleman with so much knowlidge. No doubt you can inform me do ottymobel trucks git th' colick or suffer from th' heaves an' th' glanders?"

Eddie Murphy colored. He was not angry, because he could not be angry with Mamie Casey's father, but he knew that Mr. Casey was trying to be insulting, and Eddie Murphy was not normally a young man to accept insults. He was no child. He was twenty-nine, and for five years, beginning when he was twenty, he had dallied with the profession of prize-fighter and had not been such a poor user of foot-work and fists. Only his desire to be something finer than a fighter had caused him to leave the ring. He had considered that a fighter's successful days are not long, and that a good salesman is always in line for better and better jobs, and Eddie Murphy had become a good salesman. With what he had won in the ring and his savings from his salary as a salesman he now had quite a tidy little sum invested in good stocks that were listed on the Stock Exchange. He still retained his fighter's physique, and, big as Mr. Casey was, he could have picked him up and thrown him through a window, but he was disinclined to do so not only because he was in love with Mamie, but because his was not a temper that leads to throwing men through windows.

"Well, there's a lot in that," he said pleasantly to Mr. Casey. "I guess I do shoot off my mouth a little too freely, Mr. Casey. You know a lot more about your business than I do. If you thought automobile trucks were better than horses, you'd have trucks, I guess. I beg your pardon."

"I don't need annywan to tell me how to run my business," said Mr. Casey, still belligerently.

"Of course you don't," agreed Eddie Murphy.

"I know how to run the ice business the way it should be run," declared Mr. Casey.

"You bet you do," said Eddie heartily. "How long have you been in the ice business?"

"Too dang long," said Mr. Casey. "It's a dog of a business."

"Lots of work and small profits," said Eddie agreeably. "I know how it is. And everybody yelling at you because a fifty-pound piece of ice isn't as big as a house or bigger."

"You said it!" said Mr. Casey as Mamie gestured at Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Casey retired to the kitchen.



"All he's going to do is marry me and that ain't anything to have fits about, is it?"

"Maybe ye'd like t' smoke a cigar, Mr. Murphy?"

"Well, thanks, no," said Eddie, "I don't smoke."

It's no matter," said Mr. Casey. "I have no cigars at the prisint moment, annyway, but I thought maybe if you wanted a cigar we would walk around t' th' store and buy wan. Yes, th' ice business is a dog's life, like you say, Mr. Murphy. Twinty-sivin years nixt May th' first I've been th' Third Ward Ice Company, mind you, and where has it got me? Keep out of it."

"That's right," said Eddie. "That's good advice from a man who knows."

"What line might you be in?" asked Mr. Casey.

"Well," said Eddie, "when I was twenty I took up prize-fighting. Light heavy-weight class—"

"Well, that's a good business too," said Mr.

Casey. Now you take this Delaney feller. You take Dempsey. Take Fitzsimmons. But none of them was th' equil of old Jawn L. Sullivan. I was named after him—Jawn L. Sullivan. Jawn Casey. After Jawn L. Sullivan.

"You don't mean it! He was a grand old man. But I quit the prize ring," said Eddie.

"Well, I don't know but what you done good," said Mr. Casey, nodding his head approvingly. "As man to man," he added, "this collar is chokin' me to death."

"Pa," said Mamie, "leave your collar on. I think for once in your life you might wear a collar when it is Eddie's first visit to the house."

"Oh, well!" said Mr. Casey, with resignation. "It won't be long till dinner is done. What did you say your business was, Mr. Murphy?"

"Tst!" sibilated Mamie, warningly, but not to her father. Eddie looked at her with surprise.

"Eddie is a salesman," said Mamie.

"An' there's no better way to get started," said Mr. Casey. "What line did ye sey ye was in, sir?"

For only a moment Eddie hesitated, but when he glanced at Mamie and saw her shaking her head vigorously.

"I'm in the—ah—mechanical appliance line, you might say," said Eddie. "Just now, I'm selling a—well, a sort of household necessity. I believe in the modern improvements. Labor-saving by machinery, don't you see?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Casey, in a tone that gave labor-saving machinery his thoughtful approval. "There's a lot to be said for them things. Take the vacuum cleaner, f'r instance. There's quite an invintion

—th' vacuum cleaner. An' th' illictric iron. That's quite an idea, th' illictric iron. An' then there's th' illictric wash-tub—that's another wan . . . Mamie, how soon will the dinner be ready? Or do I have to choke t' death with this collar?"

"I'll ask Ma," Mamie said, and started for the door.

"I put th' ice-cream in th' refrigerator," said Mr. Casey; "half peach an' half strawberry, on th' top shelf by th' ice. Th' olives are on th' table."

"All right," said Mamie, "but you don't have to tell everybody everything you know."

"Just for that," said Mr. Casey, "I won't tell you th' corkscrew is in th' stable, where I took it t' open a bottle of med'cine for th' mare."

"Ma don't need it," said Mamie. "She can open the olives with a fork."

"You don't happen to know," said Mr. Casey to Eddie, "where I can buy a good horse cheap?"

Intrinsically, Mr. Casey was of the salt of the earth, but he had his troubles, and his troubles sometimes fretted him to such an extent that he lost that dignified placidity of demeanor characteristic of a bronze statue of a sheep. He loved his family, but he shouted when he was irritated, and, since the ice business had become so exasperating, that was all the time. Now, however, as he conversed with Eddie Murphy he began to accept matters philosophically. Perhaps his good clothes and his collar made him feel a little as if he was in church and ought to behave accordingly.

"No, I don't know much about horses," Eddie said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Casey; but I'll ask around if you want me to."

"Let be! Let be!" said Mr. Casey in his most friendly manner. "Put yourself to no trouble, Mr. Murphy. There's plenty of horses. Now, they're tellin' me you're goin' to marry my Mamie."

"I certainly am, Mr. Casey," said Eddie Murphy eagerly. "With your consent, of course. I was saying to Mrs. Casey—"

"She's a fine girl, is Mamie," Mr. Casey said. "Yes, she's a dang fine girl, if I do say it."

"Now, Pa!" begged Mamie, but Mrs. Casey put her head in the room and suggested that the table was ready to be set. "Don't let Pa give you any of his hot air about me, Eddie," Mamie said, and went from the room happily. As soon as she was gone, Mr. Casey edged his chair

nearer to Eddie Murphy and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. He motioned to Eddie to move his chair closer.

"Them women," he said in a hoarse whisper—"they're so excited when a lad comes courtin' a girl they don't know are they afoot or horseback, Murphy. Th' first lad that comes makin' sheep's-eyes they think is the king of the world or I don't know what. But you an' me are men, Murphy."

"Yes, sir," said Eddie. "That's so."

"An' if th' father of a girl don't look out for what's what, who will, Murphy?" asked Mr. Casey.

"That's right," agreed Eddie. "And I'll tell you anything you want to know, Mr. Casey. I know it is a big thing to come and take away the last of a father's daughters, especially when she is such a splendid girl as Mamie is. I'll answer anything you want to ask me, sir."

"Sure! That's the way to talk," whispered Mr. Casey. "Well, now, are ye a respectable young feller?"

"Why, yes," said Eddie. "Yes, I am, Mr. Casey. I can say that honestly."

"Fine!" said Mr. Casey. "That's one load off me mind, annyway. I'd not be wantin' Mamie to marry one of these harum-scarums, ye mind. Now—have ye a good stiddy job, Murphy. Does it pay ye good money?"

"I'll say it does," said Eddie enthusiastically.

Continued on page 37



"We'll want no more ice from you Casey, we've boughten us wan of thim Aurory Borealis ice machines."

The Man on the Stairs

By Mary Hastings Bradley

Author of "Wine of Astonishment,"
"The Fortieth Door," Etc.

Illustrated by
Katherine Allen



"Oh, quick!" I gasped
out to him. "Please
be quick!"

ALL my life I've looked under my bed, but I always did it just to relieve my mind by the assurance that there wasn't anyone there; the possibility of there being anyone there never entered my head. So I hadn't an iota of a vestige of an idea what to do in that terrible instant when I saw that someone *was* there. But a blessed instinct in me somewhere had the sense to pretend to be picking up a pin; then I straightened and moved mechanically over to the dressing-table.

There was just a chance he hadn't seen me see him. I had looked under from the foot, and the impression of that lightning second of time was that he was facing the side, but I wasn't sure—I was sure only of a dark, huddled figure and two huge rubber sneakers. There was probably a pistol in his pocket and a sponge with chloroform.

I looked up and met my face staring back from the mirror, and it was the whitest, scariest face I shall ever see in this world, Johnny. And it had a right to be. For there I was, alone, in that flat at midnight—Grace had gone to a reception—with not a soul in speaking distance and not a telephone at hand! I tell you it was the first time I ever wished I was married, but I wished it hard then. To whom? Oh, it was no time to be particular, Johnny—just a man, anyone to deal with that thing under the bed.

A little clinking noise caught my ears, and I noticed that I was foolishly opening and shutting the lid of my powder-box for a semblance of occupation. I snatched up a brush and attacked my hair furiously. I mustn't let him know I suspected. I opened drawers with a jerk and shut them with a bang, while I tried to concentrate my chaos of a mind on a plan of escape.

I'd taken off my dress, and to put it on again would excite suspicion. The door was 'way over on the other side of the room, right by the bed, and I had already shut and locked it for the night. While I was unlocking it that man might leap out at me!

And anyway, I couldn't rush out into the street that way. My hair—no, it wasn't in curl papers, you wretch!—but it was flying like the Witch of Endor's. I finished braiding it with trembling fingers, and then crossed over to the closet door—feeling all the time those eyes on my slippers, watching every step!—and took down the gorgeous Japanese kimono that a cousin had sent from California and which I had contemplated using as an opera-cloak. A kimono was a disarmingly stay-at-home garment, I thought. Then I drew the big chair under the light and began rustling through a pile of magazines as if I were going to settle down

and read a bit. I even tried to hum a careless tune, but not a sound could I produce. I was absolutely dumb—for once. I don't believe I could have screamed if a legion of husbands had been in the next room.

But I slapped down a magazine in disgust and marched to the door. I even tried to make my face look impatient and annoyed at not finding what I wanted, thinking perhaps that crouched thing could see my face. Oh, I'll never forget the suspense while I was unlocking the door. I was just a *hollow* a dreadful, reverberating hollow in which something was thumping, thumping!

And then I was inside, with every inch of me yearning to scamper down the long hall as if the fiends were in pursuit. The click of the front door latch under my shaking hands seemed as loud as a pistol-shot, and it was eternities before I was out in the big dark hall of the building.

The flat below was empty, I knew, and above were three young men, as yet unknown save for their names, which were posted over the bell. I frantically debated whether I should rush to them for help, on the chance of their being in, or out into the deserted street, and had just decided on the street when I heard one of the young men coming up and flashed on the lights.

"Oh, quick!" I gasped out to him. "Please be quick!"

Naturally he was amazed. He hadn't been prepared to see, at the turn, under the springing lights, a young woman in a garish, cherry-colored wrap, stretching out an imploring hand and incoherently urging him to haste.

He stood staring—a nice, broad-shouldered fellow in a big overcoat, with very quick, smiling gray eyes. At least they began to smile in a minute. For I gave a dramatic gesture toward the door I'd left ajar, and, in a mysterious whisper, "I've got a man!" I breathed.

"Really"? I could swear his lips twitched. "A burglar"! I got out at last.

"Oh"! He was sober enough now.

"Under the bed," I went on rapidly. "At least he *was*. I don't think he suspected I saw. And I'm all alone, and I haven't a 'phone, and I didn't know whether to go up to your flat or into the street."

"H'm. That's pretty bad."

I didn't want his sympathy—at any rate, not then. "Do something"! I besought desperately.

He contemplated the front door. "Is he a big fellow?"

"How should I know? He's under the bed. He has big feet, anyway. Haven't you a pistol?"

"You can't fire at a man under a bed without exposing yourself. It's a strategic position," argued the young man, with provoking placidity. "However, I have a gun." He drew it out with a deliberation that seemed characteristic, and stood looking at it as if he expected it to act for him. "Perhaps you'd better run for a policeman," he suggested.

"How can I"? My glance called his attention to my flame-colored magnificence. He regarded it, not unapprovingly, and then my scarlet face, and then—I didn't mean to be such a fool, but, Johnny, I was so furious at his hesitation and so upset by the shock and all, that I could no more have kept from crying than a baby; the tears just jumped into my eyes and ran down my cheeks.

"I'm so frightened," I whispered idiotically—as if he couldn't see it clearly enough.

But it aroused him. "Don't worry; I'll get him out for you," he told me, clapped his hat back on his head, gripped his revolver, and started in the door. "Leave it open," he said curtly, "and go off somewhere."

I was much too excited to go off anywhere, besides, I scorned to desert in any such cowardly fashion. So, trying to look unafraid, I tiptoed on behind, pointing out the door of my room. On the threshold my protector stopped, aimed his revolver sternly at my pink lace bedspread, and in grim tones commanded:

"Come out of this, you! The game's up. Hustle up, get out, and keep still."

The injunction to silence was obeyed. A breathless stillness prevailed.

"I mean what I say. You can't help yourself—I've got a gun here. You come out and come quick!"

Another pause, and then a grunting and a rumbling under the bed. I clutched my defender's arm as a brown bulk rolled out in sight and scrambled upright. Oh, John, you can't imagine what a surly, sullen, brutish face that burglar turned toward us! It was a foolish face, too, with its sheepish surprise and defeat, as he stood there with awkward,

dangling arms before the mouth of that revolver. His lips moved, but, "You keep still and march," said his captor. "Down the hall ahead of me, please, and go slowly. Don't move your hands! That's it—steady now."

In rhythmic procession they moved down the hall and out the door. What on earth the young man was going to do with him I don't know—he said afterward that he didn't either, unless he marched him through the streets until he found a policeman—but on the stairs there was a spring, a scramble, and a slam—the slam of the outside door—and then the vain commands of the young man.

He came back ruefully. "He got away," he said. "I didn't have the nerve to shoot the fellow from the back. He ducked into an alley, and I didn't want to chase him and leave you. Are there any others about the premises?"

"Horrors! I hope not!" I exclaimed. That was a new and startling thought, and I took that young man and his revolver into every nook and corner of that six-room flat. We peered under beds, we poked into wardrobes, we pried into corners—we even delved into the clothes-basket and hung over the dumb-waiter. The absurdity of it all never struck me till I caught myself solemnly opening the ice-box, and then a sudden gust of laughter made me cling weakly to it for support.

It wasn't hysterics; it was just humor, returning humor, and it seized my rescuer too, for he laughed and laughed till I thought he would never leave off.

"It must seem funnier to you than to me," I gasped at last, dabbing at my eyes with my capacious sleeves.

"Well," he confessed, "I shouldn't wonder if it did."

"But it was simply dear of you," I assured him, and I said a lot more that didn't half tell him how grateful I was, while he stoutly protested that it was nothing, nothing at all, as if extracting burglars from beneath beds was just a casual courtesy he was always glad to extend to strangers.

"And I don't even know which one of you I'm thanking," I remarked. "Whether you are Mr. Grey or Richards, or Peters." In my heart I was hoping that he wasn't Peters. And he wasn't. He was Richards.

What difference does it make? If you don't see any there's no use in my wasting this choice narrative upon you. I don't know why I'm telling you, anyway.

Perhaps I'm not telling all? Well, just you wait!

We talked a while—I told him who I was and how Grace was away at a reception, and he said that he and Grey and Peters had noticed us as soon as we'd moved in and wondered how they could meet us; and then the clock struck half past twelve, and he jumped up and said he mustn't intrude longer.

As if it were an intrusion to save your life!

And I couldn't bear the thought of being alone in that flat. The burglar was probably lurking outside ready to clamber in some window again, so I said that Grace would be home soon and would be mind waiting until then?

He didn't look as if he minded very much, and—we were still standing by the ice-box—it occurred to me that we both needed sustenance after our thrilling adventure. So we carried some chicken and fruit and cake into the dining-room, and I started the coffee machine, and in ten minutes we were sitting down like old chums to a midnight repast—a more than midnight repast, if you insist.

His appreciation of my humble fare was significant. The very bones of the underfed chicken seemed to give him the full measure of gastronomic enjoyment. The coffee became a surpassing tonic and altogether above the level of the usual. A flare of enthusiasm had replaced the calm and unconcern that hitherto were the marked characteristics of this extraordinary young man with whom an unusual force of circumstances brought me into contact. A sense of the joy that essentially belongs to young manhood had put aside the set conventional aesthetics that had evidently governed his training and his associations. Thoughts of the robber and his desperate intentions gave way to happier conceptions of life, and even that unpoetic individual

might have secured unuttered blessings for the creation of a situation that would probably not have happened were it not for his unsolicited visit. Thus it is that the rôle of our destiny is unfolded and that life's richest blessings are made manifest.

Strange phenomenon, is it not, that from so unlovely and alarming a situation, a condition of mutual understanding and reciprocal affection should emanate instantly and spontaneously? But then, the pages of history abound in such happenings and the problem for solution is whether an apparent wrong is justified that a greater good may result.

Of course I believe in adventure—haven't I been having them ever since I first discovered the world outside my nursery door?—but never had I known such an adventure as this. We were both so excited that we laughed and talked as though we had known each other all our lives.



The young man rose. So did I. "Aunt Isabel," I said in a sickly voice "How very nice, I was waiting to—let me introduce Mr. Richard."

That's just the trouble with you, John; I remember just how you howled with the measles, and how you like your steak and loathe purple, and I know you know all about me and all my anecdotes and heart histories—there is no undiscovered territory with you.

But here there was. That man had been everywhere, and he could talk about it, too, in a quaint, droll way.

It hadn't all been happy times, though, I surmised, for his face was rather grim when he wasn't smiling, but his smile was simply jolly. And then, just in the midst of it, came the sound of an opening door.

"It's Grace," I said, and it was. But it was also Aunt Isabel.

Why Grace had been moved to bring Aunt Isabel home with her I could not, at that moment, stop to inquire. Afterward Grace disclaimed any responsibility. It had been Aunt Isabel's suggestion.

As she stood there in the doorway, tall and imposing in her velvet and furs, I felt my cheeks flame to the hue of my unlucky kimono, every separate hair of my head seemed to tingle before her horrified stare, and I was wretchedly conscious that here, in the early morning hours, in shameless, flaunting garb, I sat participating with a young and handsome man in what, from her eye, I gathered appeared to be an orgy. Behind her, eclipsed by her magnificence, hung Grace's face, a pallid reflection of dismay.

The young man rose. So did I.

"Aunt Isabel!" I said in a sickly voice. "How very nice. I was waiting to—let me introduce Mr Richards."

It was a cheerless ceremony, John. You know Aunt Isabel. Her breath was beginning to return, and I rushed on with a scattering explanation.

"We've had a burglar—at least I had, under the bed; and I got Mr. Richards to get him out!"

"Humph." My announcement appeared to fall flat. Plainly a burglar was nothing as compared to the shock of this revelry of mine. I babbled on unhappily.

"Really it was dreadful! I don't know what I'd have done if Mr. Richards hadn't come then, and I just made him wait till Grace came, I was so nervous—"

Aunt Isabel's eye wandered from the steaming coffee-urn to the remains of the repast wherein my nervousness had found succor. And then I caught Mr. Richards' glance and suddenly, and unfortunately, we both laughed.

"Don't look so shocked, Miss Dane," he said, in his pleasant, humorous voice. "Miss Brown doesn't have a burglar every evening."

Aunt Isabel's face conveyed the impression that she doubted it.

However, Grace had at last awakened to the realization of the burglar, and she insisted excitedly on the facts with details and repetition and joined me in parting protestations of gratitude to my protector. How had I controlled myself when I first glimpsed that apparition under the bed? How did I manage not to faint and how had I stopped screaming out? These questions and many similar ones were hurled at me in a regular bombardment, and I was beginning to feel quite courageous in spite of Aunt Isabel's untimely presence. But she made one speech

too many.

"It's such a droll way to have met you, Mr. Richards. Wasn't it, Molly?"

"Have you never, Mary?"—Aunt Isabel does not say Molly—"have you never met this—this Mr. Richards properly hithertofore?"

There's something dreadfully impressive about that word hithertofore, John. Why couldn't she have said before? Mr. Richards' eyes met mine, brimming with such comic despair that I laughed recklessly.

I'm afraid I haven't met him properly now, Aunt Isabel.

I went to the door with him.

"I've let you in for an awful lot," he apologized.

"As if it wasn't I who let you in for it!"

We both laughed and then grew sober, and then—he told me it had been the happiest evening of his life!

Sudden? Of course it was! That's why I'm mentioning it. It shows his calibre. Anybody could have said the usual "thank you and good-night I hope to see you again" kind, but he just gripped my hand in a quick, boyish way and blurted it out. "I won't forget it," he said.

What did I say? Well, I said I wouldn't forget it, either. And I'm not likely to.

Then I went in to Aunt Isabel. And I won't forget that, either! I fear me that never, in her heart of hearts, will she believe in the burglar.

Grace was excited, too, because now we'd met the men upstairs, one at least, and she hoped he'd have wisdom enough to bring one of the others when he came to call. I hoped so, too.

But he didn't. He didn't even come himself, though I waited. And oh, Johnny, I've met the men upstairs—and he isn't any of them! Who is he? You know just as much as I do, every bit! The confederate of the burglar under the bed, I suppose, waiting outside.

Isn't it dreadful to think of? He was such a nice boy, Johnny. But isn't it funny, too? No wonder he laughed. The very funniest of all must have been the bed burglar's feelings when he heard his pal ordering him out!

You can call it a sell if you wish, my dear, yet it's just a bit of a compliment, too, isn't it?"

Only don't tell Aunt Isabel.

Huskies of the Hinterland

By Robert Watson

Author of "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon," "The Spoilers of the Valley," Etc., Etc.

Photos by Permission of the Governor and Committee, Hudson's Bay Company

WITHOUT its dogs, the Great Northland in winter time would indeed be a difficult place in which to live. No one who has not travelled over the hard winter trails of the North, ahead of, or behind a team of dogs, can fully realize just how much the opening of that vast country is attributable to the temperamental, vicious-fighting, ever-hungry huskies, in conjunction, of course, with the oft-despised white bean and its co-partner, a side of bacon.

There is something romantic and picturesque in the idea of travelling by dog-team, but to the men of the North the husky is merely the beast of burden, the horse of the frozen places, the dire necessity, and very little else.

That the huskies are efficient as a means of travel is evidenced, if evidence were still needed, by the fact that a trained team can make forty miles a day and keep this up for many days on end, each dog pulling a load of approximately one hundred pounds.

It is natural, of course, that the Hudson's Bay Company, with its widely-flung fur-trading posts, many of which run far into the Arctic Circle, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who have to go wherever other white men go and often where other white men have never been, should be the largest users of dogs in the Far North.

These dogs, with sleds, are employed in the winter time chiefly for travelling between the far scattered posts and settlements, for the transport of mails and for the hauling of firewood and other supplies; also for police patrol purposes. Their work does not cease with the disappearance of the snow, for they are often requisitioned at the trading posts for ploughing the land; in British Columbia and other parts to carry the prospectors' packs. In Alaska and Northern British Columbia they do little in the way of packing, but they are often hitched to small wagons and used much in the way horses are used in civilization.

The origin of the husky or malamute dog is not clearly determined. The words "husky" and "malamute" are really synonymous. There is an idea among some people that these names refer to two different kinds of Northern dog, the one quarter-wolf and the other half-wolf, but this is not so. Neither the husky nor the malamute is part wolf in the generally accepted sense; he is "all dog." The word "malamute" would seem to be simply the name given to the animals in Alaska, and in certain

places in the Yukon, while "husky" is the name given to this same dog of the north throughout Canada generally.

The term "husky" is also used by the men of the North when referring to the Eskimo.

The pads on the feet of the Husky are much tougher and stronger than those on the domestic dog whose pads would wear out very quickly on the sharp, frozen surfaces of ice and snow over which the husky has to travel. But even then, the feet of the husky are very often protected by small moccasins made from reindeer hide.

At the age of one year, the husky pup is ready to be broken in, and it is at that age that he is first harnessed onto a team, where, under the combined

tutelage of the driver and an experienced lead dog, he speedily becomes proficient. So intelligent is he that he has been known to acquire a knowledge of the signs, direction, and swear words, in the course of a single day.

As is the case with all animals of intelligence, the dogs soon learn to recognize personality and are not slow to give way to the will of the driver who means business.

The husky dog is usually at his best between the ages of three and five years.

As a rule, teams comprise from five to seven dogs, while occasionally one may see as many as three teams of seven dogs each combining to pull a stiff, uphill load. Inland, the teams are usually hitched to the sled in tandem fashion, but in the East on Hudson Bay and on the Arctic coasts, they travel fan-shape.

Their harness is, of course, made of leather; a collar and bellyband with traces.

The loads that the dogs are called upon to pull are largely reckoned on the nature of the trail to be covered. A careful driver generally figures this out to a pound or so.

Huskies differ in color, some of them being absolutely black, but their color has no bearing on their efficiency and the matching of teams for color is purely a matter of fastidiousness or taste on the part of the driver or owner.

These dogs are always hungry and are great thieves if not well watched. They are fed only once a day, in the evening when work is over. At the end of a day's trip, the men cut down the wood for their fire, unload, get camp ready and partake of their own meal while the dog-feed is being thawed out or cooked.

The regulation meal for a working husky is from three to five pounds and consists of dried or frozen fish or meat, or warmed corn meal or rice to which some tallow has been added to provide the very necessary fat.

Their viciousness and greed show up at feeding time, and in order to prevent fighting during the meal, it is necessary for someone to stand over them with a dog-whip or to stake them out, well apart.

The huskies rely on the snow for their drink in the winter time when everything is frozen over, and they suffer no ill-effects therefrom, while they can make their beds snugly and cosily under soft snow. So comfortable do they become sometimes in their insulation of fur and snow, that they evince no desire to get up in the morning, and have often to be prodded and dug out.

Like the dogs of civilization, huskies are subject to distemper, and every once in a while some mysterious disease seizes them and kills them off in large numbers, just as it does with the jack rabbit, the marten and other fur-bearing animals.

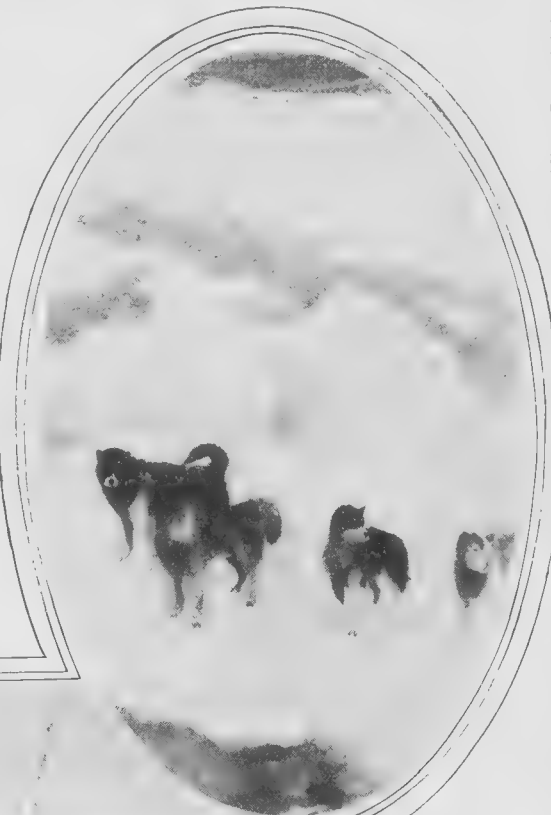
They are very clannish and herd in cliques. In the Indian villages and elsewhere, if a husky wishes to rejoin his own special camp, he will make a detour of miles rather than encounter the dogs of another clique, who, as he well knows, would make little ceremony of pouncing on him and tearing him to ribbons, just as he and his clique would do with any other strange dog under similar circumstances.

His value in cash is what can be got for him. During the early part of the Red Lake gold rush, when men were frantic to get in to stake their claims, dogs on the spot were selling for as much as two hundred dollars each, but in the spring,

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Dogs at Summer Work in Alaska



Above—Ever-hungry huskies waiting a hand-out from the ship.
Below—R. C. M. Police team and sleds



ALGIERS—City of Ancient Pirates and



One of the narrow, winding, filthy streets in the Kasbak

WHEN the early falling horse-chestnut leaves come gyrating down to the Paris pavement and go scurrying in wind-driven riotous dance along the wide boulevards; when the fog of lemon-colored hue and penetrating chill lies over London, then certain of the fortunate of mankind with fat pocketbooks and leisure at their command hurry aboard steamers for warmer climes.

One of the charming spots toward which these winter-escaping people journey is the new-old city of Algiers. It matters not from which of the French ports, Marseilles or Port-Vendres, you sail, the transportation companies, with a keen eye for artistic effects, have so arranged the times of sailing that always the passengers see the city in the best daylight hours. Long before the port comes into view, if you arrive in spring or winter, there meets the view the white gleaming heights of the Kabylia and Djurdjura mountains, an odd paradox this vision of snow when one is coming to the land of sun and warmth.

Algiers on its steep hill face gleaming whitely under the blazing sun, a vast array of modern buildings, straight of line, mingled with the remnant of the ancient Arab town, so strange an irregularity of façade that at a distance you have a queer impression of looking upon a pile of ruins, one quickly dispelled as the ship draws closer to the modern port where French gunboats lie. On the circling wooded heights surrounding the city are thousands of villas, the homes of people rich and moderately well-to-do, all as gleaming white as most of the buildings in the city below, but their color accentuated because of the dark green of the trees of olive, stone pine and cypress.

Perhaps no city in the world presents a more varied mixture of races as Algiers though half of its 200,000 population are of Arab blood, being of several different stocks. Upon the sidewalks of this modern town, where street cars and the most modern motors move through the streets, passes an amazing procession of people, some not far removed from the savage, others from the highest European civilizations. French soldiers in blue and khaki, tall Arabs in flowing robes of white; flat-nosed, thick-lipped Mozabites, dark of hue, who control the butcher and green-grocery trades; immense negroes, nearly nude, always smiling, the manual laborers of the place. In contrast to their good-humored faces are the Arabs, always grave, an apparently sullen people. Here and there occa-

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In this article Mr. Dickie continues voyaging in entirely new surroundings, and tells of the most important things of interest about the city of Algiers and its people. This is one of a series on North Africa. Other towns, the desert, strange ruins of the wondrous past will be told about in succeeding numbers.

sionally, veiled women walk sedately. Mingling with this native crowd are Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen and Maltese dressed in the latest modern clothes fashioned in Paris and London. Here and there you come upon that amazing type, the blue-eyed, red-headed Berber, the women of which race go about unveiled. They come from the mountains east of Algiers, and their origin is a matter of argument among authorities on ethnic stock. And among all these people is a large sprinkling of Jews. For centuries this people was persecuted in this city. Still they remained, suffering countless indignities, but finally piling up such wealth that the Jewish population of today, numbering some 60,000 people, has a very great commercial power in Algiers and the surrounding country. They were granted French citizenship in 1870, and the distinctive dress which one reads about them wearing is no longer to be seen. Here, alas, one finds race hatred running strong; and the Jews are the victims of this because of their amazing ability in business, and greater success probably than the other races, though it is logical they should succeed over the Arabs, who are an indolent race.

ward all the miserable races of men who believe not in Mahomet, perhaps in this way hiding what a lazy lot they are.

You see Arabs sitting for hours absolutely immobile. Often as I looked upon such men I was reminded of the story of the old negro who was great for lounging about. Asked how he could do it, he answered: "Well, sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits." I think many of the Arabs "just sit," for though they have impressive bodies, their foreheads are strikingly narrow and retreating, suggesting their brain capacity is not large. And in spite of the high and mighty air with which they carry themselves, their viewpoint on life is ununderstandable to us. As a most outstanding example: A middle-class Frenchman toils most of his best years and saves to give his daughter a dowry, while the Arab very often brings up his daughter as a commercial commodity to be parted with to the highest bidder when she comes of age.

As for time, the word has no meaning. In writing of a subject so intensely interesting, and having so many varied things to tell about such a city as Algiers, the writer, unless having the space of a book at his disposal, is forced to select, and that most rigorously. So I can only put down here one example of the leisurely manner in which things move. The second day after my arrival I stood beside my friend while he telephoned to an Arab acquaintance. This is a transcript of part of the conversation: My friend announces who he is over the wire. The Arab speaks: "The benediction of Allah be upon you." A silence for a moment. Then the Arab continues: "And how is your honorable father? And your honorable mother?" This form of question went on until my friend's entire family, distant relations and friends had been inquired about, and joy expressed they were being favored by Allah.

With my friend I spent many days wandering around the various points of interest. And as he went he related at times his adventures in the desert. Of travelling for days without water; of arriving at a waterhole with his tongue sticking to the palate of his mouth, his lips split wide open as



Cemetery of Belcourt. Beneath it, near the tall memorial column, lies the grotto of Cervantes

"Never trust an Arab," I was warned by a young Frenchman with whom I had become acquainted on the boat coming from Marseilles. "If you are ever anywhere alone with one, always make him walk in front of you." My friend should know, for he was an Intelligence Officer for over a year, crossing the great desert with caravans. He has fought Touaregs, nearly died of thirst, and had many thrilling adventures. As he spoke Arabic fluently, I was greatly helped in learning many things.

The Arabs are said by many to be tricky, untruthful, preferring plunder and war to work. They are, despite their failings a picturesque lot. For centuries they have exposed their infants naked to sun and frost, and so only the hardiest have survived. And they have indeed to be hardy to live through the awful smells and bad sanitation that marks their portion of any African town. They carry themselves with great dignity, a withering haughtiness to-



Francis Dickie



The magnificent Medersa, a Mohammedan College in the modern part of Algiers

Modern Tourists Where Cervantes Slaved Long Ago

By Francis Dickie

the earth cracks with dryness. And how men and beasts in their frantic eagerness threw themselves upon the water, the feet of the beasts roiling the water, but the men, crazed with thirst lying upon their stomachs, plunged their whole heads into the muddy fluid. The great caravans, which take weeks to cross the desert and sometimes consist of five thousand camels carrying ivory and carpets and wool and other products of the East come from Timbucto to Algiers and other cities, are veritable cities in themselves. They carry their own groups of dancers, musicians and singers, and little keepers of coffee-shops. In the evening these people entertain upon the wide floor of the desert. But now a new note has been struck in caravan life. On the outposts of the desert moving pictures are shown in the open. And, strangely enough, the pictures which create the most interest are those of Western cowboys with their wild horses and men riding madly firing a revolver in either hand.

On the flanks of these caravans the pirates of the desert, the Touaregs, ride on their swift camels, making raids whenever the strength of the caravan is not too great. One night while my friend was attending one of these motion picture shows at an outpost, the Touaregs opened fire upon the moving picture screen, and the bullets passed into the audience, wounding several. Even as I write word comes of four prominent French people being captured by mountain brigands and held for ransom. Indeed, among many of these desert people, life is much the same as hundreds of years ago.

It is the claim of the feminists that women all through the ages have suffered at the hands of men. Certainly the Moslem women have. Or, at least, judging from our standards. For one thing: the forcing them to go veiled must be very uncomfortable. And this ancient custom is all due to the overwhelming jealousy of one man, no less a person than the great Mahomet himself. Mahomet had a most beautiful wife, Ayesha. Her good looks drew the eyes of all men, arousing the Prophet to such a state of jealousy that he inaugurated the veil, which custom has prevailed for 1,200 years.

Those of the Mohammedan residents in Algiers engaged in commerce are commonly called Moors. Their women wear a cloth of white linen bound across the nose, and hiding the lower portion of the face. This heightens the effect of their big brown eyes, resembling those of curious fawns.

Over the head the women wear a costly shawl, which falls to the hips. The lower part of the body is encased in baggy trousers tied at the ankles. In the old town at the little street markets you see the women in the forenoons. At one of these markets I experienced an odd happening, which, unfortun-

ately, or fortunately, according to how one looks at things, my ignorance of the ways of the country, did not permit me fully to realize until some minutes afterward when I told my friend, the young Frenchman, who so kindly assisted me in so many ways.

My friend and I were wandering among the maze of narrow, twisting streets, and got separated. He is a great man for collecting odd things, and every moment or so was diving into some dark shop interior. So it was that I came alone upon a little market. Half a dozen veiled Moorish women were gathered there. Presently I noted the eye of one of them upon me. In addition to the usual linen band across the eyes, the shawl she wore fell over her head, covering half

presently turn and repeat the motion of the shawl. At the curve of the street some distance away she once more turned, then hurriedly disappeared.

A few minutes later I found my friend and related the occurrence. He was greatly amused:

"You are a very stupid fellow. The lady had taken a notion to you. You see," he went on to explain, "these women live terribly confined and respectable lives, so uneventful they seek some little happening to break it. You attracted this lady. She drew back her shawl discreetly to let you know. The ordinary course of procedure would have been for you to have followed at a distance, without appearing to do so, and noted the house she entered. Then in the evening you would return. She would be on the lookout for you, and if everything was all right, you would receive a discreet signal from the wall that everything in the garden was lovely. Then it would be your business to get over the wall somehow. Of course you stood a chance of being knifed if the lady's husband or relatives happened on the scene. But then these women will venture the greatest risks for someone they take a fancy to, so a man must be equally brave. It's really too bad you were so ignorant!" There

was actually sorrow in my friend's voice, for he viewed the matter from the typically French angle on affairs of the heart. I did not make any reply. Inwardly, however, I did not share his regret. Ignorance is sometimes a valuable asset. And even had I been familiar with the custom of the country, my idea of love was somewhat different from my friend. To climb a wall and risk being perforated by an Arab's sword in order to spend a few minutes in the company of a lady of whom you have only seen one eye and a tiny patch of face, except for the momentary lifting of the shawl, which showed you little more, is my idea of a bad bargain, leaving aside all question of love.

THE town of Algiers is divided into two portions, the new French section, which takes in the quays and the buildings upon the lower slopes. At sea level is the "Marine," a section where dwells a tough population, half Italian, half Moslem: longshoremen, fishermen and porters, a poor and unsavory quarter. A little further up is the new town at its best, wide boulevards lined by arcades, big houses, plenty of space. In short, a typical French town devoted to commerce; and to a seeker of stories, not particularly interesting. Higher up lies Kasbah, the real Arab city. Just between, marking, as it were, the division of old and new, rises the gleaming white of the Medersa, a magnificent Mohammedan college built in 1905. Where the line of the hills are steepest the Arab town begins; oh, such a maze of narrow streets, or rather

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One of the finest of Moorish homes in Algiers. In both the homes of the wealthy and the poor the exterior of the houses is very plain



The new port of Algiers, which has been magnificently built up by the French

her face. I did not give her another thought, but with eyes interested in the market I walked slowly along, presently coming to a halt before a fruit dealer's particularly fine display of pomegranates, pastueques, ripe figs and other kinds for which Algiers is noted. I bought a couple of figs. By

chance looking up I discovered gazing upon me again the Moorish woman, only one half of whose face was visible. It gives one a queer feeling to be so gazed upon by one eye and half a face. Seeing she had caught my attention, to which she had crossed the street and come closer, she raised her hand cautiously but swiftly and with a most graceful motion gently drew back the shawl, showing me the other eye and the rest of her face. Then she turned and went slowly away. Wondering at this strange behavior, I followed her with my glance. She went a few steps, then turned slowly, with an air of magnificently simulated unconcern. Then once again she moved on, to



An interior of one of the salons of the Palace of State, home of the Governor



Joan could hardly restrain her tears, she put her hand upon his. "Dr. Lancaster, it must never leave you again," she answered. "Lift up your eyes and look at the hills. How can one help but hope? Hope lies all about you."

The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau

Author of "The Big Muskeg," Etc.

Illustrated by J. Clymer

THIRD INSTALMENT

Joan saw the look of contentment come into his face; heard the satisfied sigh—and there was the old Lancaster before her, shifty, furtive and false.

No, not altogether, for something of that victory remained with him; the promise of renewed manhood; the morphine devil was losing its grip. Ground had been won. It should never be ceded. Joan swore that as she watched by the bedside.

"Doctor Lancaster, you have promised me to sleep till six," she said. "Can I trust you?"

"How can you doubt my word, Miss Wentworth?" asked Lancaster, with an affectation of surprise. "Of course you can. You know, I am not a regular user of drugs. I have been overworked, and I took morphine to make me sleep, and somehow it got hold of me. I think I must be unusually susceptible to the drug."

The old lie of the stupid drug devil! But Joan had the storeroom key, and she knew that it would require a hammer or axe to break down the strong door. And she would wake and hear him, and fight again as she had fought that morning.

"Then I am going to bed till six," she said.

"But, Miss Wentworth, he protested, 'six hours is an impossibly long period. Every three hours is my time, and now that I am on half-doses—you remember what Jenkins said this morning. You must go slowly with a confirmed drug-user like myself."

"Stop! Don't listen to me!" he added suddenly. "You can trust me, Miss Wentworth. I'm going to fight this out, and win."

"You are winning," answered Joan, bending over him. Don't forget that. Say 'I am winning' whenever the pain seems uncontrollable and your will

seems gone. It won't last long, Doctor Lancaster; you are your own self at this moment, and nothing can harm you. Fight the good fight!"

He caught her hand and carried it to his lips. "Miss Wentworth, you are my good angel!" he cried. "I secured the services of an angel unawares," he added, looking at her with that pathetic humor which went straight to her heart. "I want to win for your sake. But why are you taking so much trouble for a worthless old fellow like me?"

"Don't flatter yourself that it is all for you, Doctor Lancaster. Perhaps I may want to save the most distinguished surgeon in the South."

At her words he started; he stared at her, and then fell back upon the pillow, hiding his face. Joan turned away. Again she had touched some hidden spring of memory; what it was she could not know, but it was evident that she had wounded him to the quick.

Perhaps it was the contrast between the office he held and the man he had become. Perhaps it was the knowledge of his secret bondage which had broken him down at last and driven him back to the institute, and Myers.

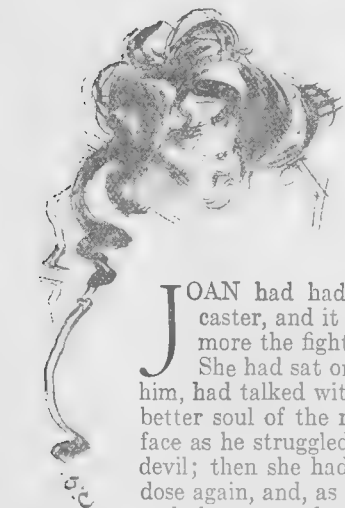
"Miss Wentworth, I want you to lock my door and take away the key," he said. "I may have a secret supply somewhere."

"I don't think you have," answered Joan. "You have none in this room, have you?"

"No."

"I believe that. And anyway, I am going to trust you. That is part of your fight. I am going to trust you till six."

He said good-night in a low tone and turned away. Joan went up to her bedroom. She lay down, wearied, but did not undress. She



the facile, lying spirit enter into him.

He was lying, wrapped in his dressing gown, upon his bed, and she sat at his side, at grips with the devil in him that clamored for its victim's body, that it might possess it entirely, as surely a devil as any spirit of evil, though its shrine was a little glass bottle holding a few drops of fluid.

She was fighting for Lancaster, fighting for the better Lancaster again, and he was writhing in torment and pleading with her to go, to leave him to his fate, since the suffering was intolerable and subjection preferable.

There was an hour of hideous battle, but somehow she managed to keep him quiet until midnight. And, seated beside him, watching him, Joan came to the conclusion that this was one of those strange cases of double personality of which she had read in medical books. It was impossible to reconcile this Lancaster in any way with the man whom she had seen momentarily at the hospital, and with the tyrant of the operating room. For that man was essentially base and ignoble, and this man was honor and truth, when the morphine fiend retired, baffled for a space, and under that pitiful load of shame she sensed the cleanness of the man's soul and its integrity.

Somehow she held this devil at bay until midnight, and then, with a second victory to his credit, he stretched out his arm for the hypodermic. Then



was afraid, and nothing but Lancaster's desperate need of her would have kept her an hour longer in the Institute. But she was exhausted from the day, and soon she was asleep.

She slept that sleep which brings no recreation for the jaded body or the overwrought mind. All the while she was back with Lancaster in his room below, in spirit. She knew that, as he had said, the drug bondage was only the climax of his difficulties. What had there been that had wrecked the man? Jenkins' hint at stolen funds? Of one thing she was sure: Lancaster, sunken as he was, was incapable of dishonesty. No, she must have placed a wrong construction on Jenkins' words.

And in her sleep her brain went on puzzling over the problem. Only her body was quiescent, and it lay wearily on the bed like some chained captive.

But suddenly the urgent summons of the brain shook from it the trammels of sleep. Joan listened intently, awake upon the instant, as some wild creature of the woods that senses danger. Somebody was coming along the corridor.

The footfalls were so soft and stealthy that she might have thought she was dreaming but for the sense of imminent danger, the knowledge of some malevolent design. The steps stopped and began again, the merest touches of sound against the silence of night, the lightest patter of bare feet outside the door.

Then the door began to open.

There was no moon, and the faint starlight outside only seemed to render darker the obscurity within. Yet, through the darkness Joan knew that a hand lay on the door jamb, and that a figure watched her across the room.

She leaped from her bed. "Who's there?" she called, in tones that seemed to shock the silence.

She could see nothing now, and she dared not turn aside to light her lamp. She knew that the figure was crouching somewhere. She heard the softest breathing, but could not locate it in the room. She felt the atmosphere of evil that surrounded her. She started to cross the room, groping with arms outstretched. Then she found the intruder and flung herself upon it.

Her left hand closed about a wrist, supple and strong. Her right hand held another hand. They wrestled in the darkness, their bodies tense but motionless, only the hands and wrist muscles at strife. Not a sound came from their lips.

Joan thought it was a woman's hands she held. Her fingers sought the menace in the closed fists. The left hand of the intruder was empty; but in the right was a jagged piece of a broken tumbler that tinkled to the floor.

As it fell, the other leaped at her as if strung upon wires. Joan saw, very dimly, the face of Mrs. Dana. She was in her nightdress, with her feet bare, and the ferocity of her attack seemed atrocious in contrast with the expressionless, masklike features. Only the eyes seemed alive, and they burned with implacable hatred, as if they meditated revenge for all the accumulation of a life's wrongs.

The woman bore Joan backward. The lamp fell crashing to the floor in a debacle of splintered glass. A chair was overturned. Mrs. Dana's hands sought Joan's throat, and they struggled in the darkness, crashing here and there, upsetting the water pitcher, smashing into the swinging door. Underneath her Joan heard Mrs. Fraser moving, and doors opening. There were steps on the stairs.

For a few moments Joan felt no match for the onset of the madwoman. But Mrs. Dana's impulse

was soon exhausted. Joan got her arms around her body, pressing down the other's arms to her sides. Mrs. Dana suddenly became passive, and the lights in the eyes seemed to go out like extinguished candles as the brain clouded. Joan got the woman into the corridor. At the farther end a little lamp was burning.

Mrs. Dana went with her quietly, walking like a mechanical figure. At the head of the stairs appeared the matron, wearing a white wrapper. Behind her Joan saw the startled faces of Myers and Lancaster.

The girl led Mrs. Dana into her room, and Mrs. Fraser came at her heels, breathing hard in terror.

"Did she hurt you?" she gasped. "How did she get out? Who let her out? I should have told you she was dangerous, but I never dreamed that she could pick that lock. Did she—did she try to harm you?"

"She had a piece of glass," said Joan, "but I took it away from her."

"There was no glass in her room last evening," said the matron with conviction.

Lancaster was approaching. Joan was astounded to see the look of anger on his face. "Who opened that door?" he shouted.



Joan looked anxiously in the direction of the station, though she knew that it must be at least two hours before she could hope to see Jenkins' buggy again on its way up the hill

"It's all right now, Doctor Lancaster," came the matron's voice from within.

But Lancaster was shaking with excitement. He swung round upon Myers.

"You are responsible for this!" he said. "You know my one point that has to be carried out. I told you to have a bolt put on the door after she got out before."

"Now, now, doctor, don't excite yourself," said the secretary soothingly. "You're a sick man, you know. It was unfortunate, but I'll see that it doesn't happen again."

Lancaster seemed beside himself with fury, far more angry, indeed, than the situation seemed to warrant.

"She might have killed Miss Wentworth!" he stormed. "I've stood enough from you without

this. I've suffered you, God knows, until you've sapped my strength and crushed me under your feet, and made me less of a man than the meanest drunkard in Millville, but now it's ended. Get out of my sight! Leave the Institute tomorrow!"

"Say," shouted Myers, "am I responsible if that woman got out of her room? What's the sense of picking on me? Didn't you hire a nurse to take care of your patients? Ain't Mrs. Dana a patient? Now there's been enough said, I reckon. You know what I mean, Doctor. Better go back to your room and forget what you've said tonight."

"If ever I see your face after tonight, by G—d I'll kill you!" shouted Lancaster.

Myers slunk away toward the stairs. "Oh, all right, all right," he answered. "I reckon you'll be sorry tomorrow. But I'll hold you to what you've said. I ain't going to see that nurse bust up my work here."

He scowled fearfully at Joan as he went down the stairs, a grotesque, almost deformed figure in his loose pajamas. But Joan hardly heeded the man. She did not know the cause of Lancaster's sudden outbreak of rage, but she knew that it was part of the whole dreadful problem, and that, in fighting Lancaster's driving devil, she was at work upon the darkest corner of the dark history.

"I think, Doctor Lancaster, you had better go and lie down again," she said. "No harm has been done, but I am very sorry you were awakened."

He was leaning against the wall, looking at her with a strange expression upon his face. He breathed quickly, like a man in uncontrollable agitation. Just then the matron came out of Mrs. Dana's room.

"How did it happen, Mrs. Fraser?" asked Lancaster.

The matron snapped the key in the lock before answering. "I don't know, Doctor Lancaster," she answered. "The lock's all right. It couldn't have been picked. And I swear I locked it last night. Somebody must have let her out."

"That hound——!" began Lancaster, but Joan interposed. "She may have found a key," she said.

The matron shook her head. "No key would fit that lock, except the right one," she answered.

"Why should anyone tamper with that lock?" Lancaster muttered. Suddenly he broke down and covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook convulsively. Joan put her hand on his arm.

"Doctor Lancaster, you must go back to your room now," she said. "It was nothing, and it is all ended."

"Miss Wentworth, if you will stay with me till six it will help me to master myself. It is not the fear of yielding to morphine; it is my thoughts. If you knew how one's life comes crowd-

ing upon one in the darkness——"

"I'll stay with you," said Joan.

"Let us wait on the verandah," said Lancaster. "The air is stifling in this house. Put a wrap on and I will wait for you there."

Joan ran upstairs and slipped into her cloak. When she got back Lancaster had not moved from the door. The secretary was packing noisily in his room.

They went outside together, closing the front door behind them, as if to shut in the evil influences in the place. There was a hint of morning in the air, in its freshness, in the paling of the night above the eastern mountains.

Lancaster led the way toward the chairs at the

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The Princess and the Wolf-Spider

By William Thompson

Illustrated by Carle Michel Boog

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THE Princess, made very happy by the reception of the Ants, inquired where the leader of the Wolf-Spiders lived.

A rustling in a clump of daffodils attracted her attention. Looking at them with his eight eyes piercing every heart with alarm, and crouching low in the shadows of the grass, was the chief, Bangwack, leader of the Wolf-Spider band, and the worst outlaw in all the dominions of Her Highness.

Controlling her fear, she raised her hand, and, turning toward her people, said in a dignified tone:

"Your Princess is in grave danger. May I expect each one of her loyal subjects to do all in his power to defend her?"

Shouts rent the air, "We will, Your Highness, even unto death!"

"Attack the monster!" cried the mob.

"Hold!" said the Chief; "you do so at your peril, for, secreted in the leaves yonder are my trusty warriors, as ready and willing to defend their leader as you are to defend your Princess."

"What shall we do?" asked the Princess.

"Do?" answered the Chief. "I am ready to make peace. We are tired of war."

"May we trust you?"

"You may," he answered, coming forward with a petal of a white flower in his hand as a flag of truce.

The crowd, terrified by his approach, surged, and then rushed to cover, scampering to their hills, leaving the Princess and her party alone. Upon his nearer approach, the Butterfly, Bee, and Wasps took to the air, and hovered over the Princess, calling upon her to seek safety in an Ant hill just behind her. She did not heed them. Standing in a defiant attitude, she awaited the worst that might come to her.

"Bravo!" called a little Ant who was peeking from his hill, not heeding the anxious call of his mother, who was pleading with her child to go back out of sight.

As the Wolf-Spider approached, the Princess saw him to be a hairy, eight-eyed creature, with thorn-like points on his legs, and fangs with which he kills his victims.

"Please open your mouth," requested the Princess, trying to be brave.

"Why?" asked the Spider.

"I want to see if you have teeth with which to bite."

The Chief slowly opened his mouth, which was behind his fangs and hidden in their shadow. "Why, you have no teeth, only nippers!" exclaimed the Princess. "How do you chew your food?"

"You will notice my mouth is made for sucking only. I do not need teeth."

"Why are you so cruel to your enemies?"

"I must eat to live."

"Yes, that is true. But why do you kill and eat those who would be your friends? Why do you not eat flowers and honey and tender shoots of young herbs? How do you catch your food?"

"I lurk in the grass and hide under the dark shadows of stones; anywhere that I cannot be seen."

"Where do you live? Would you show me your home, and may I trust you?"

"If I say you may trust me, I shall prove to you

that my word is good. Of course, there are many things which I would not promise."

"Why do you make war on the Ants?"

"Do not the Ants make war on many of your subjects?"

"Do they?" asked the Princess.

The Wasps, Yellow Butterfly, and the Bramble Bee, thinking the Princess had brought a spell on the Chief, ventured to alight, and remained at a safe distance, listening to the conversation. The Chief noticed the Wasps.

"I have no desire to hurt your feelings," he said, "but may I say that I have found, many times, remains of members of my own family in the nest of the Mud Dauber Wasp."

"Horrible!" gasped the Princess.

The Wasps, hearing their name mentioned, moved a little closer. The Chief, not sure of his own safety, requested the Princess to command the Wasps to return to the spot they had previously occupied. This she did, much to his relief.

"If you wish to see where I live, I shall be pleased to escort you, but I must ask that you be the only one to accompany me."

"I will trust you," said the Fairy; and together they started for the nest of the old Spider.

"Do you not find that your web is a very cold place?" asked the Princess, knowing the habits of most spiders.

"My people do not live in a snare. I'll explain all when we reach my house."

Deeper and deeper they went into the woods, and for the royal lady the walking was very difficult, and she felt very timid. Arriving at a ledge of rock, the Chief halted, and, pointing to a tiny hole in the ground about eight inches deep, said: "This is my home; will you enter?"

The Princess, with slight hesitation, stepped into the silk-lined hole, which, the Spider said, had taken only three days to dig. Though lined with silken threads, it was damp and cold, and The Fairy, not being warmly clad, thought best to retrace her steps as soon as courtesy would permit. She was also afraid that the Chief might forget his promise, and take a little nip of her hand or foot to see how a Fairy Princess really would taste. If he had any such thought, he never betrayed it, for he assisted her to the little entrance "almost with the charm of a Prince" she told her friends upon her return.

Her Royal Highness had noticed, at the entrance to the den, a little turret or tower of grass and sticks. Curious to know what it was for, she made bold to ask.

At first Mr. Spider did not wish to tell her, but fearing it would not be polite, he said:

"I have built it so that I may see my enemies more readily than I could from the ground."

"I understand," replied the Princess.

Thanking him for his kindness and the trouble he had taken to make her call agreeable, she wondered if she should offer her hand, but decided not to do so, as his looked so prickly and strange.

Telling Mr. Spider that she could find her way back to the village, and requesting him to be kind to his neighbors, she hurried back

to Take-It-Easy, feeling that she had been a very brave little lady.

Once on her way back she had called to him to "be good," but her voice was so small that he did not hear her. It was a pity, for it held such a sweet, pleading note, that no one could ever have been bad, after hearing it.

The folks of the town of Take-It-Easy were beginning to be worried just as the Princess tripped out of the woods and stepped on to the path and on to a little prickly thorn. This caused her to limp and the Ants were sure the Spider had given her a little nip, but were delighted to find that they were very much mistaken.

The Princess, after having a word with the young mothers of Take-It-Easy, and patting the baby Ants under their pincers—not one of them attempting to nip her—gave orders to return to the Palace in the Oak.

On their return, they were received amid wild shouts of welcome from her subjects. Being very tired, she went to her bedroom to dream again of the wonders of nature and of the mysterious creatures who differed in so many ways—some kind, some cruel, some good, some bad—not forgetting that she had asked the Wolf-Spider to be as good as he could be, to those weaker than himself.

Scribble Sprite was, of course, delighted to have the Princess back again, and went at once to the aviary to tell all the singing birds they must hold

Continued on page 53



Looking at them with his eight eyes piercing every heart with alarm, and crouching low in the shadows of the grass was the chief, Bangwack, leader of the Wolf-Spider band, and the worst outlaw in all the dominions of Her Highness



All right, Ann Ward, here is just what you said to write ... now we'll see how many people read it!

ANN is my wife; and I make my living by writing advertisements. Sometimes she tells me what she thinks of them.

For instance, I'd worked all evening on one advertisement for Fels-Naptha Soap. Ann read it.

"Why be so long-winded?" she said. "Women are too busy to read all those flowery words. Why not tell them just what you told me, before you started to write?"

... So here it is, just as I told it to Ann!

It happened when Ann was sorting the wash. "That," she said, "is a wretched looking shirt! Bertha will have a fit."

"It does look like a garage towel," I admitted. "But did I ask the tire to blow out? Anyway, Bertha should use Fels-Naptha."

"Because you advertise it?"

"No, of course not — because there are two kinds of dirt. Almost any soap will get out the 'clean'

dirt. But not the greasy dirt—and most dirt is greasy.

"You can loosen greasy dirt by rubbing, but that's too hard work. Dry cleaning establishments loosen it with naptha, for naptha dissolves grease easily. Fels & Company have found the way to blend good, mild soap with plenty of naptha and make the naptha stay in—you can smell it. So Fels-Naptha gives you good soap and plenty of naptha, working together. I can't for the life of me see why you don't let Bertha have that extra help."

"But where's the trick of it?" asked Ann.

"Don't be so blamed suspicious—there isn't any. Fels-Naptha is easy on clothes—good for anything you can wash, including your finer things. Use it in washing machine or tub—in cool, lukewarm or hot water; or boil your clothes, if you want to. You get the same thing in the end—white, clean, sweet-smelling clothes without hard rubbing."

That's what Ann said you women would read. I hope she was right. And I hope that Fels-Naptha will be on your grocery list as it is on ours, now.

Sid Ward

The Young Man and His Problem

Your Job

THE Biography series, the Problem Series, and the Occupations articles, are being held for the February number, as space is required this month for consideration of a topic that occupies much of the thought of every normal young man—Your Job.

"Your Job" is the title of a book to which, on account of its importance to young men, the entire page is devoted. In considering the expression "job" I was led to the dictionary to ascertain the meaning usually given to it, and I find that it is defined in part as "A piece of work undertaken; any petty work or undertaking at a stated price." This reminds me of an examination question that I saw some months ago: Distinguish the term job, situation, and position. I think the examiners expected an answer something like this:

A job is a temporary piece of work undertaken for a stated price.

A situation is the term given to regular work such as is done by domestic servants and perhaps by unskilled workers in various departments of life.

A position is the term applied to work usually paid for by the month and performed by executives and skilled workers.

Our American friends, however, while recognizing the difference implied by these terms, are in the habit of speaking of practically any kind of work as a "job." Thus, the President of the United States has a job; a doctor has a job; a teacher has a job; a business man, an office boy, a street sweeper, a university president, a soda fountain clerk, a preacher, a farmer, and the hired man, all have jobs. After all, the term is expressive and reminds one of the rural philosopher who was asked to define education and replied:

"Any man is educated when he is on to his job."

Two Classes

PERHAPS, for purposes of this discussion, young men may be divided into two classes—those who have jobs and those who have them not. Perhaps, too, on further consideration, we may find that there is but one class, for the young man who hasn't a job, has the job of looking for one.

Youths still in school, and young men in college, should remember that they have jobs in the very real sense of the word—the job of working through their studies so thoroughly inside the school that they will have little difficulty in some day securing jobs outside the school. While they are in school, young men might make a note, too, of the sentence from one of H. G. Wells' novels concerning a young man who was always pursuing his studies, but never effectually overtaking them.

The young man who is looking for work should be concerned, but not despondent about it, for, according to Mr. Harold Whitehead, Head of the Vocational Department of the College of Business Administration of Boston University, and author of "Your Job," the saying that "Opportunity knocks but once at a man's door," is not true. It is his opinion that "Opportunity is with us every day. Every hour has its opportunity to him who will seek and seize it. 'He missed his opportunity,' sighed the pessimist. He missed an opportunity, that's all. Opportunities are like trains. If you are late for one you can get another."

From this point, we propose to let the book speak for itself.

Campaigning

MR. WHITEHEAD says: "We will suppose that you have called on a man, asked for a job, and been told 'nothing doing.'"

"Before leaving you have asked and received permission to call again. What's the next move? This:

"Write a letter after this fashion, and mail it to the man the same evening:

"Dear Sir:

"Allow me to express my appreciation of your courtesies to me when I called on you today about securing an opportunity with you.

By H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

"I am eager to secure a foothold in your organization, for I believe I have the qualifications needed and I know I have the energy to apply them.

"With your permission I shall call upon you again in the near future when I hope that I may be fortunate enough to get my chance to demonstrate my worth.

"Should you need someone before I call, may I remind you that you have full particulars about myself. A telephone call or letter will bring me promptly to you.

"Very truly yours,"

Foundations

"BUILD the foundation of your career thoroughly and to a well conceived plan, and your success is assured if you continue building on that foundation.

"So many people have ill-planned foundations scattered here and there but none of them are solid enough to sustain the weight of permanent buildings.

"What makes a good foundation for business success? Knowledge, stability, good nature, honesty, vision, foresight, enthusiasm, patience, teamwork, determination, good health, common sense.

"And the set of tools which builds the foundation is hard work."

Answering Advertisements

"IT FREQUENTLY happens," writes Mr. Whitehead, "that I advertise for help for business men. Whenever I do, I always have a feeling of despondency at the ignorance, stupidity, or carelessness displayed in applicants' letters.

"If one really wants a job, the letter of application should truly represent one's best. Yet nine out of every ten letters of application for a job are useless.

"It is possible that among the army of weird letter-writers there are some men who are actually far superior to their letters and who would be desirable for the vacant position. Consider the advertiser, however. He sits down in front of a pile of from twenty to two hundred letters in answer to his advertisement.

"Of course, the ideal way would be to follow up carefully every applicant. But this is almost an impossibility. The advertiser picks out the two or three letters which are neatest, best presented, and show that the writer has, in general, the qualifications for the job. The rest are discarded with a glance.

"I have seen scores of letters junked, unopened. They are the answers that came on the second day. To get a hearing, it is necessary for you to send your letter promptly."

Personal Appearance

"CLOTHES don't make the man, but they go a long way toward making a favorable impression or otherwise, on a prospective employer.

"I never hire a man on the first interview. If he seems suitable on the first interview, I make an appointment for another interview. If he is as neat and smart in his appearance on the second interview as he was on the first interview, I conclude that he is all right. I often find that when a young man thinks he is sure of a job, he slumps right away. Frequently a young fellow who 'looks good' the first time I see him, will look decidedly sloppy in his appearance the next time he calls.

"Appearance is a combination of:

1. Pleasantness of expression.
2. Clearness and healthfulness of skin.
3. Good taste in dress.
4. Cleanliness.

"Let any one of these four qualities be missing and one's appearance suffers accordingly.

"Check yourself up on these four points and see how you measure up. Then get busy and make your appearance such that you would like to hire yourself."

Your Voice

"CLEAR enunciation makes it easy for others to understand what you say (although if you use poor grammar you may not be able to express your ideas clearly.) Pitch and range make it pleasing for others to listen to you. So when on the active hunt for a job, keep in mind that your voice is a big factor in helping you to make a good impression.

"Another common error of speech is slurring, running one word into another. Try saying this: 'All night it lay, an ice drop there.' See how many of your friends can say it so that others readily understand what is said. I have people claim it was a 'nice drop' and even an 'eye strop.' Seldom can the average reader avoid the slurring of words.

"Here are a few phrases which the earnest seeker of a worth-while job should avoid while interviewing the prospective employer:

"I'll say so."

"You said it."

"You betcha."

"Believe me."

"Sure thing."

"Check up your own speech. See if, by any chance, you have adopted some silly phrase which you repeat on any and every occasion. If so, get rid of it, for it is a hindrance to getting a job."

How to Grow in a Job

"YOUR job is a drawer in which you are placed. At first you don't fill it, but after a time you do. Now, if you just fill the drawer, and no more, it will slide easily, won't it? Very well, you just fill the job, but nothing else. There's no reason why you should be taken out of it and put in a bigger one which you have demonstrated you cannot fill.

"The trouble with many folk is that they work for themselves. That's all right so far as it goes, but such folk mustn't be surprised if their employer works for himself also. The right idea is to work with others for mutual interests. If workers will keep the idea of service before them they will find that the pay envelope will fatten without undue pressure on their part. That does not mean that we can afford to neglect opportunities to get ahead, but that we are not able to take advantage of the opportunities unless our record is good.

Random Suggestions

"IT IS unbusinesslike and discourteous to ignore letters requiring an answer. Always answer correspondence promptly.

"If you will put in writing all the functions of your job you will get a better understanding of it.

"Because others slack on the job and take all afternoon to do what should be done in an hour is no reason why you should do it.

"Promptness in getting to work and staying until the job is done is worth while.

"Thinking ahead of the job tends to make all your work more constructive.

"Learn to take criticism without rancor."

"Your Job" is published by friends of this department, the Gregg Publishing Company, 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago. It contains 171 pages and is printed in exceptionally clear type. The price is two dollars. Parents themselves will find it interesting reading and will probably secure from it information that may prove of much value in discussions with their boys on preparation for life work. For young men, in school and out of school, it should provide information and inspiration in many vocational problems and situations.

We close with the author's final words:

Keep your head cool.

Keep your heart warm.

Keep your hands clean.

And push things.



The VICTORY SIX

The only car of its kind
in the world. Entirely new
engineering principles.
Years ahead of its time

A PRODUCT OF DODGE BROTHERS

O N D I S P L A Y E A R L Y I N J A N U A R Y

Wouldn't You Like a Screen?

It Serves Purposes Both Beautiful and Practical

By Katherine M. Caldwell

HAS it occurred to you already that you have a crying need for a folding screen—either to help out the decorative effect of a certain room, or to fill some very practical purpose? Perhaps not. But in that case, this article may bring to you a worth-while suggestion—a solution for some problem, to be found in the screen that had *not* come to your mind before. In that case, this page will serve a double purpose, introducing the idea first, then showing you how you may give it material form, in the way that will suit you best.

Let us consider at the outset just what rôle the screen is fitted to play in the house-furnishing program. I have named two parts for it already—the first, to bring a new note of beauty into a room; the second, to make itself useful in some very practical fashion.

Beauty first. Perhaps the room you have in mind needs more color, especially in a large mass. A colorful screen will probably do just what you require. Perhaps your room needs something to take the eye to higher levels, to relieve an impression of flatness that some rooms will take on, when much of the furniture seems to be about the same height. This is often accomplished by an important picture or two, or an interesting wall hanging, but a screen will do it too, just as it will relieve an expanse of wall that needs to be broken. Perhaps you feel that you have not made quite as much as you had hoped, of some group of furnishings; this disappointment can probably be overcome by giving the group a background of its own—a screen planned especially to show them up to advantage.

It often happens that the plain light neutral wall that offers the best backgrounds on the whole, will fail to bring out the particular charms of *part* of the furnishings. This is the moment to introduce your darker, richer-hued screen background with the best possible effect.

Now let us turn from the beautiful to the useful. Here the screen is capable of many services. It will stick close to the literal meaning of its name and screen from casual or prying eyes that which should not be seen. For instance, if your dining-room opens directly into your kitchen, or into a serving pantry, a screen will mask the business end of your dinner from the social end, taking the serving table under its wing as well as screening the doorway. An unattractive radiator or heater, a wash-stand or other utilitarian pieces that detract from a room's appearance, may be cut off from view. Or if your sun-porch or the verandah that you like to turn into an eating porch in the summer time, is exposed to the passers-by a screen will be the very thing you need. Perhaps you would give greater privacy to one room that is overlooked by other doorways, and so find the greatest usefulness for your screen. Or the person who is sensitive to draughts will appreciate the protection of even a low screen, that may be placed behind the favorite chair.

The invalid finds a screen almost indispensable; it again serves as a protection from a too-strong or too-direct current of air; it ensures privacy, relieves the glare from window or lighting fixtures, and if fitted on the inside with a few small hooks and perhaps a hanging pocket or two, it will hold at hand many little things for the relief of boredom or the increase of comfort.

AND Baby! Of course there are screens made just to fit his requirements, as well as his size. High enough to afford adequate protection at the bath hour, his own screen is at the same time small and light enough for easy transportation. At its best, it is fitted with a let-down shelf on the middle panel, to hold the fitted bassinette, and some hooks for the clothing that will be needed and the rattle that relieves the routine of the dressing hour. Made after the manner of some of the larger screens I am about to describe, it bears its

own decorations—animals and story-book characters in printed cotton, or cut from wall-paper and applied to plain panels.

Of course any article of furnishing that can play so varied a part in the equipment of the home, will not be without recognition when a commercial value is to be placed on it. The screen has had its place in the beautifying of lovely rooms, for centuries, and some of the world's great artists have

be made quite an important part of the decorative treatment.

The finish on the frame that is to show, will usually be lacquer or paint, although sometimes a natural or polished wood finish is wanted. The lining will be of strong unbleached cotton.

AS TO the materials for the panels—they are legion, and run through the whole scale of cost and character. You can strike every note from gay unconventionality, to stateliness and dignity. The panels may be covered with paper (over the cotton lining and a paper interlining), of a number of kinds which I shall mention; with cretonne of various types; with plain fabrics such as repp, burlap, canvas—relieved, if you like, with decorations such as stencilling, painted designs or applied motifs; the canvas and similar weaves are sometimes embroidered in bold designs with strands of dyed raffia, used like embroidery threads, and of course the popular wool embroidery finds a place in decorating screens; leather, in plain or lovely clouded effects or richly tooled, is quite in the luxury class, as are the panels of carved wood, of hand-woven fabric, and of fine needlework. Very handsome panels are covered with some of the oriental papers—the silver and gold tea chest and similar papers that are so handsome when framed with black or colored lacquer touched with gold. Japanese grass-cloth is stunningly used in the same way.

NOW let us get down to some practical hints for the home craftsman (or woman) who will make all or part of the screen at home.

The wood used for the frame *must* be well seasoned, if the sorrows of warping are to be avoided. The strips should be cut about an inch thick and two and a half inches wide. The corners must be carefully mitred, the greatest pains taken to have all true and the work done to endure.

The lining must be fitted perfectly. A heavy quality of unbleached muslin or some other strong cotton should be purchased in a width that will do each panel without a join.

It must be put on as tight as the proverbial drum, tacked closely and drawn very square. Begin by putting a tack in the middle of each side and one in the middle of each end. Then put one a short distance on each side of these first four tacks; do not drive

them in very far, so that there will be no difficulty if changes

should be necessary. Of course you will double under the edge of the cotton, to make for strength when you nail through it. Work out toward all the corners gradually, going from side to side, from end to end, until your cotton is on to your liking. Then drive you tacks in all the way, when you are assured that your panel is ship-shape.

The lining, like the final covering, will be put on each side of your three or four panels.

When the final covering is to be of paper, an interlining of a cheap plain wallpaper is used. Dampen the right side of the paper with a sponge or cloth, then brush paperhanger's paste on the *wrong* side and "hang" the paper in your best professional manner. Assuming that (as is usual with this type of screen) no wooden border is to show, the edges of the paper will be turned neatly over the edges of the panel and no further finish will be necessary. If you do not get the edges of the panels neat enough to satisfy you, you can always run a narrow strip cut from the paper or from a printed border around those edges of the panels which will finally show.

To give durability to the wallpaper screen, a coat of glue-size is first applied and then a coat of

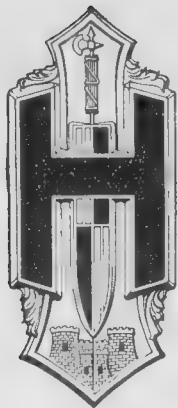
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The screen is capable of many services in the house-furnishing program—to bring beauty into a room and to make itself useful in some practical fashion

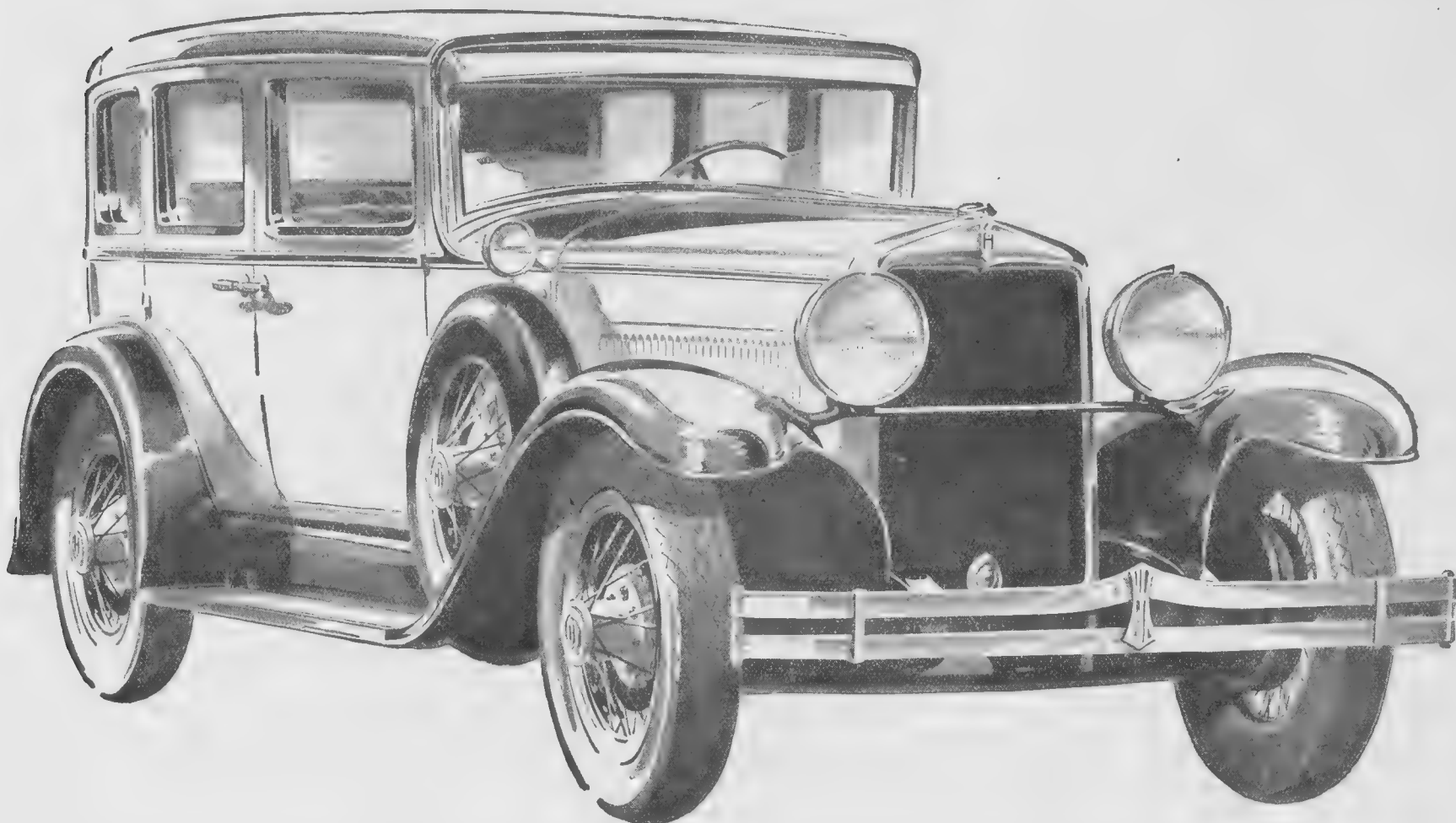
delighted in its decoration. So it is to be expected that in its fine forms, the screen will be costly to buy. If you would have mellow painted vellum, carefully preserved needlepoint, carved woods, fine oriental lacquer, in the panels of your screen, then you must be prepared to pay the price that the work of real artists and craftsmen commands. Less valuable screens that are well made and artistically handled, will be priced according to their intrinsic worth and the strength of their appeal. If you would like to turn your hand to the making of some of the screens in this class, it is quite possible to achieve very lovely effects and a usefulness quite on a par with that of the bought screens, with a really small outlay of money.

You will need, first of all, an adequate frame; then a lining, and finally the materials to cover the screen or the panels that will be inset. If the family boasts a craftsman who can fashion the frame, then you are indeed in luck. It is usually desirable, even if you have a carpenter to make your frame, to retain the finishing to be done by yourself, for if the frame is going to show in the completed screen, it will have to be matched to the panels and may



...A Hit

Such as Comes Only Once in a Decade



Eager buying, mounting higher and higher week by week, is the measure of the country's enthusiasm for the new Hupmobile 1928 Six.

Everywhere people are swept off their feet the moment they learn the price.

For never before could such beauty, with quality and performance approaching Hupmobile quality and

performance, be bought below the \$2,500 to \$3,000 price range.

The result has been electrical. Dealers are being besieged for immediate delivery. Cash premiums are being offered for the first time in years.

Buyers are turning in their present cars at dealers' appraisal without a murmur.

Cars are snapped up as fast as shipments arrive—and nowhere are they arriving fast enough or in volume enough to catch up with the demand.

Such a hit—and such a remarkable value—come only once in a decade; and it behooves every motorist to see the car whose success is sweeping the country from coast to coast.

WE BELIEVE THE HUPMOBILE TO BE THE BEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

HUPMOBILE

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, \$1835 to \$2205 f. o. b. Windsor

The SIX of the Century

Roses from January to December

By Dorothy Wright

THE season for the rose, the Queen of Flowers, is all too short to allow us to enjoy it to our hearts' content. They droop and fade so quickly that our joy at having them is short-lived. And so the artificial rose has come into being, and with the years has been so perfected that if two bowls of roses were placed side by side—one of natural roses and the other of artificial ones made of crepe paper, it would be difficult to tell which were which, except upon close inspection. While we all know that nothing can supplant the beauty of the natural rose, at the same time in admiring the beauty of the artificial rose our admiration is coupled with surprise and delight that it is possible for human hands to so closely imitate this particular aspect of Nature—her flowers.

Not only roses, but all kinds of flowers are being made now of crepe paper, but it seems that everyone wants to make a rose first, despite the fact that there are many beautiful flowers that are easier to make than roses. But there is a fascination about making a rose and watching it gradually take form in your fingers. There are many different kinds of roses, so when you make them, you must first decide upon the kind of rose you are going to make, and then select your colors. You must have a pattern of the rose petal, which is different for each rose, and you must cup and curl each petal into shape for assembling. Some petals are cupped only slightly and curled deeply, while others are cupped deeply and curled slightly. Some rose petals are deeper shade on one side than on the other, so you paste two shades of crepe paper together and cut the petals from this double thickness. As many as 24 petals are used in some roses like a garden rose or a large American Beauty rose, while the Sunrise Rose and the Tea Rose have but 12 or 13 petals. When the petals are all cut and shaped, they are assembled one by one, from the centre out, first forming the centre with artificial rose stamens if an open rose is to be made, or by folding a petal into cone shape if a close centre is desired. The deeply cupped and slightly curled petals are placed nearest the centre and the rose is gradually built up with petals that are cupped less and less and curled more and more until the last petals placed are deeply curled and very scantily cupped.

You may wonder how patterns of the rose petals are made. All flowers made of crepe paper are copied from the natural flower, which is studied carefully, pulled apart, and the necessary patterns drawn. These patterns are printed on sheets and can easily be obtained for all flowers. The lovely garden rose can be made up in any shade of pink. The centre petals of the Columbia Rose are pink and the outside ones are made double, of pink and white. The Butterfly Rose is pink and white, and sometimes it is made in yellow. The lovely little Sunrise Rose comes with double petals of salmon

and apricot, the Tea Rose with white and apricot, or primrose and apricot. And the gorgeous American Beauty is made with centre petals of cerise color and the double outside petals are of dark pink and cerise. The fascination of making beautiful roses is equalled only by the pleasure of having them about for all to enjoy.

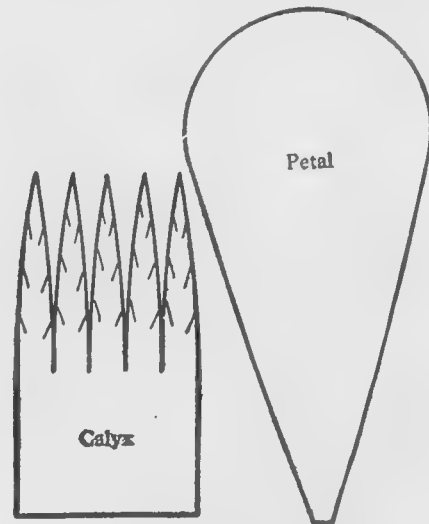
Let me show you just how to make one of the lovely Tea Roses. You may use a combination of primrose and apricot color crepe paper or white and apricot.

First, cut across the grain a strip of the two colors $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide and 20 inches long. Paste the two strips together, one on top of the other. It is necessary only to paste them together along one edge, using the paste very sparingly so that it will not penetrate the paper. Use a moist but not a wet paste. Now fold the double strip in the centre, and refold in the centre, making 8 thicknesses of paper, which is as many as should be cut at one time. Use the petal pattern given below (it may be traced on tissue paper, so as not to mutilate the page) placing the top or rounded end of the petal at the pasted edge and cut the double



petals with the top edges slightly higher; then the 5 remaining petals. Do not force the top edges to lie closely together. Allow them to fall away naturally, holding the petals together closely at the base, lowering the hold as the rose is built up. Fasten all together at the side with a 10-inch strip of spool wire. Cut away the surplus paper below the wire fastening within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Bring the two strands of wire half around on the opposite sides and down, twisting together underneath. Roll the calyx slightly between the fingers to rough it up—brush the uncut edge with paste and attach to the base of the flower over the fastening wire, the points of the calyx coming up around the outside of the petals. The points may also be curled back slightly, over a blade.

Now wrap the wire with a strip of moss-green crepe paper cut across the grain $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Fasten the end to the calyx close up under the rose, wrap the strip around the base 2 or 3 times and then down around the wire stretching the paper and twirling the stem as it is wrapped to



petals. You will need 12 for each rose. While the petal edges are damp from paste, smooth them out by drawing them over a blade. The apricot color will be used on the outside of the flower. Cup 5 petals near the top, by placing the thumbs near the edges on one side and the forefingers on the opposite side, stretching the paper slightly and pushing it outward into cup shape. Cup 2 petals less deeply than the first 5, near the centre. Now curl toward the outside the side-top edges of 5 petals over a blade, and cup them moderately.

Cut a calyx, by means of the pattern, from moss-green crepe paper, from top to base running with the grain. Do not omit cutting through the short lines shown in the pattern as they give a natural ragged effect.

To assemble the rose, make one of the fully cupped uncurled petals into cone shape and gather it together $\frac{3}{4}$ inch down from the top. Lay the other 4 fully cupped petals smoothly around, their top edges even. Now place the two centre cupped

make a smooth finish. If a long stem is desired add 2 pieces of a heavier wire in the wrapping. Fasten at the end with a bit of paste. Bend the stem gracefully so the flower will not stand too stiffly. Each rose you make will please you better until you make a perfect one. Try not to handle the petals too much — keep them smooth and shapely.

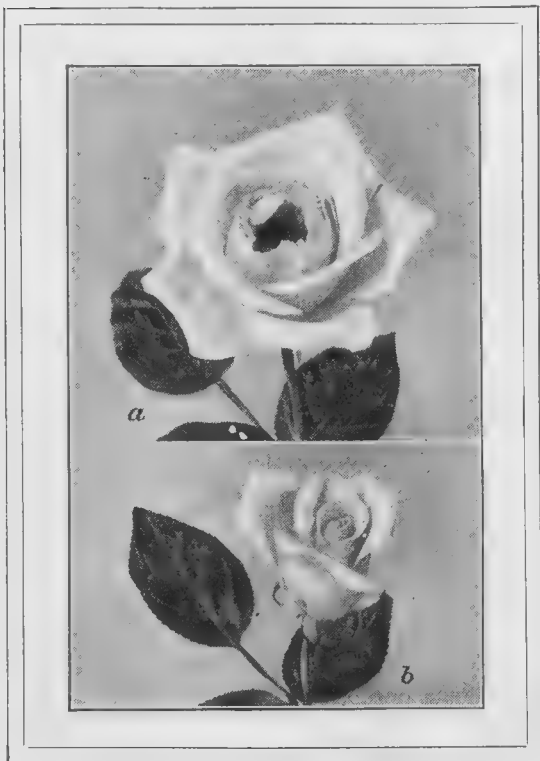
Use This Coupon to Order Instruction Booklet "How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers"

Enclosed find 10c for which send me, postpaid, complete instruction booklet for making 30 different crepe paper flowers

Name City

Street No. Province

Mail all Orders to Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



Should Canadian Publishers Move to Buffalo, Detroit or Minneapolis?

Publications so produced would come into Canada free of all duties or sales tax and would get the full benefit of lower costs of raw materials and plant equipment prevailing in the United States. The savings effected could be used to render a greater service to Canadian readers.

In Canada

Those who make Canadian periodicals have been contributing huge sums to the costs and profits of wealthy industries which supply raw materials to publishers.

The raw materials used in Canadian periodicals are made in Canada but, because of duties and taxes imposed, they cost Canadians much more than similar materials cost foreign competitors.

These heavy added costs do not enter into the cost of producing foreign publications, which enter Canada free of duty or taxes. A train which might bring thousands of tons of foreign periodicals into Canada absolutely free of any tax on either the publication or the paper or other raw materials contained in them, might carry paper for a Canadian publisher which would be increased in cost by 25c to 35c on every dollar because of the duty and sales tax. Other raw materials are similarly free when sent in by foreign publishers as finished publications but are subject to added costs of from 20 to 27½c on every dollar if they are to be used in the manufacture of Canadian publications.

The plant equipment used by Canadian publishers, practically none of which is made in Canada, costs from 10 to 27½c on every dollar over the cost of the same equipment to foreign competitors (except newspaper presses and typesetting machines). There are from ninety to one hundred items of plant equipment and supplies which are subject to duties and sales taxes.

INFORMED Canadians who take an interest in national affairs, who know the problems of agriculture, industry and government, realize that Canadian farm journals, business newspapers and magazines have reached the place where they are equal, in value of service rendered, to publications produced anywhere.

Because of our peculiar national problems, our comparatively small population our diversified interests and industry, Canada, if she is to progress as she should, must have a distinctively Canadian periodical literature of the highest type. We must overcome our difficulties by better citizenship and greater efficiency. These depend upon better understanding and greater knowledge which, in turn, are brought about by the dissemination of scientific and technical information, and the discussion of national problems, through such periodicals.

The publishers of Canada now stand ready to add to their contribution to the welfare of the people of Canada. They are prepared to undertake the advances necessary to the production of a periodical literature that will stamp Canada as a nation outstanding because of the intelligence of its citizens in regard to problems of government and the application of science to agriculture, business and industry. The one thing standing between the realization of this progress and the benefits which the Canadian public will derive is the greatly increased cost of raw materials and plant equipment in Canada, as compared with similar costs in other countries.

The only periodical literature read by Canadians, and which is taxed, is that printed in Canada.

Foreign publications enter Canada on a completely free trade basis. Canadian publications must pay directly and indirectly heavy duties and taxes upon equipment and raw materials used in their production. The burden of taxation, which is not levied upon foreign competitors, is so great that it would pay Canadian publishers to establish plants in United States cities in order that they might use their savings thus effected to increase their usefulness to Canadian citizens.

How long do the people of Canada want this legislation to stand between them and the greater service the publishers can render—a service that will mean increased employment for Canadians, the expansion of a truly Canadian literature, a greater efficiency in our agriculture and industries and through these a greater prosperity for all Canadian citizens.

In the United States

Publishers of periodicals have the advantage of serving a large population, with all of the economies of great production and enormous revenues. Added to this, for good measure, they have free entry into Canada, a market in which their Canadian competitors are hampered by much greater costs because of duties and taxes.

United States publishers procure their raw materials—paper, ink, engravings, etc.—at much less than these can be purchased by Canadian publishers. Equipment is from 10c to 27½c on every dollar cheaper in the United States than in Canada. This equipment is not made in Canada.

For every dollar spent in editorial contents and art work the United States publisher can secure a return from his advertisers based upon service to millions of readers. Canadians must purchase literary and artistic matter of equal or greater merit to serve only thousands of readers.

United States publishers have access to the records of highly efficient departments of government devoted to research which have not yet been duplicated in Canada. Canadian publishers spend large sums to secure information for Canadian readers similar to that which is secured free from the United States Government by United States publishers.

The savings enjoyed on material and equipment by American publishers are so great that Canadian publishers could save hundreds of thousands of dollars per year on these items and could ship their publications into Canada duty free—huge sums that could be used to expand the service now rendered to the people of Canada.

This Serious Question Must Be Answered

The prosperity of every Canadian is affected by this problem. It is one for the people of Canada to solve through their parliament. The time to bring this matter fully to the attention of the public has arrived.

For years we have brought the matter to the attention of the various governments. Prominent Canadians, public bodies, business and labor organizations have repeatedly asked parliament for action. Nothing has been done.

In October, 1926, application was made to the Advisory Board on Tariff and Taxation for a duty upon the advertising contents of foreign periodicals. Labor, industry and public organizations generally joined in hearty support of this request. Every Canadian is anxious to see our periodical literature develop as it should. But certain public and parliamentary opinion seemed opposed to any adjustment which might mean an increase in the price of foreign periodicals. Other remedies were proposed.

Canadian publishers only want a square deal—an even chance in their own country to compete with foreign publications. They are ready to accept any reasonable solution of this problem. They have said to the Advisory Board on Tariff and Taxation that, if they cannot be protected, the minimum measure of relief which should be granted is the removal of their handicaps by the granting of a 99% drawback of duties and the removal of sales tax from their plant equipment and raw materials. This would place them in the same position as foreign competitors.

Canadians are now subject to the following duties and taxes not imposed upon foreign competitors:

1. Duties ranging from 10% to 27½% on 90 to 100 items of plant equipment (news-paper presses and typesetting machines are duty free). These duties add very materially to the cost of necessary machinery and equipment.
2. Sales tax on all plant equipment.

3. Duties—25 to 35% on paper; 20% on ink; 20% on engravings, and 22½% on art work—to which are added sales taxes.
4. Duty of 15c per pound, plus sales tax, on inserts imported into Canada to be inserted into Canadian publications, the same inserts entering Canada duty free when bound in United States publications.

It is unfair to expect Canadians to pay heavy extra production costs and compete with competitors who enjoy great natural advantages and free trade into Canada without even a sales tax applied.

The amount of paper, ink, engravings and other raw materials affected by the application of a drawback of duty is only a fraction of the total production of these materials in Canada. If the drawback of duty is granted the requirements of publishers would be almost doubled through the immediate expansion of their industry and the improvement made in grade of paper used.

The manufacturers of raw materials would benefit and the publishers would be enabled to employ more Canadian writers, artists and printers.

The greater service rendered to Canadian readers would be reflected in the activities of farmers, workers and employers throughout the Dominion. A great national service for which there is a vital need, would be greatly extended. The principle of drawback of duty, under conditions parallel to these affecting Canadian publishers, has been accepted by all Canadian governments and by Canadian industry generally.

A drawback of duty is now applied to forty-nine classes of materials now used by Canadian manufacturers who are unprotected or otherwise inadequately protected against foreign competitors. The people of Canada have a right to expect that this measure of economic justice will be extended to them through its application to raw materials and equipment entering into the production of periodicals in Canada.

The Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association
Toronto, Canada



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MADE IN CANADA

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

I HAVE lately given myself a gift—"The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese," (New York, Doran & Co.). I was prepared to find some gems, because I had already read "Tears," which has been acclaimed by many great critics as one of the greatest sonnets in the English language, but I did not anticipate quite so much joy. I wandered through this volume an entire evening, and every once in a while had to re-read a poem several times because of its beauty. I do not think one can fasten any categorical adjective on to Lizette Woodworth Reese. She is as accomplished a lyricist as a writer of sonnets; she is philosophic, she is dramatic, she is introspective, but always she is the artist, in complete control of her tools. This volume was published a year ago.

A Clever Satire

EDITH WHARTON must have made many enemies since the publication of "Twilight Sleep." Like Sinclair Lewis, Edith Wharton thoroughly understands certain sections of American people, and like him also, she holds them up to intense ridicule. But she does it so much more cleverly because she is so quiet about it; she is not vitriolic. Sinclair Lewis always gives his public the opportunity to say, "Clever, but so exaggerated." "Twilight Sleep" compels the ejaculation, "Oh, how clever and oh, how true."

This novel is descriptive of American women who absorb a new cult every hour of the day, who busy themselves with Bunkum from morning to night, who form committees for utterly useless purposes, and achieve nothing but the spending of huge sums of money. It is descriptive of those American women who live by schedule, whose massage at eleven in the morning is followed an hour later by a delegation of bishops who wish to enlist Wealth's interest in some dying cause. Perhaps the most ironic situation in this Great Irony is created by Mrs. Manford, the heroine of the story, being on two committees, one for the purpose of teaching the world Birth Control, and the other for teaching the world that every good woman should have an enormous family. No one could blame poor Mrs. Manford for mixing her speeches up; the committees were to meet at her house in the same week, and she had been so rushed that she had forgotten her eurythmics, and thereby lost her mental poise. Very cleverly indeed did she turn this blunder to good account, and shortly afterwards she had the good fortune to meet another Great Teacher, who, for the price of one hundred dollars, removed all her "frustrations." No wonder she became so lightheaded and happy; it was just the frustrations that had been worrying her. Bunkum, bunkum, bunkum! The lives of all the people in this book, except the honest Jim, are ruled by this god bunkum.

It is not a pleasant book to read, for it is a serious indictment of the wealthy, leisured women of America, but if it falls into the hands of the Mrs. Manfords and the Mrs. Swoffers and their crew, it may do them as much good as the Mahatma's Teachings, and it certainly will not cost them as much, nor lead to such dire results as did their attendance at Dawnside, where the Mahatma, biggest rogue of them all, held sway.

I thought I had come to the end of what I wanted to say about "Twilight Sleep," but I realize now that I have not touched upon what is really the most poignant theme in this story. What effect, do you think, a Mrs. Manford, with all her follies and insincerities and stupidities and vulgarities, would have upon a daughter who had inherited her father's bluntness of character and honesty of outlook? Read "Twilight Sleep" and you will see how Mrs. Manford's Cultural Career ruined her daughter's life.

Petered Out

ANOTHER extravaganza ("Mr. Essington in Love"—John Lane) by Storer Clouston, and "Further Adventures of Mr. Essington, the Lunatic at Large." It is not often that I do not finish a book

once I begin it, but really one can have too much of the same thing. "The Lunatic at Large" was funny, because it was novel; but books about insane people are apt, like mad people themselves, to pall.

I think Mr. Clouston should try to strike a new vein of his unquestionable humour. I find personally that this particular seam has "petered out," as they say in the language of miners.



Books

By Mary Reed

*A book's a living, throbbing thing
Almost divine, it seems
Within it's lines I'm sure to find
The author's visions, dreams—
His great desire, ambition high
His disappointment, too
It all creeps out from every page
In story old or new.*

*What right have I, in mortal haste
To tear the thing apart
Dissecting harshly, cruelly
Yes, slashing at the heart
Of his beloved and cherished heir
The offspring of his mind—
What pleasure can that be for me,
What satisfaction find?*

*'Tis true, I can't all times accept
The things I chance to read—
I glean and choose just that for which
My soul most stands in need.
I read a book—whatever kind
As I devour fish—
Just calmly lay the bones aside
They're harmless—on the dish.*

*The juicy meat—so tender, sweet
Is quite enough for me
Devoured, enjoyed, digested, too—
Contented I should be.
Ah, yes a book's a living thing—
A part of God's great plan
We read with deep-felt gratitude
Man's greatest gift to man.*

Doss-House Philosophy

IF YOU have not read of the adventures of Aloysius Horn ("Aloysius Horn" by Ethelreda Lewis. Jonathan Cape), if you have not laughed over his philosophy and joyed in his whimsicalities, you are not in the fashion. Worse than that, you are missing a rare treat. Even if John Galsworthy had not written the preface to it, declaring it to be a "glorious" book, I am certain it would have risen to the surface. For it is the fascinating record of a traveller, and a shrewd observer, the memories of an old man who can look back and tell his story in perfect perspective. The very style of the book is unlike any other and is worthy a description. It will perhaps serve as a greater incentive to readers than any attempt to describe in detail its contents.

Mrs. Lewis, a South African writer, sitting on her stoep in Johannesburg one morning, was asked by an itinerant hawk to purchase some wire-work kitchen utensils. The philosophic way he accepted her refusal aroused her curiosity. He was an old man, with a patriarchal beard and obviously down on his luck. Mrs. Lewis called him back, made some trifling purchase and engaged him in conversation. The end of it was that she invited him to come once a week simply to talk to her and to tell of his wonderful experiences and his amazing past. Later he supplemented these talks by handing Mrs. Lewis every week a written instalment of his adventures. Each week he discussed with his patron the "copy" delivered the week before,

and it is in these discussions that his quaint views on men and manners are put on record. Apart altogether from this, however, Horn's memory of the early trading days in the Ivory Coast, and the West Coast of Africa generally, are full of interest and observation of humans, and stirring adventure.

To those who read the book and wonder what has become of old Horn—there is news for them. Relieved of his pressing needs; indeed enriched to some extent by the publication of his book, Horn has left the drab doss-houses of the Randt and found a more congenial sailor's home near the Docks at Durban, where doubtless he is still fighting his battles over again for the edification of nautical admirers.

A Romance of Long Ago

ONE expects beautiful prose, abounding imagery and poetic cadence in a book written by W. A. M. Stephen, whose volume of verse which appeared more than ten years ago had such a favourable reception in Canada.

Nor is one disappointed in this romance of his, "The Kingdom of the Sun" (J. M. Dent & Son). It takes us back to the middle of the sixteenth century, to the time when Drake and his gallant comrades sailed the Spanish Main seeking adventure for themselves and fame for the English monarch, the good Queen Bess. Richard Anson, the hero, was one of Drake's bravest officers in the crew of gallant gentlemen which manned the "Golden Hind." His one and only love had died in England, and believing life held nothing in the future for him, he consecrated his life to the sterner adventure of exploration, and incidentally to the material gains of a pirate career.

How he discovered that his heart was not dead, how he met the fair-haired Princess Auria, rescued from a Spanish galleon, and how from that moment he followed her in all her vicissitudes, until at the finish he proved his devotion to her by the supreme sacrifice, is told in stirring and beautiful English.

Incidentally, Mr. Stephen, whose many years in British Columbia and whose intimate knowledge of the Indian tribes makes him an authority, gives us much interesting information about the weird superstitions of the natives. Their history, mythology, ancient sorceries, crystal gazing, all are woven into the story in a way which grips the imagination and remains in the memory much more certainly than any dry, didactic treatise could have done.

Mr. Stephen says in his preface that his story is merely a suggestion of the interest other Canadian writers might find in the strange peoples of a very ancient civilization.

May we hope that his success with "The Kingdom of the Sun" will induce him to give us further stories from his apparently well-stocked store.

Greater Than Fiction

FROM the Abingdon Press of New York comes a volume called "Our Wonderful World." This is a most delightful book, and teachers and children alike will rejoice in it. The author, Emery Lewis Howe, tells of the many wonders of this most wonderful world of ours in the most interesting fashion, and there are a good many illustrations to enhance the value of the volume.

Truly, truth is stranger than fiction, and when one reads about spiders or about the honey factory, or about a pollen basket, then is the wisdom of this proverb brought home to one. Each one of these natural history lessons has been linked up with a quotation from the Bible, so that this book becomes of wonderful assistance to Sunday School teachers. But at the same time it is in no way impaired in the eyes of those looking for purely secular teaching.

The Building of the West

The Part the Women Played

By Mary Markwell

WHEN Homer wanted an ideal figure for his dream-poem, he selected a woman. We know that Helen of Troy was but a poetic figment of the imagination, while here in the New World are living, breathing Marthas whose names, though unrecorded in song, will live for ever and ever; spiritual forces that made war—not in puerile passions of sex—but made and fought wars on circumstances that barred the way to human progress. When we read about the days of early Greece, we begin to realize that the true Homeric spirit is recorded in the deeds of the pioneer women of the last great West!

NONE but God and the woman will ever know what toll maternity took in the settlement of the prairie-land. The lack of even the common comforts within the log-walled shack. Lack of doctors, lack of nurses, lack of hospitals; with Death stalking throughout the land in devastating prairie fires that razed the hearth. In blizzards that caught the wayfarer on the blocked trail—in snowstorms that made white mounds of byres, where the lowing cattle thirsted for days and days, while the north wind, weaving a shroud about the homesteader, swept on, a living Fury, destroying as it moved across the face of the land.

It was a day when tragedy and comedy went hand-in-hand, but all the anguish of that harsh time seems to have been forgotten, remembering only the humor of "queer" situations in "queer" times! It is told of a timid (expectant) mother, whose "time" had nigh come, deciding that her husband should harness up the oxen—the usual means of travel—and take her eighty miles "back home" where a safe accouchement was sure. This meant an overland journey of many days, through slough that barred advancement, crossing unbridged rivers; mosquito haunted nights with the sky for a roof, and these handicaps at a cost of time and money to be ill-spared. Twelve days of continuous travel brought in sight the huddled "townlet," nine miles away, where

or "where there was wood," and not a few decided to strike tent where there were neither, all because "the Missis," fagged out by the long long trail, sat down on the mosquito haunted ground and declared she "would go no further!"

IT was the loneliness of the land that "got" men and women. The women stood the test of loneliness better than the men did. The land was steeped in a silence that shrieked! a soundless emptiness it was, unbroken by child laughter or the voice of women kind; while the log shack, sighted in the distance, appeared a blot on the landscape. When we came to some glorified shanty, empty, discarded, we knew that the remittance man had been there. Wherever the remittance man went he left behind him Rembrandtian shadows—shadows that told how very little aid he had given to the building of a nation; but he took away with him opinions that have not, and never will "tell England" the truth about Canada. But there is another figure—that of the Missionary-Man standing out in splendid silhouette against the background of a pallid past—who, whether he happened to be a lord bishop, or a starved little shabby-gowned padre, going afoot nine hundred miles to teach and preach to his Indian children, proved himself and his calling. Truly the missionary-man endured with a wonderful humility the trials found by those who "Go into all nations!"

THE settler lived in a tent all the first summer. By November the log house was ready. The woman had made the "plans," which included "a sun-room, an upstairs balcony and a boudoir." Owing to the price of lumber the balcony was omitted, the "sun-room" turned into a kitchen, and the boudoir became an oat-bin forthwith! When it snowed, the mud filling fell away from the chinked walls, and when it rained the pole roof let the drip fall on family heads while in bed. The cure was to hoist an umbrella!

It was the unpacking of boxes and barrels in the new home that brought the



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IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST



"Four of a Kind." These four Canadians are sons and daughters of the well known writer, Nelly McClung.

sympathy and safety lay. What happened? Young Canada, feeling that he was being cheated of an experience belonging to the homesteader, always disdainful of creature comforts, decided to be true to pioneer instincts. He popped into the world of that creaky old cart right where he was, setting up a yell of triumph over "beating 'em to it" by nine miles!

"FREE LAND" the gift of a paternal government allured. But the difficulty was there was so much land to choose from! Looking back it seems comical how we all drove right over the sites of cities and the very centres where pulsing towns have since risen up to jeer at Old Timer. True, the Land Guide was on hand (a government agent) to point out desirable homestead sites; but the Land Guide, like the prairie trails, only mystified the incoming settler by a surfeit of offers. The trails lured one on and on and on. The Land Guide, while an excellent Finger-Post, draw more salary than sympathy; nobody took his advice, but ambled on and on until finally the settler squatted "where there was water"

first tears. Memories crowded at the unpacking of boxes and broke down mother's resistance to—Fate! The china, the pictures, the rugs (made by grandmother's own hands) the little relics of life at home, all belonging to a day forever gone—dead! I think it was the sight of the family Bible hurt most of all; gran' had slipped the Book in without saying a word at all; gran' knew that Book was the one and only Guide to take when one went out into the world! The Book lay in mother's hands a moment, then the pages parted, and there, lying in full view, was a twenty-dollar bank note "gran" had slipped in! The printed line beneath it ran: "I, counsel thee to buy of Me gold fire-tried, that thou mayest be rich." It was dear gran's last message to mother. Apoc. III, 18.

After that first little cry we all laughed a great deal. We chortled over a missing stove-leg—the broken bow of a violin ended in a cataract of ha, ha, ha's! The raspberry cordial (slipped in by Aunt Agatha) had lost its head and spread ruin amongst fine frocks and feathers that would never rise again. And we laughed at that!

Continued on page 41

Winter Sports at Banff

By J. E. March



Is your hair thick
—strong-growing?

Guard against thinning hair and dandruff

HAIR thinning a little at your temples?

Dandruff is probably responsible for it. Specialists find it is the most common cause of baldness. Poor circulation, they say, is another source of serious hair troubles.

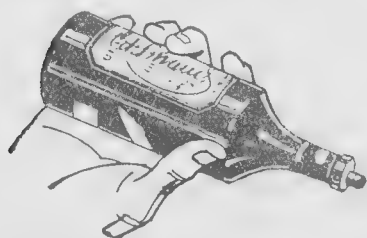
You can overcome both ills this way:

EVERY MORNING moisten the hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction. Move your scalp, not your fingers! After working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp, comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Kept up regularly, this treatment banishes dandruff and makes the hair strong, healthy, vigorous.

For Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active circulation.

Start this simple nourishing care today! You can get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle. Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto, Canada—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine



Miss Margaret Winks of Winnipeg giving an exhibition of fancy skating at the Banff Carnival. The Toboggan Slide. The Queen in her sled. Miss Emile Mason of Calgary who will reign as Queen of the forthcoming Winter Carnival at Banff. The ceremony of crowning the Queen

HAVE you ever tobogganed down the sheer side of a cloud-piercing mountain?

Do you know the thrills of the high altitude ski trails?

Have you watched and cheered when the husky teams were giving their all in the last straining miles of a 90-mile race?

Have you done the hundred-and-one things from ski-joring to swimming while a cold snow-storm whips about your head?

If not, you have never visited Banff in winter; and what is more to the point, you have never attended the Banff Winter Carnival.

Even at the risk of giving advice: You should.

The Banff Winter Carnival is from February 4th to 11th, this year. This is a fact worth remembering.

Banff has its seasons and its moods; and then there is the Banff winter, and that is something else again. In fact, it is altogether different. They know what winter is out there—hence the Carnival.

Banff is rapidly becoming one of the most famous winter resorts in America. High in the Rocky Mountains, 4537 feet above sea level, surrounded by the unsurpassed beauty of the snow-clad towering peaks, and radiant in the crystal-clear sunlight, this little mountain town of sport-lovers is annually attracting visitors from all the provinces of Canada, and from many of the great centres of population of the United States. The reason is not far to seek. Banff is remarkable for the diversity of amusement offered from the

keen, thrilling competitions between experts, to the jolly, enthusiastic, sometimes confused, but altogether happy efforts of the amateurs. That is the great attraction at Banff: everybody takes part in the sports. And the sports include: ski-running, ski-jumping and ski-joring; tobogganing, art skating, speed skating, trap-shooting, sleighing, curling, snowshoeing and, last but not least, swimming, and dancing.

Winter sports are rapidly taking a major position in the life of the Canadian people, east and west, and winter playgrounds are becoming more and more popular. This fact was proven again last winter at Banff when visitors from as far east as Philadelphia and as far west as San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver and Victoria enjoyed every moment of their stay in the Rocky Mountains. And another phase of this growing appreciation of the benefits in health and happiness to be gained from tobogganing, skiing or skating is the fact that every person attending takes part. Warmly dressed and eager, people who never before strapped on a ski, or indulged in a helter skelter race down a mountain side, are

essaying to do their best, and are getting an amazing amount of fun out of it. The picture of a well known business man vainly attempting to extricate himself from deep snow after a shocking failure to ski down a gentle slope is something to warm the heart, and add to the joy of life. Usually the aforesaid business man tries and tries again until with pride and much boasting he manages to stand erect.

They do these things at Banff, and then they do other things. For instance, they have dog races for boys. Anybody can help start these morning affairs. W. A. "Bill" Brewster will welcome all assistance. A boys' dog race is something to create an appetite for lunch. First they line the dogs up; then, just as Mr. Brewster is ready to start, the Airedale on the right objects to the Collie on the left running in that particular race and the trouble commences. This is where the assistance comes in. Holding a frantic dog, and assuring the young owner that he'll get a fair deal, and then becoming his bitter partizan, and arguing with "Bill" about it are just some of the things to do. The mornings at Banff are usually given up to the youngsters, although, as a matter of fact, the situation works out along the line of the proud parent who purchased his son a mechanical toy, and was subsequently pained and surprised when the youth asked him "who the toy was for, anyway."

These morning excursions back to the juvenile age do not, however, prevent the organizing of skiing and other parties. One of the delights of



The start of the parade at the Banff Carnival

Continued on page 30

The King's Highway

By V. W. Horwood

IT WAS a few days ago that I remarked to a friend, "What a wonderful book could be written about Main Street." We had just walked down the City Hall steps and were looking north toward the Royal Alexandra Hotel.

"Yes," he replied dryly, "leaving out Fort Garry Gate."

"What?" said I. "Leave out Hamlet?"

He laughed. "Not Hamlet, Polonius. He should remain behind the arras. A description of Main Street, Winnipeg, minus the old Gate's glories and Seven Oaks and some other traditions would still be worth reading."

"But what is left?"

"Look!" said he and pointed south.

"Look!" said he and pointed north, and

maybe fished in the spring freshets for pike or suckers, where they so unconcernedly walked? Men of all types passed—Nordic, Alpine, Mediterranean. What was the spring of their emotions? The thought suggested was that of Youth—sensitive, vigorous, sound, all intensely hopeful.

The name "Win-nipiy" (muddy water), is illuminating. What enchantment had translated in fifty years the mud into wide, paved streets and modern buildings.

We look at the building of a City like New York and marvel, but we take it more or less for granted. New York was a Dutch colony called New Amsterdam in 1614, so its streets are an outgrowth of time. But Main Street dates



Portage Avenue and Main Street, Winnipeg

turning to the stone statue at our backs, "This," he continued, "has seen the real romance of the street—the Red River cart squeaking on the way past Fonseca's to Point Douglas, and out of the night and from the north came yelping teams of huskies, shaggy and swift, furtive of eye as they pad, padded with sinewy feet what to them was a road of civilization, savage of breed, rough of hair, freighting furs from the voiceless land with the Indian driver running tirelessly behind in his moccasined feet. That is not all the romance, but the romance of finance which could do this. That sculptured stone is the division between the old and the new. Look at that sky scraper beside us, the old Union Bank, old in the street's history but new even to the present generation. It was only 54 years ago, in '73 that Archibald Wright bought that lot and was laughed at, for it was the northern end of the Village and beside it a turbulent creek, with a bridge spanning it. Farther up the trail really outside the Village was Barber's and Fonseca's. Wright built and utilized a part of the coulee for a cellar."

My friend left me. I looked at the broad, paved street. There it lay in the sunshine, flat with tall buildings on each side, street cars rattling by, automobiles purring. There was no sign of a creek. No sign of Brown's Bridge, or Wright's, not even a depression to show of a creek's existence. I stood silently beside the stone statue and watched the people pass. Did any of them realize that men living today had tramped through mud, had

back to a trail in 1871, and from that trail, like Topsy, it simply "grew." The crook at William Avenue always puzzles the newcomer. There are no hills to go around, so why the turn? But we forget, in fact many people never saw the silent highway passing to Lake Winnipeg, and which in the early days was the natural way into the country. Down from the Dacotas, from the prairies, and from the north lakes paddled the Indian and trappers. There is only a ridge of land separating the source of the Red and the source of the Mississippi, and not far distant is Minnehaha Falls where Hiawatha first saw his bride. The meeting of the Red and Assiniboine is the cause of Winnipeg. Western Indians from their prairie homes and mountains met those of the north, east and south. The eddy at turn of the River must have seen many a flotilla of Swampy Cree canoes drift around it, waiting for the more savage Assiniboines, fur trader, or battle. Whittier's poem gives a good description of both river and the loneliness of the land:

"Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine land
And gusty leagues of plain."

and Main Street followed its curves.
IT WAS the tenth of May, 1871, that the first survey was authorized, and Ellwood laid-out the grade from Water Street, then called Schultz, on the corner of which was the first Grace Church.
Continued on page 28



Look at the Menu—

*Modern cooking—soft and creamy—
robs the gums of the exercise they need*

WHEN next you sit down to a meal, notice carefully the dishes planned to whet your appetite and to appease your hunger. Luscious viands, succulent dainties, creamy desserts—all so very tempting to the palate.

And, as your dentist will add, all so very harmful to the gums. For our diet of soft, refined foods, the dentists have discovered, is the cause of most of the gum troubles so rampant today.

For, from the food we eat they get no work, no exercise. Hence they soften, they weaken, and they slowly lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush" is a call for help from over-coddled and under-stimulated gums.

How to bring your gums back to normal health

So the dentists turn to massage—massage with the brush and massage with the fingers—as the most practical means to make up the lack. Both methods are good.

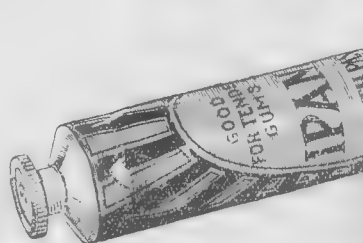
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Canada Honored at Armistice Day Service

By Marion G. Bradshaw



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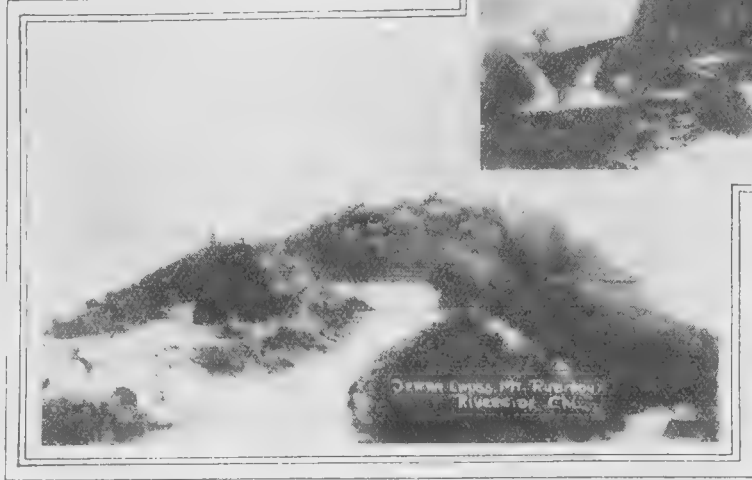
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Above—The Peace Tower on Mount Rubidoux



Below—The Serra Cross which marked the scene of the gathering of Canadians on Armistice Day

A CROSS marks the top of the craggy peak of Mt. Rubidoux, at Riverside California, where each year, sunrise services are held on Easter Sunday morning.

On Armistice Day, this spot marked the scene of one of the most impressive events in Canadian-American history. For here an Armistice Day sunset service was held honoring Canada as a nation.

This rocky elevation which overlooks the wonderful fruit valley of Southern California, has been made famous by Mr. Frank A. Miller, of Glenwood Mission, In., who was the founder of the Easter Sunrise Service at Mount Rubidoux, and it is due to his untiring efforts, that each year plans are made for Armistice Day Services, at the same place. Since the completion of the Miller Peace Tower, a few years ago, it has been the custom to honor some particular nation each year, in the observance of Armistice Day. Great Britain, France, Japan, Belgium, and Italy have in previous years been so honored, and Mr. Miller decided that Canada should be the honored nation at this time, owing to the fact that various demonstrations of friendship are being made this year between Canada and the United States. Especially was he impressed by the opening of the Peace Bridge, when the American nation participated in the dedication of the bridge, built to commemorate a hundred years of peace, between the two great countries of North America.

Invitations had been sent to Premier MacKenzie King, the Canadian Minister at Washington, and the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, who though unable to be present, sent interesting messages of good will. Invitations sent to Canadian, British and French organizations of California were responded to, by representatives and members of such organizations as the Canadian War Veterans, the British War Veterans, Daughters of the British Empire, and various Canadian Societies.

The uniforms of the Canadian officers, and the kilts of some of the Scottish regiments added a conspicuous touch of realism to the occasion. The Canadian and British War Veteran's pipe band furnished the kind of martial music that is enjoyed by American and Canadian alike, but which gives an added thrill to the

patriotic music of the Empire, and on this occasion caused many a loyal heart-throb, and brought tears to the eyes of the emotional ones. This is not to be wondered at however, as loyalty is a form of emotionalism, and is not emotionalism a strong form of loyalty?

Boy Scouts, stationed at intervals along the winding precipitous one-way road, that leads to the top of Mt. Rubidoux, saluted the occupants of each passing car, as they stood guard by the numerous unfurled emblems of the Allies. Although the affair was decidedly colorful, with the huge flags flying from crags and peaks, few were wholly prepared for the gorgeous spectacle from the top of the mountain. The peaceful city of Riverside in the beautiful valley, bathed by the golden rays of the setting sun, seemed a fitting background for this service in honor of the declaration of Peace. Crowds were gathered around the Serra Cross, at the peak of the mountain, where they listened to the worthy tributes of Capt. Paul Perigord, French war veteran, who is now head of the French department at the University of California at Los Angeles, John Willis Baer, Legion Commander J. S. Long, and others. Raising the Canadian Flag with due ceremony, was an impressive



The Music Room at Mission Inn, Riverside

this occasion, but no more so than the "Departure of the Messengers of Good Cheer." These little silent messengers, the carrier pigeons, each bore a tiny folded message, which, though small in size, was great in significance. As the birds flew away in the golden rays of the setting sun, out over the gold-tinted peaceful valley below, one could not help but feel the genuineness of the spirit that prompted such a demonstration.

As the sun disappeared behind the mountains, and the shadows began to lengthen, a pageant, representative of United States-Canadian friendship, made its way to the lighted cross. Led by the Prince of Peace, and to the strains of "Abide With Me," the procession moved slowly on. The out-door audience listened spell-bound to the well-known words of the hymn:

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"

And so was brought to a close one of the most impressive Canadian American services ever held on the continent.

Algiers

Continued from page 11

passages that twist and turn. They are very filthy. Until very recent years the streets bore no names. Then the French, with their love of order, christened these unsavory alleys with long and pompous names. They even called one street after the famous Englishman Sidney Smith. Just why, I could not find out. It was a tremendous job, for it is hard to tell definitely where one lane ends and the next begins. I cannot imagine any more difficult job than being a postman in Kasbah.

The houses are very plain. Algiers has been bombarded so often and partially wrecked so many times since the 5th century that it is perhaps the poorest of all African cities in examples of Mohammedan art. Besides, to a Muslim, a house is merely a place to live in, so why fuss about the exterior? Thus the outside of the average dwelling is a bare stone wall with narrow and often barred windows, a veritable fortress. Upon the doorways of some of the houses a wealth of display has been lavished. These doors are arched, supported by columns covered with decorations of flowers beautifully executed. The door frames are usually of wood, often studded with iron. There is a great dignity and impressiveness about scores of these doorways, increased very often, perhaps, by the plainness of the surrounding house. Along the narrowest lanes of the poorer quarters, the houses are supported by cedar poles, extending over the pathway so far as almost to meet.

The interiors of the better homes, and the palace of the governor, are given over to a refinement and splendor more startling sometimes because of the plainness of the exterior. Time makes little change in the East. In many ways the Arab house of the better class resembles that of the Romans of old, who doubtless copied from still earlier races. The entrance portal gives upon a long vestibule, lined on either side with marble steps. Beyond is the main dwelling, made up of a square court, around which the chief rooms are grouped. The oddest anomaly in houses is the residence of the Archbishop, which a short time ago was used as a harem.

The Kasbah, and in fact all the old portion of Algiers, is chiefly interesting to the visitor because of all the varied pictures it brings up of the trade in Christian slaves. Here to the old port of Algiers, that sheltered body of water behind Penon islet which is made so by the long mole connecting the island and the mainland, came the rakish Corsair fleets, which for 350 years spread terror on the Mediterranean and south Atlantic, and to the shores of Spain, France and Italy.

The pirate harbor was only made possible by the building of the mole from the island of Penon and the town of Algiers. This was completed in 1540 after 30,000 Christian slaves had labored three years. Into this tremendous work went the entire ruins of the Roman city of Rusgania. Thus was formed a harbor almost impregnable against stormy seas and the attack of enemies. How amazingly successful were these pirates can be realized when it is remembered that for two centuries the number of Christians they captured and enslaved averaged ten thousand people yearly.

It is one of the amazing things in history that the two great Christian nations, France and England, permitted such a state of affairs, one which, strangely enough, was brought to a close through the most ridiculous incidents: because the Dey lost his temper and struck the French Consul in the face with his fan. Thus is history made

out of the most inconsequential things. It was a hot day, April 30th, 1827. The Consul and the Dey had an argument about the collection of some French debts. The Dey in anger wielded his fan. And he later refused to apologize. So France went to war. Algiers was blockaded in a rather indifferent manner for three years. Then in June, 1830, France went after the matter in real earnest, sending 300 vessels and 35,000 men to attack Algiers. The town surrendered on July 5th, and piracy and Christian slavery was at an end.

ON THE steep side hill where lies the Mohammedan cemetery of Belcourt is a grotto, an amazing relic of the past which, in particular, thrills the imagination of every lover of literature, for this grotto under the cemetery was dug by Cervantes, author of the immortal Don Quixote. Everyone who has a copy of this book may turn to that portion of it devoted to the story of "The Captive," all of which is laid in Algiers.

Of those awful five years of misery Cervantes spent as a slave he says in part: "Brought into Algiers, locked up in jail, I was immediately chained, and spent my life with a number of other gentlemen, destined, like me, to be sold. We always suffered from hunger, but nothing was ever so painful as the witnessing of the cruelties practised on the Christians by our masters. Every day a few were hung, some were speared, others lost their ears to the knife of the torturers, and all these things for no apparent reason!"

The story of the grotto is most interesting. Cervantes, being without means, and his family also being too poor to pay the large ransom demanded by the pirates, his only chance of salvation lay in escape. So he and several companions dug an underground passage, where they put provisions, and finally hid, hoping for a chance to get out of the country. But a Christian who had turned Mussulman, learned of the hiding-place, and gave them away. They were retaken and severely beaten. And so today the grotto bears the name of its most famous dweller.

For five years Cervantes was prisoner before he was at last freed. That is why his descriptions in Don Quixote are so graphic: he suffered so terribly in getting the experiences he wrote about. That is one of the sad things about the production of all great literature: that the writers have to go through so much agony in order to spin out from their bodies, as a spider spins, webs of words to make men laugh and weep.

On my last night in Algiers I sat for a long time overlooking the ancient port, and dreamed of those days of ruthless killing, of rapine, of burned ships and booty from many a helpless merchantman. In the days of the Corsairs when a pirate ship came into this port, a cannon was fired to salute the arrival, for all the inhabitants of the town benefited indirectly by the trade. At sound of the gun the whole population would hurry to the shore to witness the arrival of the slaves. These were first taken to the pasha, who had the privilege of buying any of them at a reduced price. The remainder were sold in the public square. The strongest captives were used to row the ships; others served as carriers of wood and stone and merchandise. An examination of some old records shows how highly organized a business piracy was, with a regular commercial code of procedure, the profits of the men all carefully rated.

Continued on page 29



Ruts

MANY a man has started with brilliant promise, only to be lost in a rut of despair. Has seen his enthusiasm turned to bitterness, his prospects blighted! Himself powerless to prevent it—dully realizing that he no longer had the energy to stand the pace. . . . What can crush a man's spirit so completely? Can stifle ambition and wreck his very life?

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How much better to rely upon healthful ALL-BRAN than habit forming pills and drugs—whose dose must be constantly increased to be effective! ALL-BRAN is delicious with milk or cream. Add fruits or honey for an extra treat. Let it soak in the milk a few moments to bring out all its nut-like flavor. Use it with other cereals. In soups. Try the recipes on every package. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases with every meal.

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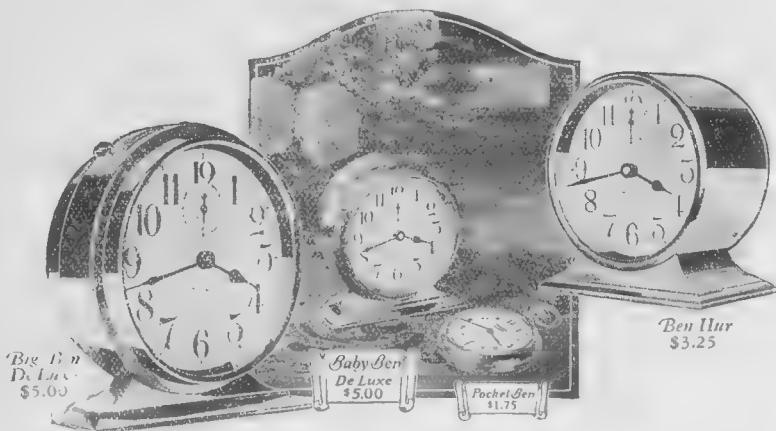
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The King's Highway

Continued from page 25

dedicated on the seventeenth of September of that year, and north as far as Bannatyne and McDermot, east of the trail was called Owen Street. Just off Main Street, west on McDermot, A. Strang built a residence, and where the Silvester-Willson Block stands Thos. Lusted had a blacksmith shop. Beyond this the rose gold prairies rolled. Farther than the vision ranged stretched a land of purple distances and wind-tossed grasses, home of the buffalo and home of the Indians.

No doubt the first bona fide real estate transaction in this country was made by Lord Selkirk, and since then the real estate fever has been continuous. What a difference in prices since '76. Then a cash offer of three thousand dollars was made for a small lot next to Dr. Bird's on Main Street. This is about where the Traders' Bank Building stands, and where before it Emma's old restaurant carried on. It would be interesting to know what difference fifty years has made in the price.

The real building romance of the street dates from the beginning of the present century, especially between the City Hall and Portage Avenue. It has become a financial street of great carved stone and terra cotta buildings. Many of the old firms still remain, Robinson's, the famous Blue Store, Duffin's, Ashdown's, and thinking of Ashdown's, the reason for the narrow short piece of street at Bannatyne was that Ashdown built on Main Street before Bannatyne Avenue was connected westward, and between it and the old butcher shop of Henry Coutu's was a small lot. This was bought in '71 for one thousand dollars to make a street west, and this street was never widened. Ashdown's today is a huge brick and stone building. Across the street is the old Post Office down whose slippery stone steps many a man has slid. The first Post Office was on Lombard Street where the Great West Life has built a beautiful classical building. It was then called Post Office Street; and where the Bank of Hamilton building soars skyward was A. G. Bannatyne's residence which was used for the first Parliament held in Manitoba. The notice in the Manitoban of January 21st, 1871, was:

"The first Parliament will be held in the house of A. G. Bannatyne the best and most commodious building in Winnipeg and occupying a central situation as regards the Province generally."

The Province was in those days called the "Postage Stamp" Province on account of its small area.

About where Russell Lang's old book store, south of the Union Bank Building was, were the old Court House and Jail, a log building which cost forty thousand dollars and was not considered an ornament to the City. In it Lepine was a prisoner for his participation in the '70 Rebellion and Scott tragedy. As it was rumoured he was to be rescued, an armed guard was placed outside, and belated citizens were continually halted by a stentorian challenge, "Who goes there?" Generally our ideas of stage coaches are taken from tales of early rural England, but a regular stage ran from Winnipeg to Portage and south to Pembina. On the 28th of June, '76, the last great freighter from the south creaked its way up Main Street, sixty cars with squealing wheels bound for Bannatyne and R. Patterson.

As late as 1904, Main, Street from the old Hudson's Bay stores to the C.P.R. station, was the shopping centre of the city. In fact it was the city. Sherbrooke street bordered the prairie. Now a large city lies beyond it. The old Waterworks and Softening Plant near the west-end subway was on the prairies.

Those were the days of excitement about the corner of McDermot and Main. About half-past three would come a burst of shrill cries, and around the corner would scatter the newsboys:

"Free Press, Tribune, Telegram, three for five!"

McDermot and Albert was the axis of western journalism, for here were the three presses of the dailies. It might have been called another Fleet Street, for it was a street of printers. The Printing House of Stovel was across from the Mariaggi, and who does not remember the Mariaggi? It was the Mecca about Christmastide for all the cattle kings and western moneyed men, with its grottos

and red dining-room and sea turtles splashing in the pools in the restaurant.

Mariaggi it is said, walked up the old Dawson trail with all his worldly belongings in a pack, and in his age returned to beloved Italy and a Villa surrounded with olive trees, overlooking the blue Mediterranean. It is also said by Winnipeggers who had the fortune to visit that portion of the world, that he welcomed a Winnipegger as a despairing soul does a chance of Paradise.—Such is the lure of Winnipeg—and Main Street is a great part of that lure. It has lost many of its retail glories except for the portion immediately north and south of the C.P.R. Here is the retail trade in all its romance, where one can buy a train lunch or a pair of Russian boots, and exchanges where all the languages of Europe are spoken and where the money changers flourish. A rather sad portion of the street, for some of its pawn shops must have seen sorrowful partings from treasured possessions. Many a sorrowful spirit has wandered over its sidewalks, and many an eye tearful as the old familiar words shone through the plate-glass window.

The Street has in its existence seen real agony, for it is the street of the seeker. From both stations the emigrant walks out on to it as it runs north and south. And west of it lies the quest—the quest of a soul longing, yet grieving for the little homes left behind.

Part of the very life of man is the sentiment about antiquity. Irrational it may be, but it is irresistibly fascinating. So the influence of a city cannot be measured by its population, but rather by its associations, its buildings and streets. Main Street is wide, and we can be grateful to the early fathers that the width of the two main thoroughfares is so generous. In fact the width dwarfs the height of the buildings, a consummation desired by the Town Planning experts but not to the pride of the citizen. The view from the top of the Union Bank building at the corner of William and Main is soul vivifying. The eye seeks into the green depth of a north sky and conjures up visions of the turbulent Lake or Hudson's Bay, of the wild goose haunts, and thoughts of Hearne, Franklin, Simpson and all the heroes of northern discovery float down from the chasms of the void.

Westward is a glimmering scene of light with the city's roofs stretching to the horizon. Eastward towards St. Boniface towers, turrets and pinnacles are painted against the blue of the sky, and southward are tall buildings, with church steeples lifting high, the Assiniboine River where the old ferry connected Main to the Pembina trail, the oldest highway in the city, which breaks off from the measured rectangular blocks of the precise surveyor and swings away from Corydon Avenue, slashing free across the south, city anglewise. In the old days it led to Fort Pembina, sixty miles on the southern boundary. The first Governor of Manitoba in '70 came up its road to find it barricaded by Riel's men. Its name has two derivations, Indian and French. The Indian "Neepa Pembina" (Here are Cranberries); the French a modification of "Pain Benit" the Blessed Bread, commemorating the administration of that Sacrament by a Jesuit Priest at Pembina.

Walking to the corner of Portage the great street lies before you—the corner which has seen so many parades pass—where Wolseley marched past from Point Douglas—where the fierce Metis passed to demand justice at Fort Garry—a favorite saluting point of the Militia as all the regiments pass to the beat of the drum and blare of the bugles. Oh! the shaking of the windows as the gallant men march down the asphalt, the Highlanders with kilts swinging, bagpipes skirling; the drum and fife, the bugle band, the brass band! All traffic stopped. The sidewalks lined with people, and nearer ever nearer comes the rattle, quicker, heavier the drums, louder the bugles, and shrill and high above the blare, the hoarse command . . .

"EYES RIGHT!"
and as the regiment passes . . .

"EYES FRONT!"
And once more the street carries on, with the constable in the centre again King of the corner.

Algiers

Continued from page 27

And this iniquity was tolerated by both France and England. It was even assisted by them in a way for both of these nations, as well as the other principal ones of Europe, kept consuls at Algiers who attended to the freeing of such captives whose friends at home would advance money to pay the ransom.

Only one really determined effort was ever made in the centuries preceding the 19th. That was in 1541 when Charles V of Spain conducted a powerful expedition to conquer Algiers. He had a gigantic armada of 516 sailing vessels, with 1,200 sailors and 23,000 men. The Knights of Malta were strongly represented.

But everything was against this splendid gesture to free humanity of the pirate scourge. Bad weather divided the fleet. After much unsuccessful fighting the Spaniards gave up the attempted conquest, and the country remained under the rule of the Mussulman until 1830, when France began the conquest of Algeria, which really did not end until 1901.

Today many people speak of Algiers and Algeria as if it were a colony. It is, however, a part of the French nation, and sends two deputies and one senator to Paris. The right to vote is confined to French citizens. The Mohammedan portion of the population are subjects, not citizens. So the political power is vested in the hands of the few.

ALGIERS, like every old city rich in associations with the past, has suffered terribly by the modernizing of the French. Some priceless bits of architecture have been destroyed. To the visitor such a city is naturally of chief interest because of its past. The modern streets, motor cars and the like have no place in the setting, particularly if the seeker has only a short time at his disposal. But as I stood the other day on the steps of the Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique on the heights of the hill of Bouzareza gazing over the gleaming town, I realized there must be hundreds of interesting modern stories

locked up in this busy, varied town. But, alas, to get them one would have to dwell here for months, perhaps years, even learn the language. And as I had no time for that I needs must try and rebuild the historic past from the reminders before me. That is why I have dwelt so lengthily on the pirates, for it was they who made Algiers famous, and even if they have long gone, their story is more interesting than if I set down the statistics of the number of pounds of shipping yearly handled at this port; or the acreage under cultivation in the neighborhood, or the number of the mosques, and whether the Christian population are good in attending service.

But Algiers should not be left behind without a visit to the Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, one specially dedicated by Algerian sailors to the worship of the Virgin. Here, above the main altar of the church, stands a statue of the Virgin, not the usual kind, but a black one, a very finely executed work, the color because so many of the worshippers are black. An inscription beside it is a splendid example of religious toleration.

It says: "Our Lady of The Virgin, pray for us and the Mussulmans."

In spite of this, I am afraid, men of different nations are inclined to quarrel. The day before my departure a desperate fight took place on the waterfront between Italians and Mussulmen, and three were killed.

There are many more things I would like to set down about Algiers. For the visitor who likes modern things there are splendid hotels, beautiful roads for motoring, and in the nearby country, towns that are dreamlike pictures of orange groves and far-flung banks of roses. But North Africa, so recently discovered by the tourist horde, is so rich in places, so I must save the future pages for the story of Laghouat, place of legend, for other spots where marvellous ruins rear their storied heads, and of desert oasis that await my story-seeking wandering; about some of which I shall attempt to tell in following numbers.

Wouldn't You Like a Screen

Continued from page 18

varnish. As a rule it is the clear transparent varnish that is used, but if on occasion you want to darken a surface that is a little too bright, you can use a darker varnish for the purpose.

The paper you choose for your screen-covering may be cheap or costly. Many of the quaint old designs which have been reproduced in modern wall-papers would lend themselves particularly well to this purpose. Then there are brilliant modern designs, vivid in coloring and striking in pattern, that would be just the thing in a room furnished in the modern mode. There are restful landscape designs or simple treatments showing flowers, birds and so forth, and conventionalized patterns that enable one to fall in with the character of almost any sort of room.

Two rolls of the wide wall-paper that comes in five-yard lengths, or its equivalent in the narrow paper, will usually suffice.

Some of the tea-chest and other fancy papers come in small sheets but their rather rough texture and final coat of varnish help to disguise the necessary joins.

When cretonne or some other woven fabric is used, the lining is put on the frame in the way already described,

but the interlining is not required. Care must be taken in cutting the panels, to place the design effectively. Tack on the material in the manner described for the cotton lining. Brass or bronze-headed tacks will often provide an appropriate finish, or a braid of matching color or gold galloon may be used.

IF THE wooden frame of each of the three or four panels is allowed to show, the easiest way to handle the screen is to cut from wallboard, panels that will fit exactly. The paper covering may be pasted directly on the wallboard on both sides, the edges turned over neatly, or fabric covers may be put on.

The frame may be painted or lacquered to harmonize with the panel covering and the panels fitted in; the three or four sections are then hinged together. Select hinges that will fit nicely on the edges of the frames and be sure they are of sufficient weight to carry their responsibilities. It is a great advantage, too, to have hinges that will swing both ways; your hardware dealer will give you just the right kind if you will explain how you want to use them and ask for "two way" hinges.

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W.H.M. 1

Winter Sports at Banff

Continued from page 24

Banff is the skiing party for strictly non-skiers. Several things are necessary. First, a pair of skis, and a spirit of adventure, after that one needs a team of horses, a sled, a few tins of beans, and a number of companions of similar mind. The broad idea is to hitch two ropes to the rear of the sled and then let the horses do the rest. The animals do, and with extraordinary patience will stop and wait when the skier, clinging frantically to the head of the rope, falls and tumbles all his companions in the snow. With the snow thick and soft on the little-used mountain roads this is a sport responsible for much hearty laughter. The more experienced usually capture a friend with a small car, and go sailing around the district at twenty miles an hour. -Ski-ing in the mountains runs all the way from ski-joring to ski-jumping. Only the experienced take part in the latter, but ski-joring is a sport which tempts the novice immediately after they have learned to stay right side up. Ski-joring involves a horse, and a clean, level stretch on the frozen bosom of the Bow River. As a sport it is amusing and thrilling, and as a spectacle it is all that and more. The ski-joring races are really something to wonder at. These are run off between those who have proved themselves good enough to stand the gaff. More exciting than a horse race, the contestants whirl up the course in a cloud of snow, clinging to the rope connecting them with their horses and hoping to last until the finish. The Banff Winter Carnival Committee under the able presidency of Mr. L. C. Orr, provides trophies for these affairs.

Art skating was a major attraction at the Carnival last winter when representatives of the Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver clubs gave graceful demonstrations of this very beautiful art. The Winnipeg Club won in the competitions and consequently carried away the Buffalo head. This year the number of clubs competing will be greatly enlarged. The skating rink at Banff has the most magnificent setting of any rink in existence. On the Bow River and surrounded by the towering heights of Cascade, Sulphur and Rundle mountains, and with the great ranges of the Rockies enclosing it on every side the rink is one which calls out the best in every competitor. Hundreds gather to watch the ladies and gentlemen as they perform each graceful curve and figure.

They have a toboggan slide at Banff best described by the local dorky, who, hearing about it, and being jollied until he consented to go down, outclassed the Chinese commentator's historic: "Whiz-z-z-z, walkum mile," by yelling: "Toboggan slide! Boy, whut is?"

This slide "whut is," is on Sulphur Mountain, and like one or two other things in life, needs to be seen to be appreciated. They tell a story in Banff of a newspaperman and his wife who wandered in from the East one day and who mutually displayed considerable boredom on the subject of toboggan slides. Norman Luxton, of Banff, a keen winter sport supporter, enticed them to the head of the slide and started them off. It is a matter of record that the newspaperman lost his rubbers, his spectacles and his hat, not to mention his peace of mind; while his wife lost one purse, together with other valuables. There is a reason for all this. The builders of the slide were humorists. It—the slide—starts off on a six per cent slope, drops into a ten per cent chute, wanders along for a few hundred feet, and then, when all is peaceful and serene suddenly drops into a thirty-six per cent dive, a whale-back over a highway road, and winds up in a cloud of snow down on the flat-land along the Bow River. It is always easy to tell when the slide is in use. This can be done without the gift of second sight, anywhere in Banff. First comes one loud yell; then a succession of yells, followed by sounds indicating excitement and much joy. Sliding down a mountain-side has its points, especially as it is perfectly safe, a fact proven by hundreds, who, at first inclined to believe they were on their way to a terrible end, finally became convinced that here was something worth doing. In fact, the slide is somewhat similar to

the famous patent medicine: one application of which removed all doubt.

Banff has another peculiarity. From winter sports one may go directly to summer sports, to wit: swimming in the open air. The temperature may be zero or anywhere between that point and the bottom of the thermometer. It doesn't make any difference. This can be done in two different places. Those who do not feel like mountain climbing for a swim can go to the Cave and Basin pools. The more energetic can climb half way up Sulphur Mountain, and go in at the Upper Pool. Sulphur Mountain supplies the warm water. The swimmer does the rest. It certainly provides a thrill to swim comfortably in the healthful sulphur water, while snow falls on one's head.

From swimming, tobogganing or skiing it is possible to turn to curling. The Banff curling rinks are worth playing on, as followers of the "roarin' stanes" from practically every Western city have discovered. Curling goes on all the time, the competitions are keen, and the friendly games numerous. The Gun Club is another attractive spot, and those who fancy the clay pigeon and shotgun enjoy their days. The daily competitions in the lore of the mountain trails from outfitting a pack-horse to the children's snowshoe races fill a moment which might, for some reason or other, threaten to become idle. Hockey is provided by teams from all the surrounding towns and cities, and that most amazing game, ladies' hockey, is one of the features. A ladies' hockey game brings two conclusions: first, that the outdoor Canadian girl is worth knowing, and secondly, the old cry about the "weaker sex" needs a little revision. Many an umpire of one of these matches has resolved to disregard the cry of "Women and children first," when next he happens to be on board a sinking ocean liner. Do the ladies slam each other with their sticks, even as their brothers? They do, and get sent to the penalty bench for it. They have even been known to express decided opinions as to the referee's eyes, and usually these remarks have no relation whatever to the length of the lashes or to the color.

One of the most thrilling features of the Banff Winter Carnival is the Dog Derby from Calgary to Banff, a distance of ninety miles. Famous dog drivers from all over Western Canada and the United States come with their teams in an effort to win the coveted Strongheart Trophy. The honors last winter went to Warren Cordingly of Ashton, Idaho, but this year such veterans of the trails as Ike Mills, Harry Knight and others are out to bring the trophy back to Canada. The race is a two-day grind, and the men and dogs come in off the long trail exhausted but still game. Hundreds of people watch the race along the way, and other hundreds stand and cheer when the winner crosses the line.

Naturally, being a carnival, this winter playground has a Queen to whom all give loyalty, and who takes an active part in all the sports. The Queen of the Banff Winter Carnival must possess the ability to do all outdoor things from packing a horse to shooting the ski hill, and, of course, must, can, and does dance, attend dinners and generally keep things moving. Miss Mary Cross of Calgary, was the Queen last year, and at the conclusion of her reign gave place to Miss Emile Mason, also of Calgary. The ceremonies surrounding the crowning of the Queen of Banff are well staged and are really beautiful. The ceremony usually takes place just at the conclusion of the first midnight frolic and dance, and is a happy conclusion to a very happy occasion. This season the Queen of Banff will have a court of ladies-in-waiting and courtiers, and ceremonies are being worked out which will add greatly to the pageant.

And, of course, there are Indians; wonderful fellows from the Stoney, Cree, Blood and Blackfoot reservations. The Indian dances, the old Indian dances, not modern ones, are given from time to time, to the delight of visitors. The Buffalo Dance, and the chicken dance to the accompaniment of Indian music brings all the warriors and their squaws into the arena.

Incidentally, the motto of the Carnival is: "All set; let's go."

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Huskies of the Hinterland

Continued from page 9

coming out, after the snow had gone, and the waterways were open, these same dogs might have been had from their owners for the asking, not being considered worth the cost and trouble of feeding them.

No matter how friendly the husky may seem, he can never be fully trusted in the wilds.

Not so long ago, at Chesterfield Inlet on the northwest coast of Hudson Bay, the wife of a sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, during the absence on duty of her husband, was walking near the settlement when she was set upon by the dogs, of which there were some twenty-five. It is surmised that one of the dogs snapped at her in play, drawing blood, and that the others immediately joined in. Her screams were heard by a corporal and a constable of the police who rushed out to find fifteen of the huskies attacking her. The dogs were beaten off with great difficulty and the poor woman was carried into a house, but she was so badly mauled that, after an amputation which was found necessary, she succumbed.

These dogs know the helplessness, too, of children, and while they will not often attack adults, they have not the same compunction when they encounter the children alone, and are in any way provoked or excited. There are dozens of instances in the Northland where the timely appearance of some adult has saved the life of a child after it had been set upon by these treacherous and ever-hungry animals, for a few minutes is all they require in which to do their fatal work, so sharp and dangerous are their teeth.

But in spite of this inherent viciousness, the husky is amenable to kindly treatment. He is not unwilling to work, although if over-driven his willingness has to be measured by his strength, and very often his capabilities are miscalculated, and no amount of beating can make either man or animal do more than he is physically able to do.

MANY wonderful trips are recorded of huskies in the Hudson's Bay and the R.C.M. Police services in the ordinary course of work and duty.

With a "kometik" (sled) about twelve feet long and weighing one hundred pounds, carrying a load of six hundred pounds, a party set out from Northwest River Post in 1896 on the Labrador, for Rigolet, on the coast, at 4.30 on an April morning, with nine dogs in the team. These dogs were well known for their wonderful stamina and were accustomed to hunting seals on the ice. On the trip, many seals were sighted, with the result that the dogs went "seal mad" and simply tore along from one batch of seals to another, right along the line of travel. On the journey, four seals were speared and added to the load, increasing it to 900 pounds. Still the dogs kept at it, and at noon they had covered 65 miles. After lunch, the going proved exceptionally good and the next twelve miles were made in ninety minutes. Then came rough and hummocky ice which slowed them up; but the appearance of caribou on ahead got the dogs excited once more and they raced along apparently as fresh as ever. At 8 o'clock that night Rigolet was reached, and, with the considerable deviation that had been made, it worked out at 107 miles in 15½ hours' travelling, from dawn to dark. Not a record, by any means, but wonderful going with so heavy a load. At The Pas in Northern Manitoba, during the Canadian Dog Derby held early in 1925, Emile St. Goddard's dogs did 204 miles in 25 hours and 28 minutes (non-stop) with a seven-dog team, but this was with a light racing sleigh, unloaded, so that there is no basis of comparison in the respective performances.

With all his faults, the husky is a very necessary adjunct to the primitive life that Nature demands must be lived by those who venture far into the North, and it can safely be prophesied that for a long time to come the premier position he holds as general utility to the men of the North is likely to remain unchallenged.



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Young Heart

By Mary Matheson

"Wait for me, wait for me, O Father Time,
For the hill you travel is hard to climb,
—And when I look down the backward track
I have such a longing to just go back—"
But he wouldn't
Wait for me.

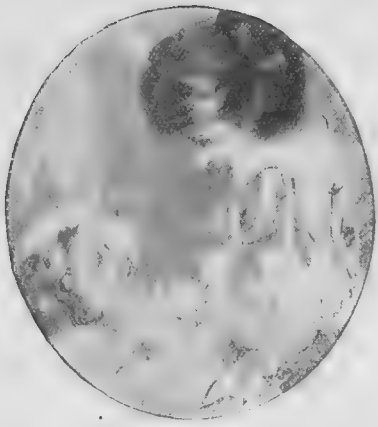


"Why do you hurry and tarry not?
Than this there is no lovelier spot,
I fain would stay if I may not turn
Back to the haunts your footsteps spurn,"
—But he wouldn't
Wait for me.



Love, I met once with his kindling eye
And fair was the way as I passed him by,
Flowers bloomed and the Glory and Dream were mine.
"Why did you haste then old Father Time?"
Still he wouldn't
Wait for me.

But he hurried on in the greatest glee
And he whispered, "Grow old along with me."
Then he slipped on my finger a ring of gold
—And I said, "I'll go,—but I'll not grow old,
Though you wouldn't
Wait for me."



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The Truant Soul

Continued from page 13

end of the verandah and wiped the dew from them with his handkerchief.

"When you came here," he said, as they sat down, "when on the impulse I asked you to come here, I did not dream that my impulse was the prompting of my good angel."

"You said I was your good angel," said Joan lightly.

"It was more than chance," said Lancaster seriously. "It was the happiest thing that has ever come to me."

"Doctor Lancaster, I am only too glad to have had the opportunity of being of service. It is what every nurse would have wished."

"No," he corrected her. "You have brought more than service into the Institute. Do you know what you have brought? Hope!"

She could hardly restrain her tears, so deeply was she moved. She put her hand upon his. "Doctor Lancaster, it must never leave you again," she answered. "Lift up your eyes and look at the hills. How can one help but hope? Hope lies all about you."

"When a man lives in darkness," said Lancaster gravely, "he cannot lift up his eyes. I was broken long before I became a victim of that damnable drug. I fell into the hands of unscrupulous men. I had nothing to live for. I dwelt in shadows, hardly knowing the dream from the reality, and all the men and women about me seemed like shadows until you came. I could endure life only because of its unreality; it was like a dream, a nightmare, which, I knew, could not last forever."

She did not answer, and he remained silent for a long time. It began to lighten. Streaks of saffron appeared against the tops of the hills. A bird awoke and called; another answered her.

"But this is hope," said Lancaster, taking Joan's hand. "You have brought it to me, and I am never going to lose it again. I am going to win my fight against the drug and then I am going to regain all else that I have lost."

He seemed upon the verge of a revelation, but he said no more. And now the day was dawning.

The hall clock struck six. Joan looked at Lancaster. His face was twisted with pain; his lips were bloodless from compression.

"You have made a splendid fight, Doctor Lancaster," she said. "Now you shall have your hypodermic."

He rose up eagerly, and she could see the terrific strain that he was undergoing in the trembling of his limbs, the eager look in his eyes. They went back into the house. A light still burned in the secretary's room, but no sound came from it. At the door of Lancaster's room he stopped.

"Miss Wentworth," he said, "I have something to say, and something to promise. I am not going to take that dose. Tonight, perhaps, but not now. If I take it and free my body from its suffering, I lose my soul again. I lose that hope which you have given me. And—I want to give you this."

He handed her a little bottle of morphine, three-quarters full.

"It is the bottle which you took from the drawer of my desk yesterday," he said. "I stole it from your pocket when you leaned over me last night, when you told me I was winning. I was a thief—but I am a penitent thief, and I restore it intact."

"No, Doctor Lancaster," answered the girl, smiling as she took the bottle from him. "That has no bearing upon your character; it was a symptom of your disease."

"Well, I didn't take any," said Lancaster, with the transient flash of humor lighting up his face. "I had the

hardest conceivable battle over that bottle. I set it up before me, and I held my right hand back with my left, and I said: 'I am winning, in Joan Wentworth's name.' And at last the drug evil was beaten. And no more morphine until tonight."

"Doctor Lancaster, you have been brave and wonderful!" cried Joan, profoundly stirred. "Remember that! One of the bravest men I have ever known. Never tell me again that you have lost your power of will. We are winning fast."

He placed his hands upon her shoulders and stood looking at her. Upon his face was an expression of indulgence, as if he was considering her enthusiasm in the light of his experience of life, so much deeper than hers, so much more profound. Then the look passed; the years seemed to fall from him, and strength came into his face.

"God bless you, my dear," he said, and bent and kissed her forehead.

She turned and ran upstairs. Her heart was singing in her breast. The flood of sunlight that came through the eastern windows, illuminating the dusty interior of the old building, seemed like a spiritual light, flaming into this dark place where shadows had dwelt so long. She went into her room and dressed for the day. She had never felt so happy before. And now the life in Avonmouth had become as dim as a dream, and she cared no longer whether she returned or not. A charge had been granted to her, a man's life put into her keeping; that trust she meant to fulfil.

She had saved Lancaster, and she would outwit Myers, and remove the only obstacle to Lancaster's recovery. She knew the man incited the doctor to drug himself. She would have known that even without the matron's statement to her. But why should Myers wish Lancaster to drug himself to death?

He must be acting for others. Whom? No matter. Once the drug evil was overcome, the plot would be revealed and overthrown.

As she stood at her window Joan heard footsteps on the path below. Looking down, she saw the secretary leaving the house, carrying a suitcase. Her heart almost stood still. Surely Myers had not acknowledged defeat and taken Lancaster at his word. Surely he did not mean to go without another struggle.

She watched him cross the grass beside the chicken coop to where the weed-grown path joined the winding road. He was outside the grounds of the Institute now, and he was still going in the direction of the station. He disappeared behind the hedges, appeared again, a long way off, and vanished finally. He was gone, and the air seemed the sweeter, the day more glorious.

Joan almost danced downstairs to the dining room. Lancaster was at the table waiting for her.

"Mr. Myers has gone away!" she cried. "Doctor Lancaster, your evil spirit has departed, suitcase and all."

Lancaster looked at her gravely. "I know," he said.

"Did he come to you? Did you discharge him?"

"He did not come to me. He did not tell the matron he was going. It looks bad."

"No," said Joan firmly, struggling against her conviction. "He was afraid. You will never see him again."

"You know what the Bible says about the unclean spirit who leaves a man, and returns with seven others, when he finds his home swept and garnished?"

Continued on page 33

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The Truant Soul

Continued from page 32

"Doctor Lancaster, he has no hold on you. He can do nothing, and he will never dare to return."

"Well, my dear, we have a respite, at all events," Lancaster answered. "So let us eat our breakfast, and afterward I'll take you for a ramble through the woods and we'll hold the fort together until evening."

BY THE next morning there was no doubt that victory had been won. There was color in Lancaster's face, a lightness in his step; and, best of all, he was physically whole. The drug devil still clung to the nervous refuges of its physical domain, the hands still trembled, the man started at sudden sounds; but the shifty, furtive, lying spirit had taken its departure.

Joan only discovered afterward what Lancaster must have endured. The treatment had been more heroic than Joan had known, with her own limited experience, and the antidotes which she administered, under Lancaster's own directions, were purposely limited, for fear of supplanting one habit with another.

Lancaster had gone through the worst of his ordeal; and yet certain features of his illness were puzzling to both of them. The symptoms of morphine poisoning, elusive and protean as they are, seemed in this case irreconcilable with those classically accepted. There was Lancaster's complete prostration on the morning when Joan discovered the nature of his illness. He told her afterward that he had been conscious all the time but physically inert, as if paralyzed. That did not point to morphine poisoning. And a certain lethargy remained one of the last symptoms of the case.

The intimacy of the sick room, born of their struggle, had become the most natural thing to both of them. The passing of Myers had wrought an extraordinary change in the atmosphere of the institution. And somehow the news of Lancaster's recovery had spread into Millville. Joan inferred that even the country people had boycotted the Institute, but now two mothers brought their babies to Lancaster, and it was amazing and delightful to Joan to see the doctor's transformation, his jolliness and tenderness toward the children.

"I'm using my respite," he said whimsically. "I want to get well to face my harder battle."

"It is no respite," answered Joan. "You are free now, Doctor Lancaster; it is only a habit of thought that holds you."

There ensued three wonderful days after the secretary's departure, always to remain clear in the girl's memory. They were three days of uninterrupted recovery. After the second no more morphine was given. The fight was won; there was no questioning that.

"I suppose you will have to return to Avonmouth soon," Joan suggested.

He turned a startled look on her. "Yes—soon," he said, and fell into a gloomy meditation from which she could not arouse him.

That afternoon a telephone message came from Thompson, a hill village, fifteen miles distant. A farm hand had been crushed by a falling tree; would Lancaster come at once and see if anything could be done for him?

"Would you like to come with me?" asked the doctor.

"If I can be of any help."

"Of course you can—the greatest help. I shall need you badly, perhaps to administer an anesthetic," he answered.

Lancaster telephoned to Jenkins for the buggy, and half an hour later they were driving along the country road into the heart of the mountains. They travelled for the most part in silence; Lancaster's thoughts were occupied with his prospective case, and Joan was content to sit quietly at his side and watch the changing panorama of the land she loved and knew so well.

The road ascended continuously, until at last, when the sun was low down in the sky, they entered Thompson, a tiny settlement in the very heart of the mountain peaks.

It was a serious case, and the patient was already comatose. The tree had fallen across his chest, crushing it, and driving a rib into a lung. An immediate operation offered the only hope, and the doctor decided to perform it in the cabin.

Joan, having bundled out the family and the neighbors, administered the ether. She had never been greatly impressed by the legend of the skilled surgeon with the wonderful touch; her first operation at Avonmouth had seemed to her like a sort of glorified plumbing, and the leisurely manner of the surgeons reduced the art to a science in her estimation. Now she revised her opinion as, seated at the patient's head, she watched Lancaster working within a compass of fractional inches, where a slip would have been deadly. His fingers, which had trembled as he held the reins, were as steady as the steel instruments he held, his deftness and precision were amazing, and when at last the operation was ended, and the patient's recovery announced as probable, she could not conceal her enthusiasm.

They were to remain at the cabin overnight in case of a change for the worse, returning to the Institute in the morning. After a scrappy meal they had wandered to the end of the village, toward a patch of woodland that was encroaching on the tiny settlement. The long summer twilight still held the land, although the mountain tops were already vague and shadowy. They stood there, looking down toward the level country under them.

"I think you are the most wonderful surgeon in the world," said Joan. "And you see I didn't faint this time," she added.

"Faint? Why should you faint?" asked Lancaster, looking at her with a puzzled expression.

"You seemed to regard my weakness in the operating room as a sign of my incapacity," she replied, a little chagrined that he should have dismissed the matter from his mind.

Lancaster looked at her with that strange glance which seemed always designed to hide his thoughts. Then his face softened.

"Joan, do you know that I owe everything on earth to you—to you, my dear?" he asked.

And he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"That's what you mean to me," he said. "I can't lose you; I want you to fill the life that you have given back to me."

And at the touch of his lips on hers Joan knew that in truth she loved him; all that she had heard of the man's past, his dissolute life, the talk of Avonmouth, was forgotten. She only knew that she loved him, not with the wild passion of which she had heard, but with a quiet and abiding fondness, none the weaker for its qualities of calmness; and it was the most natural thing in the world that she, who had given him life again, should give her own life

Continued on page 36

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YOU'VE solved your lighting problem for all time—indoors and out—the day you get your Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp and Lantern. When you have these modern light-makers you are sure of plenty of good light for any purpose anytime, anywhere.

The Quick-Lite Lamp is brighter than 20 old-style oil lamps. Its soft, pure white brilliance is easy on the eyes—ideal for every family use—reading, sewing and for the children to study by. Fuel is motor gasoline. No wicks to trim; no chimneys to clean; no daily filling. Price \$11.00.

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Standing makes back and legs ache

HOW 183 FACTORY WOMEN RELIEVE TIRED MUSCLES

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Everywhere you go you hear the same story from people whose work brings a strain on their muscles. Sloan's saves them hours of pain—days of lost time.

Sloan's brings new blood right to the spot where the pain is—sweeps away the cause of the trouble—stops the pain. All druggists—35 cents.

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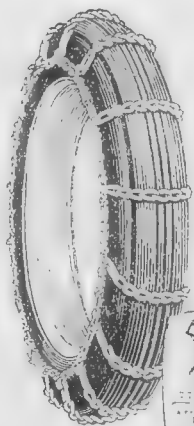
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for sure traction



You are much safer with WEED Chains on your tires, for their good size steel cross chains give you pulling power in all kinds of going. WEED Chains keep your wheels from spinning and side-slipping—they keep you on the road.

Be sure you buy genuine WEED Chains—they have red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario



THIS year in London, England, there was held an exhibition under the auspices of the British Dairy Farmers' Association. Dairy products of all kinds from every part of the British Empire were exhibited and amongst the principal items stood butter. Western Canada fared well at the hands of the Judges, winning second and third prizes and securing in addition an honourable mention. In the same year another exhibition was held in Toronto and again Western Canada particularly Manitoba ranked extremely high. This is a source of pride, showing as it does that butter of a first class, full flavor and desired texture can be made to face world-wide competition. It is a strong recommendation of the value of the advice which has been so consistently and strongly preached of late years, namely "diversified farming."

So far so good. We have established a very high standard for a commodity which is almost universally regarded as a necessity, and yet this year there came into the port of Halifax in one shipment something over fifteen thousand boxes of New Zealand butter for consumption in Canada. This gives one to think. How is it that we are not producing sufficient butter to satisfy not only Canadian demand but also the English market? We are informed that only eight hundred boxes of Canadian butter were sold in England this year, and yet our butter makers can win the majority of prizes in open competition. It would seem that a very strenuous effort should be made by our Provincial Dairy Commissioners and producers to increase the supply so that we will avoid the necessity of importing and will on the contrary be in a position to export. We believe that farming can be made much more profitable if this end of the business were more prominently developed.

As a result of the meeting of the Provincial and Federal Ministers held at Ottawa recently it looked as if the long-sought for legislation dealing with the issue of company charters will be enacted. Our readers will remember that we have stressed this point repeatedly. Company charters are issued under both Provincial and Federal authority, depending upon the fact and the aims and scope of the proposed company. Owing to the fact that many charters were issued for fraudulent purposes some of the Provincial authorities introduced what are popularly called "Sky Blue Laws." In this way permission was refused for the issue of a charter unless the promoters could convince the authorities that the proposed company was genuine and that it was likely to have a fair measure of success. The Dominion authorities, however, never introduced any such legislation and up until recently did not have any working arrangement with the Provinces concerning the issue of shares. A tentative arrangement has been made whereby the Dominion authorities now refuse to grant a charter unless it can be shown that a Provincial charter is too narrow and limited for the requirements of a new company. It also appears that the Dominion Government will enact legislation similar to the Provinces so that the same requirements will be necessary before permission will be given to float new companies. It is yet too early to summarize the other questions which were raised at the meeting particularly dealing with the Canadian Constitution. There seems to be a diversion of opinion and many more pour-parlers will have to be held before this thorny question is settled. Other matters discussed have been taken under advisement by the Dominion Government without any definite expression of commitment being made.

THE financial world seems to be in throes of a tremendous wave of expansion, development, merger and consolidation. The past year has seen the amalgamation of three and four competitive concerns pooling their resources and cutting down overhead charges. The public are without hesitation purchasing the stocks and bonds of the new companies so much so that it is now quite common for advertisements to appear with the notation that stock in question was over-subscribed, and the advertisement appeared only as a matter of record. Recently one of the Western Electric Railway Companies sold a new bond issue at a premium of five per cent and the whole issue was taken up within three hours of the opening sale. In the East there has been an amalgamation of certain companies engaged in the manufacturing of sheet metal products. A new company was formed and an issue of stock was submitted to the public amounting to over thirteen million dollars and the whole issue was sold in one day. Other similar consolidations are shown in distilleries, breweries and there is now talk of a big merger in the milling industry. Financial experts are beginning to worry somewhat about this type of expansion and lately certain of the investment houses have been issuing warnings of the danger of people going too far particularly in the purchase of common stocks in preference to preferred stock and bonds. As one investment house points out "shrewd investors in common stocks are now in many cases liquidating their holdings and re-investing the proceeds in sound bonds and preferred stocks. It may possibly be, in the opinion of this house, that the pendulum may swing too far with resultant financial disaster."

THE 110th annual general meeting of the Bank of Montreal was held this month at the Head Office. It seemed commonplace to say that the report was gratifying to the large body of shareholders but the enhanced figure and particularly the optimistic and statesmanlike utterances of the President and the General Manager amply justify such a conclusion. Today the paid up capital amounts to over twenty-nine million dollars with a reserve account of almost thirty-one million dollars and the assets amount to eight hundred and thirty one and a half million. It is difficult for the average man to understand the full import of these figures but he can follow with pride the statement of the President "that trade conditions have been active and . . . balance sheets generally show satisfactory profits. Bank debits, bank clearings, bank deposits, car loadings, railway gross earnings, imports, note circulation and lower mercantile mortality all reveal that the tide of business has risen during the year. Industrial operations are generally on an active scale, agriculture has attained a more healthy condition, and foreign trade has increased to an extent which places Canada in the foremost ranks of nations in foreign commerce." He further states, "that he sees no reasons why an abatement of confidence in the continuation of these prosperous conditions need be apprehended." These are heartening words coming from the head of one of the largest financial institutions in the world, an institution which has been largely instrumental in bringing about prosperity which is so apparent on all sides. Stability, security and safety—the three guiding principles of the Bank—prove once again to be the foundation stones of all financial success.

When sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, remember to state the size.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg



THE owner of a property constructed several buildings thereon some fifty years ago, all of which adjoined and were of a uniform height. The ground floor was let for stores and the upper stories were leased for offices. His trustees subsequently leased to a tenant the first floor and basement of one of these buildings for a long term. The lease contained a proviso that in the event of fire, lightning or tempest, the rent should cease until the premises were rebuilt. During the course of the tenancy all of the buildings were completely destroyed by fire. The Trustees then made an investigation to determine if it would be profitable to erect similar buildings and after mature consideration they decided that it would be detrimental to the interests of the estate to do so. They thereupon proceeded to erect one large building covering the whole block. All of the insurance money was used in paying off the encumbrances upon the property, and the estate had not money to pay for the erection of similar buildings, but they were successful in securing a large loan on condition that the type of building was approved of by the lender. The tenant who had of course not paid any rent during the course of the erection of the building then applied to become a tenant in the new building but the Trustees refused to grant him this privilege. He started action in court for an order compelling the Trustees to grant him a lease. The courts held that he was disentitled to do so on the grounds that the Trustees had notified him that it was not their intention to rebuild the destroyed buildings and that they were under no obligation to do so. It was further held that as the tenant had not paid any rent during the construction the lease was at an end.

Mining men should take particular notice of a judgment recently handed down by the Manitoba Court of Appeal, the locators of the claim having found a post marked the north-east corner of another claim, placed a post beside this as the number one post of the new claim. They then went to what they thought was the north-west corner of the old claim and finding a post which they thought marked that corner placed their number two post beside it. As a matter of fact they were some six or seven hundred feet away from the proper post of the old claim and thus left a triangular space unlocated. Subsequently this triangle was located by another party. The original locators started an action for a declaration that they were entitled to it, but the court held that in order to obtain possession to a claim it must be that property which is located, and if there is a variance between the located ground and the plan filed, the claim must be held to be that which is shown by the location post.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Mrs. J. T. of Hill Spring, Alberta, has submitted a long letter as to her rights to recover for injuries to her cows, which were poisoned by grasshopper poison.

In the first place you state that the incident occurred in 1921. That means that your right to redress has now probably been barred by the Statute of Limitations which gives you six years in which to take proceedings. The Statute begins to run from the time that the damage occurred, or from the last acknowledgment of liability of the person from whom you expect to recover compensation. We are of the opinion that nothing can be done in the matter now, unless you have a letter from the authorities agreeing to give you compensation.

Bradwardine, Manitoba.

Q. Is a hired girl entitled to every other Sunday off duty, leaving her place

of employment Saturday night and returning Sunday night. If not what liberty is she entitled to legally?—Mrs. T.B.

A. The hours of working and terms of employment of a hired girl are regulated by the agreement which she makes with her employers when she first enters their service. It is a matter of arrangement between the parties. In towns and cities it is usual for a domestic to have two half days off each week, one of which days is Sunday. In the case of farm help customs are not so fixed, and as above stated it is practically wholly a matter of agreement between the parties as to just what days and hours the girl will be expected on duty.

Melfort, Sask.

Q. (a) Has the old age pension bill passed in Saskatchewan yet? (b) Where do you write for this, what address?—G. J.

A. The Old Age Pension has not yet been adopted in Saskatchewan. There is a possibility that the Provincial Legislature will pass such a bill during the coming session.

Q. A man has an illegitimate son whom he has brought up since the death of the mother, having had his name added to the birth certificate in some way. Has this boy any legal claim on the father or the father on him? Can you also tell us if it is possible to alter the birth certificate in this manner under British Law. We understand it can be done in the United States but does it make the relationship legal?—A. H.

A. You do not state your address so that we are unable to advise you definitely. If you had given the Province in which you reside we could give you more accurate information.

An illegitimate son has a claim on the father for maintenance according to the father's ability to pay. The father has no claim on the son in a legal way and cannot inherit property from the son. It is not possible to alter a birth certificate. A birth certificate is merely a record of the parentage of the child. The proper way to make the relationship between father and son really satisfactory is for the father to formally adopt the son and give him his name. In the Province of Manitoba the father must apply to the Director of Child Welfare, Legislative Bldg., Winnipeg, who can assist him to complete the adoption. In most of the other Provinces of Canada the father should apply to the Court for approval of the adoption. After formal adoption of the son, the child may inherit from the father and the father may inherit property from the son, and in most ways the relationship becomes equivalent to that of a legitimate child to its father.

Emerson, Man.

Q. Would you let me know through your legal column in your magazine what is the Succession Tax on twenty-thousand dollars and up.—SUBSCRIBER

A. It is rather difficult for us to give you complete information on the succession duties. The tax is fixed in accordance with several principles and varies directly according to the amount of the net estate after payment of debts on a net estate of \$20,000.00 the Succession Duty on the proportion thereof going to close relatives is 1.2 per cent. This rate is increased to 7 per cent in the case of more remote relatives and to 12 per cent in the case of other persons. The rate also varies according to the place of domicile of the beneficiary. Those who do not live in the Province are taxed more heavily than those who do. We would suggest that you write to the Administrator of the Succession Duties, Legislative Bldg., Winnipeg if you require further information.

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

"I see no reason why an abatement of confidence in a continuance of these prosperous conditions need be apprehended," was a statement made by Sir Vincent Meredith at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, which will be well received throughout the business community. Coupled with the equally significant statement of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor that "it has been the most expansive year in business enterprise that this country has ever known," there was presented a summary of present conditions and future prospects which warrants both confidence and optimism.

No other gathering in the business and financial field is attended with greater interest than the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal. The review of conditions presented by the president and general manager has come to be accepted as conservative and reliable as befitting an institution which has now for a century and ten years been identified with Canada's development. In their addresses Sir Vincent and Sir Frederick presented in their capable way an analysis of business which generally confirmed the various reports of progress and expansion which have been heard in recent months. The rising tide of prosperity has been indicated by bank debits, bank clearings, bank deposits, car loadings, railway earnings, imports, note circulation,

lower mercantile mortality, etc. Industrial operations are generally on an active scale. Agriculture has attained a more healthy condition and the discontent of the farmer has greatly moderated with increased buying power. Foreign trade has increased to an extent which places Canada in the van of nations in respect of foreign commerce, with a favorable, although considerably reduced, balance of trade.

Confidence In Canada

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, discussing the outlook in Canada, said in conclusion:—

"Nevertheless, allowing for the swing of the pendulum and for the fact that we are living down our mistakes, Canada can with assurance look forward to a future undreamed-of by the Fathers of Confederation. Not in any spirit of boastfulness, but merely in calm appraisal of our country and its resources, may we not claim that we have all the attributes which go to make a mighty nation? We are blessed in our sturdy population, free from discord, far removed from war's alarms, with a summer climate unsurpassed in the universe, a winter climate that makes of us a hardy people, and lavish natural resources.

"This appraisal being correct, we can, given prudent management of our public affairs, proceed upon our destined way with courage and enthusiasm."

Winter EXCURSIONS to Pacific Coast

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LAST YEAR more people than ever before subscribed to these two publications. And this is not to be wondered at, because we really are presenting remarkable value for the money.

Stamped on good quality ecru linene, the design is so pretty that it will be a real pleasure to work. It can be used when completed as a table



runner, a bureau or buffet scarf, and you will find it a very charming adjunct indeed to any room. You may care to add a border of inexpensive lace which, as will be observed from the photograph, makes the runner particularly striking.

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I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Table Runner.

Name.....

Address

The Truant Soul

Continued from page 33

also to this wonderful, strong man who had risen above his wrongs and driven the besetting devils from him by valorous strength. Her heart was lifted up; serene and trustful she returned his kiss.

"I love you, too," she answered. Nothing of the past shall ever come between us."

They were at the verge of the forest, upon a height that overlooked Millville and Lancaster, hill villages, but now outspread in the shadowy plain beneath them. A dozen counties could be dimly discerned from that spot by daylight. Far in the distance were the coastal lands, nearer the cultivated belt, nearer still the little farms, and the matchless mountains all about them. It was their home country—both of them were thinking that; the smell of the rich soil was in their nostrils, and in their hearts the sense of home.

"Joan, can a man begin to build up his life again at thirty-eight, after he has missed everything?" asked Lancaster, after a long silence.

"You have proved that you can," she answered. "But you have not missed everything, my dear. You are a very great man, and a man with a great work in the world. Many men have gone along the path you took, but few have found the strength to turn back as you have done."

"Joan, I want to tell you something. I was engaged to be married once—years ago. She ran away on the evening before our marriage day. It was the beginning of my downfall. I thought I loved her."

His face was haggard. Divining his distress, Joan slipped her hand into his.

"Joan, dearest," said Lancaster, after a pause, "I have often thought that some day I would tell you all the wretched story of the past. But I have been thinking differently today. I was entrapped by an unscrupulous man, who robbed me of everything that made life worth living. But there is nothing that would make me afraid to look my fellow men in the face. It is myself whom I have shamed and humiliated. Joan, I want to say nothing, not because I would keep anything from you, but because I want to start my life anew. I shall never go back to the Institute."

"You mean, dear——?"

"Never. I shall not return tomorrow. I want you to come to the Southwest with me, Joan, my dear. We will drive across the hills to Carroll's and catch the through train there. I shall begin to live the new life you have given me. Will you leave everything for my sake, Joan? Is it too hard a request?"

"It is not too hard," she answered. "But it is not right for you."

"It is right for me to leave a living death behind me."

"No, dear. It is running away. You spoke to me of some harder fight to be fought."

"With nothing to win, Joan—nothing. When I leave here no human being will miss or regret me."

"There is your work at Avonmouth. There is the hospital which you have made famous throughout the United States. Your work is there, not in some obscure place where it would be of less use to the world and no example. Besides, consider that if you become famous again, as you must, you will be discovered. And one can never leave his past behind him. That follows everywhere."

"Yes, that is true," muttered Lancaster, staring out over the darkening hills. "Well, I leave it to you, my dear, but to go back to fight out a

futile battle seems to me now something unendurable."

"You must go back to the Institute," and then to Avonmouth, and meet your enemies, John," she said. "I shall be at your side. Nothing will make me afraid, or weaken my love for you."

His face twitched. "Not if I tell you things which prove me worthless of your love?" he asked. "Not if you find I am an outcast man who has deserved his misfortunes?"

She only smiled at him. "I shall not judge you by your words," she said, "nor yet by other men's opinions, but my knowledge of you."

"Then I shall tell you everything," he answered, drawing Joan's hand into his. "Everything, but not here. Here I shall keep the peace of the hills within my heart, and you."

So they strolled back toward the cabin, and Joan's drab-colored life was transmuted in this, her first love, to gold. She lived in her lover, she trusted wholly in him who had brought love to her, not like a conquering god, but in the simplest guise, making it the unfolding of her own loving nature. She gave her youth, her innocence as love's price, and thought the exchange her profit. There was never such peacefulness in any place as there that evening, and in Joan's heart was abounding peace likewise.

When they reached the cabin the patient was better. Lancaster spent the evening giving detailed instructions to the man's wife.

"I shall do my best to come again if I am needed," he said. "But I can't promise. I may be called to Avonmouth at any moment. Keep him quiet, for heaven's sake keep him absolutely motionless for a week, and then let him sit up if he wants to. And nothing to eat but the schedule I am making out for you."

Afterward Joan told Lancaster that she wished to stay for a few days to take care of the man. But Lancaster would not hear of it.

"These hill people never die," he said. "He'll be up and about before the week is over."

"But the diet?"

"They'll feed him on soda biscuits as soon as he's well enough to eat anything. Fortunately he won't be able to eat for a week, so he won't come to any harm. I shall send Jenkins over two or three times to report progress."

Joan's room was a tiny place under the eaves. She spent a sleepless happy night there, thinking over the happiness that had come to her. It was strange and wonderful to lie awake under the same roof that sheltered Lancaster, and to reflect how soon their lives would flow together, calmly, in their own country. She could not have wished any happier fate in life.

With her limited experience, it seemed ideal that, after the years of stress in Avonmouth, she should be returning, almost to her own home, a wife. She had puzzled sometimes over Lancaster's long residences in the place that bore his name. But she dreamed of the time when he would give up his work at Avonmouth and retire to a new institute, a spacious home where they could fill the wards with the country people, where her life's vocation and her life's happiness would be united.

At last she fell asleep, and when she awoke Lancaster was tapping at her door.

"Time to get up, Joan!" he called cheerfully.

She sprang out of bed. "How is the patient?" she said.

Continued on page 46

Leave it to Eddie

Continued from page 7

"I wouldn't trade my job for any other job you can mention. I like the work. It gets me out in the open air and keeps me moving around and meeting new people. I love it. Some fellows don't like canvassing, but I'm crazy about it, Mr. Casey. Everybody treats me fine, men and women both. You see, this job of mine I mostly have to meet the women first—give them a talk and get them interested at their homes—and then I have to see the husbands and close the sale. And they all treat me fine."

"You have a nice friendly way with ye," said Mr. Casey approvingly. "I can see ye're a lad everybody would take a fondness for. Well, now this article ye're agent for—"

"Come and eat," said Mamie, opening the door.

FOR a hurried pick-up dinner Mrs. Casey had done well. There was a ham, and she had sliced it and fried eggs to go with it, and she had fried a new lot of potatoes, and with the other contents of the refrigerator and the olives stuffed with pimentos it was a good - enough dinner for anyone, although Mrs. Casey loudly proclaimed that she was ashamed to set it before a guest.

Mr. Casey was busy for awhile. He had his eating to do, and, as usual when he ate, he discoursed of the ice business. Until the ice cream was served he told Eddie Murphy in gloomy detail the tribulations of an iceman.

"It's a slave's job," he said as he dipped into his peach and strawberry. "Look at this ice-cream now. It's from the store, and where does the store get it? From th' city. And where does th' feller in th' city git his ice? Not from me, Murphy; not from annywan. He makes it. Wance there was a day when it was 'More ice today Casey,' and 'About twice as much today, Casey,' for what was everybody doin' but makin' their ice-cream! And now look at thim! 'We'll not be wantin' but half as much ice today, Casey; we're dinin' out at the Stewed Beef Tea Room,' and 'You needn't leave anny ice today, Casey; we're goin' on an ottymobel trip for a week.'"

"Oh, forget the ice business, Pa!" begged Mamie.

"Wouldn't I like to!" said Mr. Casey. "It's a dog's life. Up at daylight t' go t' th' fact'ry, and no end of th' ice meltin' on ye this hot weather, and around ye must go, rain or shine, breakin' y'r back carryin' th' stuff all around t' the back door, and lift out sivin milk bottles and two raw tomatys and what not, and h'ist th' stuff in, and put all th' things back, an' some Swede or Pole or I-don't-know-what yells at yee: 'Look at my clane floor! You mek all dirty. We get new iceman.' A dog's life!"

"Yes, it's a mean job," said Eddie. "An' gettin' worse," said Mr. Casey, shaking his spoon at Eddie. "These furrin hired girls yellin' at me I can stand, an' soakin' with sweat on a hot day an' soakin' with rain on a wet one, I can stand. Yes, a mare dyin' on me now and again I can stand, Murphy, but dang these fellers that's goin' around sellin' everywan machines t' put in their refrigerators to make their own ice! I'd like to lay me hands on one of thim wance."

Eddie Murphy colored. "The's a feller I on'y want t' meet wance," said Mr. Casey, getting red with anger at the thought of the fellow. "I've heard th' talk he hands me customers: 'Why go on usin' ice that ye don't know what th' dirty iceman has had in his wagon, or maybe a dead pig for all ye know, ma'am,'" mimicked

Mr. Casey in a whine that was supposed to represent the voice of the ice-machine salesman. "Why put up with th' mud-covered feet of th' filthy iceman, trackin' up your nice clean kitchen day by day? That's th' talk he gives thim, Murphy."

"I think this is nice ice-cream, don't you, Ma?" said Mamie.

Mr. Casey scowled at her.

"Ice machines!" he scoffed. "All ye do, ma'am is turn on th' illictricity an' see the dear little cubes iv ice for th' cocktails! A swell lot of cocktails there is in this house, Murphy! Or like to be. Sivin of me best customers quittin' on me this very week! 'No dirty ice in amongst the food, ma'am; nawthin' but a current of cold air like from th' North Pole!' An' six of me customers quittin' me last week! 'We'll want no more ice from ye, Casey; we've boughten us wan iv thim Aurory Borealis ice-machines. Good day till ye, Casey. Go home an' starve, an' th' devil take ye'!"

Mr. Casey paused to glare at Eddie Murphy, and he saw that Eddie was as white as the tablecloth—whiter.

"Oh, ho!" crowed Mr. Casey, menacingly. "So that's th' fine business ye are in, is it, Murphy?"

He arose and laid his napkin carefully on the table, but he did not take his eyes off Eddie Murphy who had once been a prize-fighter.

"Don't hit him, Eddie! Don't hit him!" cried Mamie, grasping her lover's arm and clinging to it with both hands. Having put down his napkin, Mr. Casey grasped the back of his chair with his right hand and swung it behind him, waving it to and fro.

"Out of my house!" he shouted. "Out of my house!"

"I think I'd better go, Mamie," said Eddie hastily. "You don't want a ruckus here."

"Jawn!" shouted Mrs. Casey.

"Eddie! Eddie!" cried Mamie, still clinging to Eddie's arm as he backed toward the door, his left arm raised defensively.

"I'd better go, Hon," Eddie said. "It'll be all right. Don't you worry, peaches. You throw my hat out the front door. It'll be all right."

"Eddie!" wailed Mamie, but the door shut behind young Mr. Murphy.

Regardless of Mr. Murphy's hat, Mamie threw herself into a chair and hid her face in her arms and burst into tumultuous tears. Mrs. Casey, her hands on her hips, talked to Mr. Casey at her highest rate of speed, but Mr. Casey did not hear her because he was shouting so much louder. He was raging up and down the kitchen, shaking his hands in the air. He was indeed very angry. He seemed to be angry with Eddie Murphy, but even more angry with Mamie, because she had taken to her heart the man who had been putting Aurora Borealis refrigerating machines in the homes of all his best customers.

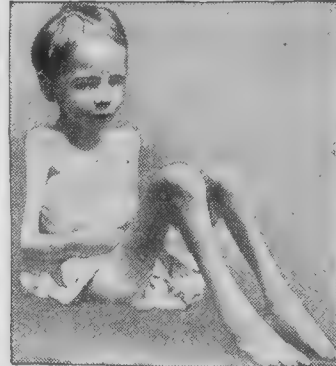
"What next?" he cried. "I raise a daughter, an' she does this t' me! I hand her an' ixpensive eddycatin in typewritin' an' she throws it t' the birds and ties up t' th' murderer that is doin' whatever he can t' roon th' ice business I'm in! What next? Th' mare dies on me, an' I must put on a stiff collar an' feed ice-cream t' th' blue-eyed defamer of her old man with a spoon! What next? Six of thim he-lion machines last week an' sivin of thim this week already, an' nawthin' will do for th' fine lad but olives with stuffin in thim! What next?"

"I don't care! I don't care! I love him; I do! I don't care!" wept Mamie.

Continued on page 38



CYRIL D. COLSTON, Age 18.



Age 5 Before Virol.



Age 5. After Virol.

Saved by Virol

Cyril Colston, whose life was despaired of at the age of five, was brought back to health and strength by Virol. The life history of this boy proves step by step the permanent effect of Virol. It is remarkable evidence of the fact that Virol abounds in those vital foods essential to the development of healthy bodies and without which healthy life cannot exist.

MEDICAL REPORT:—

"... His parents describe the result as nothing less than a miracle. . . . I am fully satisfied that Virol was the factor which enabled him as a child not only to turn the corner successfully . . . but . . . enabled him to build up a healthy body.

(Signed) ———, M.D."

Cyril Colston is now 18 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 160 pounds, has taken certificates, medals, etc., for swimming, and has been passed for the Army.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Leave it to Eddie

Continued from page 37

"There! There!" comforted Mrs. Casey, patting her daughter on the shoulder. "Don't you cry, darlin'. You know how your pa is, mad one minute and nobody would know it the next. Go on an' t'row Eddie his hat, sweet-heart. An' as for you, Jawn Casey," she added as Mamie left the room wiping her eyes, "I'm ashamed for ye! You'll be breakin' the girl's heart—that's what'll be next, Jawn Casey. Where you goin'?"

"Out!" said Mr. Casey. "Out!" and he picked up his cap. "Out, an' not t' buy peach ice-cream, nor yet straw-b'ry ice-cream, nor not even a bottle of olives with stuffin in thim. An' I'll be back whin I git home."

THE next few weeks were irritating ones, but it seemed as if nothing was going to be the next thing, particularly not a wedding. Mamie was eager to elope with Eddie, feeling sure that they could find a priest in New Jersey who would marry them. Eddie, however, would not agree.

"No, we won't go in for that stuff, peaches," he told her. "We'll find a way. I ain't sore at your old man; he's got a kick coming. We've got to look at it his way, too, honey. Twenty-seven years in the ice business, and then have me come along and shoot it to pieces. We'll just wait a while, kid, and something will turn up."

"What?" asked Mamie. "What?"

"You leave it to Eddie," said young Mr. Murphy gaily. "Eddie is the boy who finds the way. That right?"

"But Pa is so mad!"

"I'll find the way to make it all right," Eddie insisted. "I'm the greatest little finder in the world. Why, peaches, didn't I find you? Out of all the 'steen million girls in the world, didn't I find you peaches? Didn't I peaches? Kiss me!"

It was well on toward the end of August before Mr. Casey began to be himself again. By the twenty-fifth he had so far quieted down that he spoke to Mamie without unpleasant remarks about Eddie Murphy, and on the twenty-sixth Mrs. Casey heard him singing "My Wild Irish Rose" as he bedded down the horses in the stable, and he never sang unless he was in good humor. That evening when he entered the kitchen he slapped Mrs. Casey on the back so heartily that she exclaimed "Ouch!"

"What's got into ye, Jawn, t' be nearly knockin' th' arm off of me?" she asked him. "Ye ack like the happiest man in Saskatchewan."

"And am I not, then?" he demanded. "I'll tell th' world I am, Annie. Mebbe ye've seen I've been a busy lad these days? I've put through a deal—two of thim."

"Well, it's done ye good, I'll say that for ye," said Mrs. Casey.

"Sure an' it has," admitted Mr. Casey freely. "I've had a grand bit of

luck, Annie, with th' ice business goin' t' th' divil an' all. Do ye know that Eyetalian lad that run th' fruit store, Mike Amato? I've sold him th' ice business, Annie."

"Well, praise be t' th' saints!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey. "Ye're well rid of it, Jawn. An' what are ye goin' into now for a change?"

"A grand business," said Mr. Casey enthusiastically. "Coal, Annie. I've purchased old Jerry Hunter's coal business off of him, lock, stock and barrel, ottymobel trucks an' all. Where is that fine young lad, Eddie, keepin' hisself these days?"

"Well, the last I saw of him, three minutes ago," said Mrs. Casey, "he was leanin' on the front gate, chinnin' Mamie t' beat th' band. If you have a mind t' have a word with him, I'll go t' th' door an' call him, Jawn, for if ever there was a lad I took a likin' to—"

She was interrupted by Mamie and Eddie himself, for they came into the kitchen hand in hand, happiness beaming from them like the sparkle of an electric sign.

"Pa!" Mamie cried. "It's all right! Eddie fixed it. You won't be sore at him now. He's quit the refrigerator machines, Pa."

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, his bright eyes sparkling at Mr. Casey. "I did that thing. I've got a new line now. A peach of a line. I've tried it out this week, and it sells like hot cakes. I'll put one in every house or I'm no good."

"I bet ye will, Murphy," said Mr. Casey. "You're the lad can do it."

"You know it!" laughed Eddie. "If it's anything I can talk about, and this has some selling talk, believe me! Because, just consider coal for one minute—bulky, dirty, making a lot of useless ashes that have to be carried out. I'll bet you that in my district there will not be a ton of coal sold next year and—"

Mr. Casey took a deep breath.

"An' may I be so humble as t' enquire what ye are sellin' these days that will roon th' coal merchants, Mister Murphy?"

Mrs. Casey sat down hard on one of the stout kitchen chairs.

"The Equatorial Self-feed Oil Burner," said Eddie Murphy.

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Casey. "Mamie! Git yer young man out of th' kitchen before murder is done! Your pa has just boughten a coal yard!"

"Oh, ho!" cried Mr. Casey the third time, reaching for a chair, but Mamie leaped forward and grasped his chair-wielding arm.

"But, Father—wait!" she exclaimed. "Don't hit him! He's not going to sell them here. His district is in Alberta."

Mr. Casey slowly lowered the chair to the floor.

"An' what th' divil is Alberta t' Jawn Casey?" he asked philosophically.

Winter Delights

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

The fleecy snowflakes falling down
To cover up the earth of brown,
So noislessly upon their way,
Are coming down the whole long day,

Till earth is clad in raiment, white,
To greet the coming of the night,
When all tucked in beneath the snow
She's waiting for the moon to know

How beautiful the earth will seem,
And like some little fairy's dream;
While moonbeams, dancing everywhere,
Will make the earth so wondrous fair.

Then tinkling bells we'll hear afar,
Where many joyous lovers are
Rejoicing in the snowy night,
When sleighing gives them such delight.

Their hearts and nature both combine
To make the night seem most divine;
While little Cupid smiles to see
The youthful hearts so full of glee.

He knows that ere the snow is gone
Fond hearts will see beyond the dawn
Into the day of lover's dreams,
Where all, so bright and joyous, seems.

Shall My Child Study a Piano?

INQUIRY among piano teachers, fathers, mothers, guardians and others having relation with youth shows, it is said, that in about every 10,000 boys there is one who looks forward with growing interest to his music lessons, and practices between lessons without being told that he must. Mostly, boys who take piano lessons or lessons on other musical instruments, deplore the practice periods. Ways might be found to interest such boys in prosaic practice, regardless of their dislike for five-finger exercises or the running of scales. Most boys are interested in athletic games. Football might be used as an example. Rather than tell a boy that he must learn so many measures of music, it might be suggested that each measure represents a ten-yard section of a football field. For every ten yards gained, a first down is possible. Whenever a note is fumbled, whenever the fingers stray outside the proper measure, it would be natural for the teacher—acting as the referee, to blow a whistle and inflict a penalty.

It may not have the sanction of those who love the pianoforte for its own sake, but those who may have struggled with the so-called backward lad might find that he would learn music and learn it well if it happened to be taught to him in a way that would arouse all his sporting instincts.—Indianapolis News.

Teaching Music

IN FORMER days music study was generally conceived to be a deadly, serious business. The ability to play "pieces" on the piano or violin was a sort of fetish to which countless thousands of unlucky youngsters were sacrificed. It makes one groan to think of the tons of sheet music worn to tatters, the miles of scales traversed, and the years of "practising" wasted in the effort to teach the previous generation of children without real musical appreciation or ambition, how to drum out a piece or two when company came to call. This sort of mechanical teaching either fills the child with such a loathing for the piano that he never willingly touches it later in life, or, if he really has talent, it hampers his original development, and may permanently injure his ability.

Nowadays we have come to realize, however, the vital importance of stimulating the musical ambition in children by surrounding them from babyhood with good music, as a foundation for musical training. If you cannot make music yourself, by all means get a player-piano or a phonograph and as many fine rolls or records as you can afford. Start with the lighter classics, and as the child's taste develops, a progress to the immortal music of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Wagner and other great masters. Any good music dealer can help you to make a wise selection. The child who learns to love such music has the strongest incentive to musical study so as to be able to produce it himself.

Don't Keep a Rickety, Tinny, Unmusical, Old Rattle-Box Because of Sentiment

WHAT do you expect of a piano? Unlike a violin, a piano has a given life beyond which it must, like every other instrument in which a mechanism is a part, deteriorate.

There comes a time when even pianos of the finest possible makes are fit only for the museum or the junk pile.

Many "music lovers," and alas, many professional musicians, expect entirely too much of a piano. They keep on using instruments long past the time of their normal usefulness.

One cannot get fine results from a poor instrument. Bromidic as this remark appears, it is a truth that is ignored by many musicians who should know better.

In the case of the student, a poor piano is one of the worst obstacles to progress. The student becomes discouraged, his sense of tone values and his sense of pitch deteriorate, and his whole outlook upon music is liable to almost incurable distortion.

If pianos were typewriters in a business establishment, under the careful scrutiny of men trained to get the best results at the risk of losing their jobs, thousands of pianos now doing service in private

homes and in music studios would be junked tomorrow.

In all probability many readers of this article have an instrument that is kept in the home largely out of sentiment. It has been the family piano for so many years. If the ordinary appliances of the home were kept on the same principle (with the exception of objets d'art, antiques, rugs, and so on) our homes would soon become junk shops filled with obsolete stuff.

Keeping a rickety, tinny, unmusical, old rattle-box because of sentiment is like driving a 1910 flivver for the same reason. It is poor economy added to ear torture.

Look over your piano. It may be long past the time when you should have purchased a new one.

Beethoven's Piano

A PIANO owned by Beethoven made its way several years ago to America and was to be seen in the window of a piano store on Fifth Avenue, New York, recently. It was an object of much interest for the passers-by.

This piano might properly be called an upright, but the upper part of it was shaped like a harp, and the whole of it seemed quite diminutive. The customary white keys of our modern piano were black on this instrument and were made of wood. They were very irregular and a protrusion intended as a pedal peeped hesitatingly from the bottom of the case. The piano was in a fairly good state of preservation, but even at its prime one can well imagine what a sorry sound it would have made in contrast with our splendid modern instruments. We may consider ourselves fortunate in this respect; any one of our modern pianos is infinitely superior to this one which Beethoven used.

It was presented to Beethoven in 1796, when he was 26 years of age, by a manufacturer named Streicher. After receiving it, Beethoven wrote in part: "I should have to lie if I did not tell you that it (the piano) is too good for me. And why? Because it deprives me of my freedom to create my own tones."

Can you imagine a piano being "too good" for Beethoven, particularly one that looked more like a toy than a serious musical instrument!

Beethoven's life, as well as his music, was an inspiration. He was born in a bare little attic in one of the most humble dwellings. His father was illiterate, lazy, a "good-for-nothing fellow and a drunkard." This is not the sort of soil favorable for the development of genius. But genius is not confined by environment. Notwithstanding adverse circumstances which beset him through life, he rose to be one of the greatest composers the world has ever known. Surely the life of Beethoven offers incentive to flagging ambition.

Liszt, Child Prodigy

LISZT, most famous and probably greatest of all pianists, was, like Mozart, a prodigy-child. At six years of age, having listened to his father play, in their home, a long piano composition, he astounded his parents by singing one by one its themes. His father began at once to teach him, and before he was seven the boy spent hours daily at the instrument he already loved beyond everything else, playing scales, surmounting with ease keyboard difficulties, and transposing passages at sight from one key to another. At eight years old he appeared as a soloist at a concert, with immense success, and at once was invited to play before Prince Esterhazy, the famous Austrian patron of music. The company of artistic nobles present were so delighted with the child's performance that they immediately subscribed him a six-years' income of six hundred florins.

Home

*HOME—to some of us
Earth's dearest and it's best.
To others, just a stopping place
Where they can eat and rest.*

*To many more, a memory
Where ever they may roam,
A memory of Mother,
Who made a house—a home.*

—IRENE ARMSTRONG



ASPIRIN

For sore throat, there's a swift and sure way to soothe away the inflammation. Every singer knows the secret! Dissolve Aspirin tablets in pure water, and gargle. Nothing in the whole realm of medicine is more helpful in cases of sore throat. And you probably know how Aspirin dispels a headache; breaks up colds, relieves rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago! Just make certain to get genuine Aspirin; it has Bayer on the box, and on each tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

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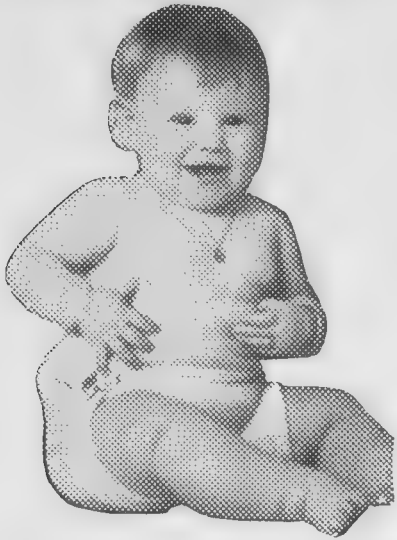
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Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

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Just Rub Away Danger

When the children cough, rub Musterole on throats and chests. No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then's when you're glad to have a jar of Musterole to give prompt relief. It does not blister.

As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Keep a jar ready for instant use.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet and colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia). The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Something for Busy Fingers



"Ruth Louise" all-wool felt hats for children. Nos. 5001 to 5006 inc.

We are showing herewith six of the very latest styles in felt hats for children. When finished they have all the smartness of an importation direct from the Paris boulevards. The hats come flat stamped on finest quality all wool felt in the most popular millinery shades of the day and are correctly styled from every standpoint. They can be completely made up in less than an hour's time at home, and the low price makes it possible for the children to have a variety of "chic and becoming" hats.

5001 comes in green with hickory trim.

5002 comes in monkey skin.

5003 comes in hickory.

5004 comes in Castilian red with white trim.

5005 comes in Copenhagen blue.

5006 comes in rose.

These hats are packed flat in special glassine envelopes to insure safe delivery.

Price of hats is only \$1.00 each, postpaid to any address, delivery guaranteed. Prompt attention will be given all orders.

For 25 cents additional we will send you our book, "The Art of Embroidery," consisting of ten complete lessons with 70 illustrations showing all of the principal stitches in embroidery.



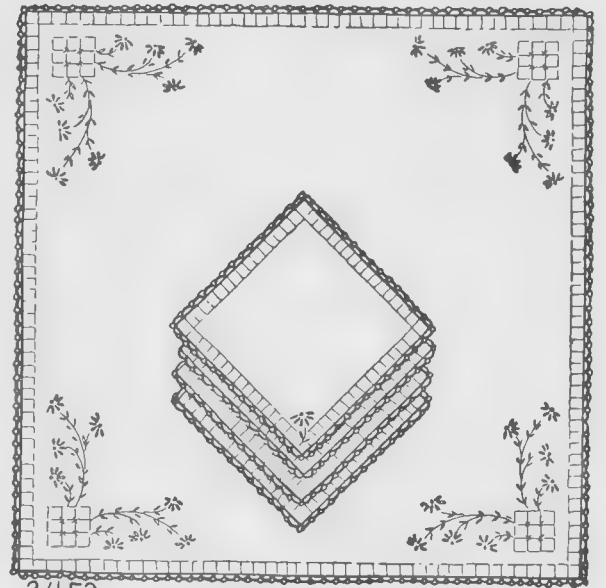
Little Misses' play aprons, 4031, 4032.

These very attractive children's play aprons are all made up, ready for the simple embroidery designs stamped thereon. They are of colored material that will launder to very best advantage, and not lose their attractive coloring. They come in sizes 2 and 3 years. - No. 4031 is in yellow and No. 4032 in tangerine. Complete instructions as to the embroidering are furnished with each article. Price of aprons postpaid is 45c each. Be sure to state number desired when ordering.

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These special card-table covers are made up complete on white embroidery cloth, bound and have tape ties. No. 4131 is bound in blue, 4132 in green, 4133 in tangerine, 4134 in rose. The embroidery designs shown are most simple, and an instruction sheet showing colors to be used is furnished with each cover.

Price of these covers is only fifty cents each postpaid. Be sure to state number of cover desired when ordering.



Real oyster bleach linen luncheon set. No. 3452.

This beautiful luncheon set is stamped on heavy round thread, pure oyster bleach linen, and will give years of service. The design is charmingly developed in shaded orange and lavender flowers with green and white stems and leaves. The square done in a combination of blanket and cross stitch in shades of black and orange, is unique and striking. Size of cloth, 36x36 in., and four napkins 12x12 in., all sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.45. A detailed chart showing where each color is to be used is enclosed.



Very latest designs in Infants' dresses. Nos. 3401-3402, 3441-3442.

These are most attractive styles for the little tot. The dresses come all made with the exception of the simple embroidery design as shown thereon. Nos. 3401 and 3402 are hemstitched and stamped on extra fine quality Batiste. Nos. 3441 and 3442 are plain stamped. Prices of these dresses are as follows:

Nos. 3401 and 3402 \$1.05 each
Nos. 3441 and 3442 75c. each

Be sure to state number of article desired when ordering and allow two weeks for filling of order.



The Building of the West

Continued from page 23

OUR nearest neighbor was a Dublin University man who lived in a dug-out, his chief material diet (we afterwards learned) being turnips. He was the possessor of the only copy of Shakespere in all the country-side; he could quote the entire school of classical dead scholars, but he couldn't handle a plow, nor could he feed live pigs. Another neighbor was the Captain of a smart London regiment, who rode his horse around his "estate" of one-hundred-and-sixty acres, but farmed by proxy, a method that put more money into the soil than he would ever take from it. Then there was, on an adjoining quarter-section, a fallen star from the galaxy of the great Patti; he claimed to have "sung against" la diva in Italian, in German, in every language save English, which he spoke with a strong cockney accent indeed. Then there was the Silent man, who drifted into the settlement and drifted out again without giving even his name. He worked at odd jobs for a season, and the longing in the man's eyes would touch a heart of stone.

Social life began and ended with the snows of winter time. Dances were informal affairs; the only invitations issued were general, and in the form of a "NOTICE" tacked to a board fence on the trail, and ending thus, "EVERYBODY WELCOME!"

Everybody came. The young mothers brought their children; babies were left in a corner asleep, on a mound of shawls and quilts, used as sleigh-ropes, and the fiddlers—working in relays of two—fiddled like fanatics, while the "Caller-off" shouted "Hellum-an'-left!" as the merry dancers—from Mayfair, from "Huron or Bruce," as from the Arctic circle—thumped the boards in a frenzy of joy, till dawn came tapping at the windows!

Presently things took on a more settled shape. Formalities were introduced by new-comers, and one young lady whose marriage was to be an event, determined that the house was not going to be overrun by children. In issuing the invitations to her wedding she added the terse rider: "No children are expected."

As I pen these lines there rises before my sight something I hope I shall live to see. It is a Memorial Arch, made of Alberta granite, carved by Canadian hands; and the Arch will stand midway between the Red river of the north and the great Mountains of the West. That Arch shall shelter the form of a Woman—a pioneer woman of the Last great West.

The woman will be shown standing upon that trail which is paved with human hearts. Her child clinging to her gown—her mate will be there, with the cart and the plow. Gazing westward, their longing eyes shall see in the distance the Promised Land.

Yes, some day posterity will build that arch to the memory of the pioneer women—the mothers of the land—whose courage, endurance, and whose ceaseless toil, purchased this grand heritage for those who come after. Oh, surely they will not forget.

There Was Once a Girl Who Said

"I shall never marry a man who smokes tobacco in any form."

Her husband is wedded to a pipe.

"All I care about it is intellect."

She married a prize-fighter.

"Give me a successful business man."

She married a poet.

"If a man is just and honest, it is all I ask."

She married a swindler.

"After all, money isn't the only thing."

She married a millionaire.

"These bookish men are such awful bores."

She married a popular novelist.

"I don't believe in divorce."

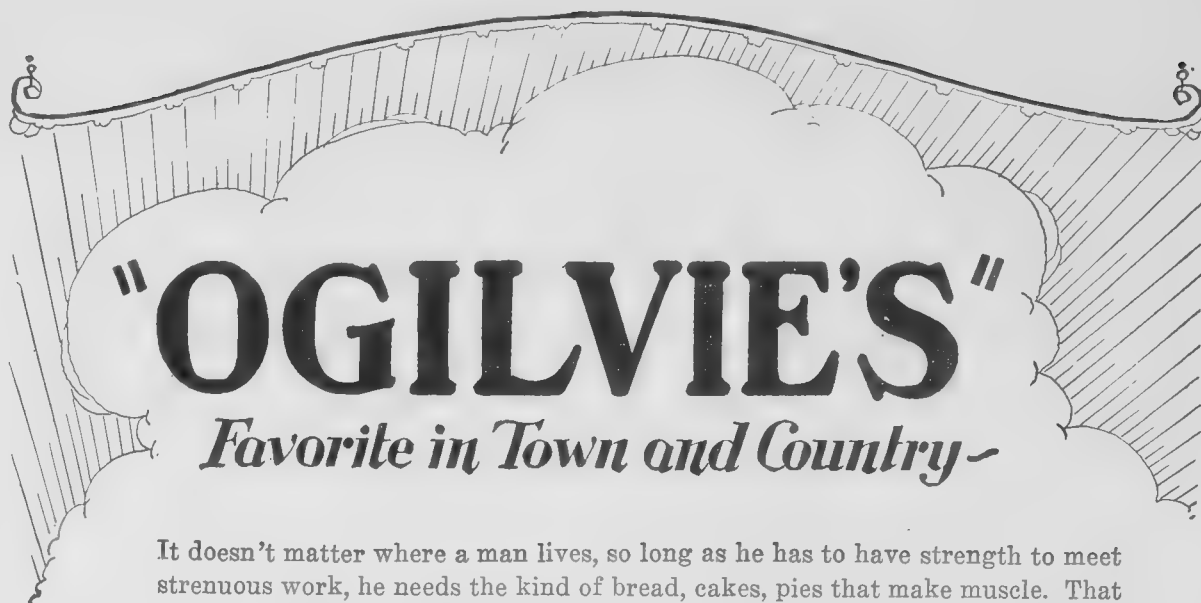
She married a film star.

"I can't stand these big, brainy men who know everything."

She married me.

—London Opinion

Custom Made—Neighbor—"Yes, but I 'ad the last word wiv him. I sez to 'im I sez, 'You're as ugly as if you'd been measured for it.'"—Punch.



It doesn't matter where a man lives, so long as he has to have strength to meet strenuous work, he needs the kind of bread, cakes, pies that make muscle. That is why real workers everywhere—town and country—insist that all baking be done with

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

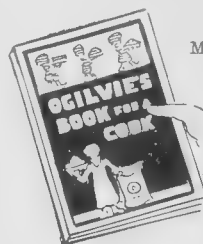


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offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page, are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you, too, have not something to offer the 335,000 readers of The Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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Get Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair—at Once!

Painless, Harmless, Inexpensive Method a Boon to Thousands

Free Book Tells Secret—Send for It!

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories and waxes I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor, but all were disappointments.

I thought it was all hopeless until my research brought me a simple but truly wonderful method which has given such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only free from superfluous hair, but is smooth and soft, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will send her name and address.

This method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

My method is absolutely painless and harmless—so simple and easy to use—so inexpensive that you will marvel at its efficiency. Thousands of women who have thoroughly demonstrated its merits are now loud in their praise.

But don't take my word for it—or even theirs. Send for my FREE Book and learn the secret. I want you to read this interesting and instructive book, "Sans Every Superfluous Hair," in which my theories and my actual success are substantiated by genuine historical and scientific references. Postcard or letter brings your copy in plain, sealed envelope absolutely without obligation. Mery address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. 66 Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



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Federated Women's Institutes

BRITISH COLUMBIA NEWS

QUEEN ALEXANDRA SOLARIUM

THE following report was read at the Monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Solarium held on October 13th, 1927:

Since March 1st, 1927, 58 children have been admitted to the Solarium, 17 have been discharged.

Of the 17 discharged, one returned to the Jubilee Hospital at once, as unsuitable for treatment, one was removed by his parents after 4 weeks, and one girl whose mentality was definitely subnormal on admission and did not improve, was sent home.

Of the remaining 14 who left the Solarium, there has been definite improvement in every case, in general health with gain of weight. The maximum gain in weight occurred in a girl of 14, with arthritis who gained 17½ lbs. between May 23rd and October 2nd (19 weeks). In another case, a boy who was admitted at the end of April weighing 56 lbs. and who had been suffering for some 4 or 5 years, off and on from abscesses connected with his bones, there was no material improvement for three months, the wounds healed and broke down again, and his weight slightly dropped. On August 1st he weighed 54¼ lbs., following the opening of another large abscess. Today all wounds are healed, he is walking about and weighs 67 lbs., a gain of 12 lbs. in 10 weeks.

The majority of the little patients who have left the Solarium were cases of marked debility following illness, or general poor health without obvious or definite disease. The decision of the Directors to admit such cases for treatment as a means of prevention of more serious or prolonged ill health has been amply justified by the results in every case, and the reports received from their parents and doctors are very encouraging.

"General condition greatly improved, colour very good, gaining weight steadily." "Benefited remarkably by treatment at the Solarium."

"Has been in the best of health since leaving the Solarium and we feel the treatment there did wonders towards building her up."

"General condition better than ever has been."

"The most pronounced improvement, to my mind, in her nerves."

"She has benefited very greatly by the treatment."

"The mother is very satisfied with the improvement."

"My little girl now seems to be very well indeed, the course of treatment at the Solarium has been of the greatest benefit to her."

"Now says she feels well, something she has not said for over two years, she is returning to school and her parents say she is not the same child."

"He has no lameness whatever and can run well again."

Of the children now in the Solarium 22 are suffering from the effects of inflammation of bones, joints, spine or glands, and 13 of these are definitely tubercular in origin. Fourteen are old cases of infantile paralysis with various physical deformities and degeneration of paralysis.

The general condition of all the children has shown marked improvement especially in the tubercular cases.

Our short experience of the Bathing Pool during 1927 has demonstrated the great value that it will be to us in the future.

Thanks to the generous gift of \$1,000.00 from Mr. A. Millbank of New York, the most modern system of ultra-violet radiation will shortly be installed.

Children have come to the Solarium from Victoria, Oak Bay, Esquimalt, Saanich, Sydney, Nanaimo, Vancouver, North and South Vancouver, New Westminster, Port Haney, White Rock, Port Moody, Pender Island, Hornby Island, Kootenay Bay, Fernie, Armstrong, Arrowhead, Shelley and Prince Albert.

Ten children will be discharged during the next 6 weeks. There are 6 children awaiting admission. Twenty further

applications for forms of admission have been made.

Aldergrove W.I. are trying to start a travelling Library and discussed the Potato and Seed Show in Vancouver.

Armstrong W.I. organized a widely attended and most interesting talk and demonstration on pottery and home industries. Plans are going forward for a Confederation Masquerade and a bazaar to be held on October 28.

Arrow Park W.I. organized a gathering of Institutes attended by over 100 people and heard a most instructive paper on Home Economics read by Mrs. Harrison. They also gave \$5.00 to a burnt-out family.

Bonnington and South Slovan W.I. have had regular meetings upset by the ban, but are starting again with a good attendance. They have decided to apply for a Travelling Library. The Convener on Immigration gave interesting statistics on Immigration. The Institute is proud that their Home Industries Convener won first prize for a rug at the Vancouver Exhibition.

Burquillam W.I. are holding a series of whist drives and also musicals to raise funds to improve school grounds.

Burton City W.I. considered tenders for clearing the cemetery and decided to hold a public meeting on Armistice Day.

Cedar W.I. awarded to Miss Vilma Alton the \$25.00 prize for the highest number of marks in any of the five district schools. Canned fruit and vegetables were presented to the Solarium and a Masqued Ball arranged in aid of the Nanaimo Hospital.

Cobble Hill W.I. has given \$15.00 to the Solarium in addition to gifts of jam and fruit. Two members are collecting for the Cowichan Health Centre. The Institute entertained the Luxton and Happy Valley W.I. when it visited the Solarium. A Committee was appointed to interview Old Timers and make a record of past events of the district.

Cowood W.I. has already appointed a Committee to work for the Institute exhibit at the Victoria Fair in 1928. Miss Kelly gave a valuable address on Public Health Teaching. Twenty-four nightgowns have been made for the Solarium.

Coquillam W.I. are organizing a number of night-school classes including one on rug making. A Whist Drive and Dance are planned to raise funds for the Cenotaph Memorial.

Cranbrook W.I. held a most successful flower show in August with a high standard of exhibits. In September 40 members heard Dr. Wace speak on the Solarium, when in the course of a most instructive address he thanked the Institute for the great work it had done for the Solarium.

Creston and District W.I. made \$60.00 by a tag day, to be divided between the Solarium, the Hospital Association and the Children's Aid Society.

Denman Island W.I. are endeavouring to obtain the services of a resident Doctor for the Island.

Edgewood and Fire Valley W.I. have organized a course of carpentering classes for boys and are considering Boys' and Girls' physical training classes.

Esquimalt W.I. had successful picnics and card parties and have presented medals to the School Children. Dress-making classes are being organized for the winter and a flower show held to raise funds to purchase a cot for the Solarium. The Institute also assisted the Local Council of Women with a candy stall and placed a wreath at the unveiling of the War Memorial.

Field W.I. has decided to keep the Travelling Library. Mrs. Johnson gave an interesting paper on "Citizenship" and Mrs. Henry gave a most practical and instructive lecture and demonstration on "Home Nursing."

Granby W.I. made a grant of \$50.00 to a family who had been burnt out.

Grindrod W.I. considered the question of a Bath House, Dental Clinics, etc. and received the report on the Fall Fair.

Continued on page 43

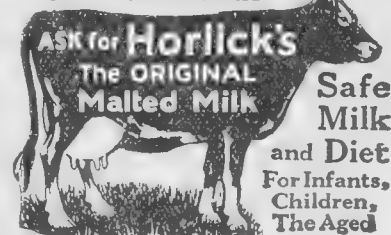
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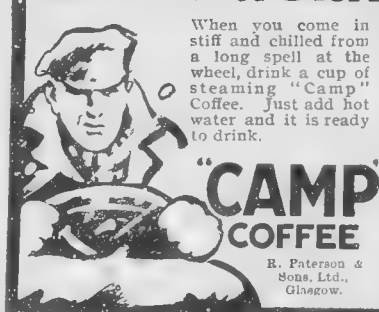


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Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 42

Harrop and District W.I.—Mrs. Ashby gave a demonstration of hooked rug making. The Institute protest against the fact that the district is without a Public Health Nurse. The Industries Convener reports that the Egg circle is active and doing good work, and is endeavouring to establish a vegetable market on the same basis. The Community Betterment Committee clean the church weekly and also gave it a thorough spring cleaning. The School Motor signs have been repaired and the Trustees asked to repair the school fence. Mrs. J. Johnstone gave a splendid travel talk on a European trip.

Lakehill W.I. won 3rd prize in the Canadian National Poster Competition. Fifteen bed jackets were made for the Solarium.

Langford W.I. discussed home industries and received a visit from the Superintendent and members of the Provincial Board.

Langley Prairie W.I. is taking action regarding improvements in the sanitary and first-aid equipment of some of the schools. They also considered an extension of the School lunch hour to enable children to go home to lunch. The Institute is to help the Salvation Army with a Tag Day for the new Hospital. Mrs. McGill gave an address on "Some recent Amendments to Legislation."

SASKATCHEWAN

Bramshott Club is preparing for study of the "League of Nations."

Consul Club held a basket social in aid of the Hospital. They have had papers on "Labor Day," "The Professional Attitude of Women in Public Life," and "An Agricultural Experiment."

Chambers has recently organized a Club, with Mrs. Guennell as President and Mrs. Simmonds as Secretary.

Dundurn had papers on "Legislation," "Child Welfare," and "Success" at recent meetings.

Dubuc held a sale of work from the Blind Institute. They are cooperating with their Council to keep the cemetery in good condition. Preparations are being made to take advantage of the clinics from the Department of Health.

Happy Centre Club is doing its best to help newcomers.

Leslie Club held a very successful masquerade and also provided community entertainment for Thanksgiving. A successful sewing course was given to the Club by the University demonstrator.

Macoun had a paper on "Our Unconscious Influence" and "Training of Children."

Mair is adding to its membership. They are helping to put a floor in their hall.

Maymont is selling for the Blind Institute and helping the needy. They provided a banquet for their recent Agricultural Society meeting.

Mt. Murray had at their November meeting papers on "Current Events" and "Different Methods of Serving Meats and Poultry." A "Parcel Post" sale was held and a merry program provided.

McGee has recently organized a Homemakers' Club.

Norbion Club, near Lloydminster, is a new Club and adding rapidly to its membership. They are preparing to stage a play.

North Admiral is a new but very active Club. They have very interesting papers, such as "Fall Sewing," "Housekeeping Hints," "Home Nursing." They are in communication with a girl in Holland and exchange ideas with her. One of their interesting ideas is to have all-afternoon meetings during the winter months.

Punnichy are preparing for a Baby Clinic from the Department of Health, also for a sale of work from the Institute for the Blind. Mrs. Simeon reported the District Convention which was held at Simpson.

Rama has recently organized a club with a good membership and they already have had a course in sewing and demonstrations in canning as well as talks on the work of the Homemakers' Club.

Sturgis has re-organized with a large and enthusiastic membership.

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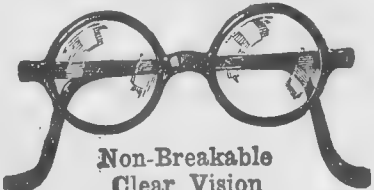
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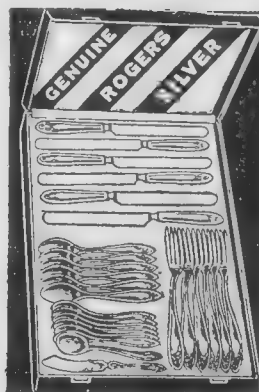


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It is sometimes in a raised position, indicated by a belt or trimming, again it is left to take care of itself as it pleases. The close-fitting plain sleeve is the popular and practical sleeve, but the sleeve that widens below the elbow is new and attractive. Some are bulgy at the wrist, others form a gauntlet cuff over the hand.

A double collar is always pleasing since one may thus have the top one in color that goes well with the complexion.

Coat styles vary in form and trimming. The straight line or the flare coat for sports or utility is usually of twiced and untrimmed. The coat for formal occasions is of velours, soft and pliable. It may be draped at the side, or made with flare insets, and is usually fur trimmed. Black lynx is the most fashionable fur of the season, but other colors are popular.

Dresses for evening wear may be simple or elaborate. The period frock is the height of style and is adaptable to youthful and mature figures. It looks well in taffeta or in tulle and taffeta, and usually the waist is fitted, and the neck very low.

In dance frocks, wide skirts are in order, the fulness may be supplied by means of gathers, plaits, godets or cascade folds. The evening and dance dress is altogether sleeveless, one may convert an afternoon dress into a dinner or dance frock by having the sleeves set into a removable lining.

Smart and Serviceable Clothes for Juveniles



6009. Wool crepe, jersey weaves and flannel are desirable for this model.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 2¾ yards of 36-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and belt.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6002. Fur or fur fabrics, as well as satin, velvet and taffeta are suitable for this model.
The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2¾ yards of 54-inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

5999. Satin, crepe satin, taffeta, wool crepe or cashmere could be used for this design.
The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 3½ yards of 40-inch material, together with 1¼ yard of 27-inch lining for the underbody. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1½ yard.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

5994. Lace and georgette are here combined. Figured silk, or crepe satin would also be attractive.
The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this design as illustrated in the large view for a 38-inch size, will require ¾ yard of 32-inch lining for the underbody, 1¼ yard of 40-inch material for the bolero, and 3 yards for the blouse and skirt. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 1½ yard.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6008. Flat crepe and velvet are here combined. Kasha and crepe or satin would also combine well.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the Dress as illustrated in the large view for a 12-year size will require 2¾ yards of material 40 inches wide together with 1½ yard of contrasting material for bolero, sleeves and facing on belt. If made without bolero ½ yard of the contrasting material is required.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6000. Taffeta, chiffon, georgette, crepe de chine or velvet may be employed in the making of this attractive design.
The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 2¾ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 2¾ yards.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

5963. Camel's hair or other woolens, tweed, novelty cloakings, fur or fur cloth may be used for this model.
The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2¼ yards of 54-inch material together with ¾ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and fronts. If collar facing, cuffs, and the part of the front above the closing are to be of fur, 1½ yard 18 inches wide is required.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6016. Cheviot, broad cloth, taffeta, velvet and corduroy could be used for this model. The collar may be closed high at the neck or rolled open.
The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 1¼ yard of 54-inch material. To face collar with contrasting material will require ½ yard 18 inches wide, cut lengthwise. If collar is made of fur, ½ yard 5 inches wide is required.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6018. Cambric, muslin, crepe, nainsook and crepe de chine are suitable for this comfortable model.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 1¼ yard of 36-inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6004. Gingham, cotton prints, crepe, outing flannel, albatross, and crepe de chine may be used for this pleasing model.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5¾ yards of 36-inch material; if made with sleeves. If made without sleeves 4¾ yards will be required. To face pockets, collar, revers, sleeves, jacket and trousers with contrasting material as illustrated will require ¾ yard, 36 inches wide.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6013. Gingham, plaid woolen, wool crepe or flannel may be used for this serviceable little model. The Bloomers may be omitted.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. To make the Dress and Bloomers for a 6-year size will require 3¼ yards of 27-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and plastron. If made without Bloomers 1½ yard less of 27-inch material will be required.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6017. Striped madras was used for the Blouse and flannel for the Trousers.
The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 1¼ yard of 32-inch material for the Blouse and ¾ yard of 54-inch material for the Trousers.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6012. Challie, cashmere, jersey or velveteen would be very appropriate for this smart little model.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require ¾ yard of 32-inch lining for the underbody, and 3 yards of material 36 inches wide for the blouse and skirt portions. To face cuffs with contrasting material will require ¾ yard 20 inches wide.
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WINNIPEG

MANITOBA



The Truant Soul

Continued from page 36

Doing finely and wants to go to work," said Lancaster, laughing.

Joan dressed in a hurry and ran downstairs. Lancaster was waiting on the porch. She raised her face for his kiss, already natural to her, already the happy fulfilment of her innocent dreams of love. Then, arm-in-arm, they strolled out into the sunlight.

The glorious light lay on every hill. In that light all the shadows of the past seemed to shrivel away.

"We are going back to the Institute this morning, Joan," said Lancaster.

She nodded happily. "I am ashamed to feel so gay when you are so unhappy," she said.

"I am not unhappy, Joan," he answered. "I thought over everything last night, and I see now that you were right. I shall go back. Of course I shall go back. I shall regain what I have lost, and I shall face my enemies and beat them."

At ten o'clock the horse was harnessed and the drive back began.

At first Joan, seated at her lover's side, breathed in the mountain air, the sense of freedom, the scent of the pines, the joy of the sunlight. Then the peaks began to tower above them. The dulled valley air struck something from her joy, but not too much for her to dream. She looked fondly at Lancaster, who drew her hand into his.

"I am going back to win," he said again.

Later the sun went into the clouds. The air grew moister, the hills enclosed them, the familiar landmarks began to reappear. And now something of Lancaster's despondency of the evening before came over Joan. And again, as if sensing her mood, he reiterated:

"I am going back to fight and win, my dear."

But when the Institute came into sight at last the long, gaunt building cast its chill over the girl's heart. In contrast with the mountain village Lancaster was depressing and lonely. And Joan was conscious of one gripping fear. Suppose that Myers had returned!

She understood now how Lancaster had felt the evening before when he said he would never go back. It was like plunging out of the sunlight into a dark mountain pool.

The matron came forward as the buggy stopped. Joan looked at her in terror. But her face was placid enough and she was able to read in it the secretary's continued absence.

"Doctor Lancaster, there was a telephone message for you a few minutes ago from Avonmouth," she said.

Lancaster leaped from the buggy and helped Joan down. "I'll be with you in a few moments," he said, throwing the reins over the hitching post.

He went into the house. His step was firm, his demeanor unruffled; the matron, who followed him, seemed undisturbed. But already everything was changed. The black shadow of Myers seemed to loom up until it overspread the Institute again. Joan paced the porch in fear which gathered strength each moment that Lancaster failed to return. When at last she saw him coming her suspense was unbearable.

She looked at him in mute fear as he laid his hand carelessly upon her shoulder.

"I have to go to Avonmouth at once," he said. "I have no choice in the matter. It is a patient who must undergo an operation—my operation—within twelve hours. It is fortunate that we have the buggy, because I shall just have time to catch the afternoon train and get into Avonmouth at midnight."

Then he looked at her white face

and read the fear in it. "If you tell me to stay, I'll stay," he said.

"And the patient?" whispered Joan. "Will die. No, of course I shall go. Nothing could keep me from going, not even you, my dear. But you would not have me stay."

"You are right. Yes, of course you must go. But I am afraid," said Joan. "I am afraid of Myers."

He started, as if he, too, had been thinking of the secretary. "But the man can't harm me, dear," he said.

"The message came from him!" cried Joan in fear.

Lancaster looked away. But, when she repeated the question he answered, "No."

"He is at Avonmouth. Is he not there?" she asked.

"Well, Joan, I think he is," said Lancaster reluctantly. "But he may not be. I only know that the message was not from him."

"It was not from the hospital? Not from MacPherson?"

"It was from a man connected with the hospital," said Lancaster. "But it was not from MacPherson and not from Myers, and it did not mention Myers' name. Why, my dear, you mustn't give way to nerves now that I am losing mine. It is a simple request for me to operate tomorrow."

She pulled herself together. "Of course you must go, John," she said again. She put her arms about his neck. "Dear, if you should see that man, you will not fall into any trap that he may set for you?" she asked. "You are so strong; you will not let him trample on you? You are yourself again, and will remain so for my sake?"

"Never fear" he answered cheerfully. "I am not going to take morphine again. Why, I shall have none with me, my dear Joan, and I should have no opportunity to buy any, even if I wanted to. I shall operate perhaps as soon as I reach the hospital, and return on the morning train. I may not even go to my house at all."

"I am not afraid that you will take morphine," said Joan. "But you will not see Myers?"

"Not if I can help it. He can't come to the hospital, and I don't think he will dare to lie in wait for me at the station. If he does, he'll find me a tough customer to kidnap in broad daylight. There, my dear, be calm and sensible, and when I return I shall tell you everything that you must know."

He kissed her and hurried to pack his suitcase. He came in a few moments and placed it in the buggy. "Good-bye, Joan, dearest Joan," he said. "And you will not hint at our engagement to Mrs. Fraser while I am gone? I have very special reasons for this."

She shook her head and laughed, and returned his kiss, and all the while her heart grew heavier. And long after the buggy had disappeared from sight she stood upon the porch looking after it.

THAT night was as sleepless as the last, but all the joy that filled her heart in the hill cabin was gone. She lay awake, listening to the rain that pattered on the roof, thinking and wondering. How strange her life had become, and how far away the old landmarks were! She had fought for a man's soul in darkness and snatched it into light, and now the darkness seemed closing about her again. And she could only hope and wait through endless hours.

In vain she tried to tell herself that it was only an ordinary summons. On the face of it, the call was natural; but Joan's instinct told her that there was

Continued on page 50

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By Gertude Dutton

If You Wish to Grow Slimmer

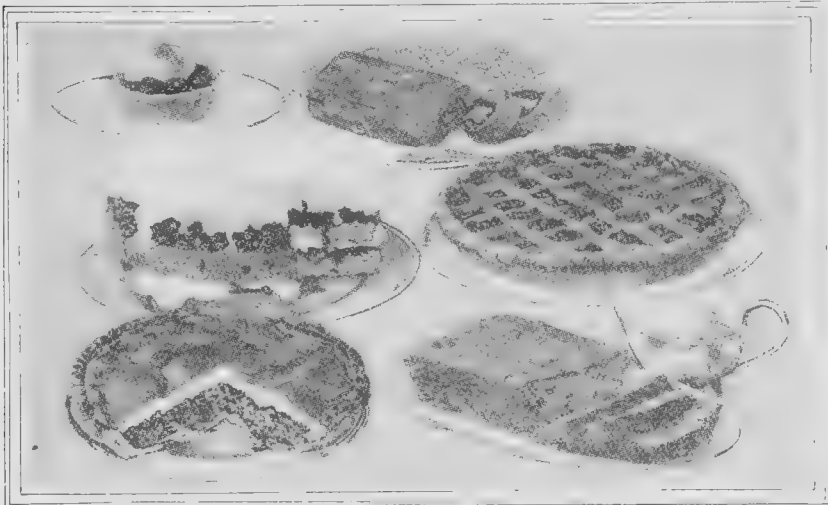
THE land has been swept by a desire to lose weight, especially on the part of women and girls. The fashions of the day demand slim, straight lines; a too-plump person is liable to take all sorts of physical ailments; and too much flesh certainly does not add to one's beauty. On the other hand, scrawny, cordy necks, very bony knees and elbows are just as unattractive to look at. Incalculable harm has been done by ignorant dieting, and there is a great deal of it advocated. We hear so much about liquid diets and living on orange juice, and "combinations of foods," written and told by people who know absolutely nothing about the subject.

NEVER ATTEMPT TO LOSE WEIGHT EXCEPT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A GOOD DOCTOR.

There may be some other cause for extra flesh, than merely over-eating, and only a physician can determine this.

For a few weeks after starting to diet, one will often notice a gain at first, which is certainly discouraging, but when the weight begins to decrease, the loss will be steady, if one is faithful to the program she has planned for herself.

Much time has been spent investigating the amounts of food required by men and women in various stages of activity. A man and woman of the same size require about the same amount of food if their degree of activity is the same. The body lying absolutely at rest also burns up considerable food. The internal body processes, such as circulation of the blood, digestion, etc., require about 1850 calories every 24 hours. All motion, even sitting quietly in a chair, reading or sewing, adds to the number of calories needed. As the activity increases, so does the food requirement. The weight of the man must be taken into consideration. The



They are very temptin' but you must refuse them if you would grow slender

Too rigid dieting makes one unhappy and cranky, and generally hard to live with, besides imperilling one's life and health. All sorts of troubles arise from the lack of certain necessary food materials. We know a girl who foolishly followed a misguided friend's advice and went on a diet of ripe tomatoes and cucumbers. She grew thin, but broke out in very bad skin eruptions, which caused her much annoyance, and to this day is unable to eat any kind of fruit without a recurrence of the skin trouble.

Many people are too impatient to be satisfied with a slow and steady loss of weight. The chances are that several years were required to build up the extra flesh, and it cannot be wisely removed except by a slow process. A pound or a pound and a half a week is fast enough to lose. We have all seen the women who lose a number of pounds in a very short time, but how old and worried and haggard they look. The skin will always be wrinkled and unbeautiful unless the reducing is done slowly enough for it to shrink normally with the rest of the body.

If the doctor has decided that the excess flesh is due entirely to too much food, then sensible dieting may be undertaken. This does not mean anything magic, nor freakish, but simply eating plain, well-cooked foods, in lesser amounts. Careful counting of the amounts eaten is essential, and necessary food materials must not be omitted, or trouble will arise with some vital part of the body. If one is very fond of pastries, rich frosted cakes, candies, rich gravies and other decidedly fattening foods, self-denial will be necessary, but well-balanced meals, with all the essentials for good health may be enjoyed in a reducing program. If a day comes when one must have a piece of good pie, she must do without something else to make up for the extra calories in the pie. All food eaten between meals must be counted as part of the day's food, every taste taken while cooking, too.

larger he is the more food he naturally requires. A man weighing about 155 pounds, engaged in some such sedentary occupation as teaching, book-keeping, tailoring, sitting at a desk, sitting or standing while tending machinery, will require about 2200 to 2800 calories per day. If he engages in some form of muscular work, such as the work done by carpenters, mail-carriers, etc., he requires from 2700 to 3000 calories per day, while men doing severe muscular work, such as lumbermen, blacksmiths, farmers in the busy season, masons, excavators, etc., require 3500 to 4000 calories, or even as much as 6000 calories a day if the man is large and strong and doing very severe labor. A woman being smaller will require somewhat less than a man of the same degree of activity. A woman of average size, of sedentary occupation should have about 2000 to 2200 calories; occupations involving standing and walking, such as house work, clerking, etc. 2200 to 2500 calories, and heavy work such as washing, cleaning, etc., 2500 to 3000.

The logical way to reduce is to eat less than the required amount, letting the body utilize the stored up fat to make up the deficiency. Great care must be taken that food eaten contains the necessary food elements. Hunger should be satisfied by selecting foods low in calories. Cutting the diet down to 1500 or if necessary 1200 will adequately reduce anybody who is faithful in following it. Care must be taken that too much acid-forming food is not eaten, in an attempt to avoid the fattening foods. Among the distinctly acid-forming foods are meat, eggs and bread, while the fruits and vegetables are alkali-forming. Potatoes are much better than bread if one wishes to reduce, as they are decidedly alkaline in their reaction, but rich, fattening gravy should be omitted. Butter is essential for good health, owing to the vitamins it contains, and may well be used with

Continued on page 48

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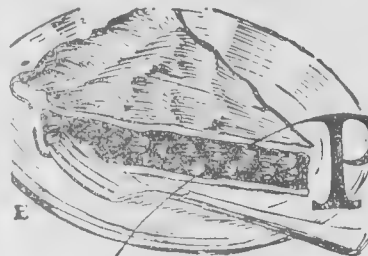
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ing Month.



Continued from page 47

salt and pepper to season vegetables. Potatoes are not nearly so fattening as many people imagine, unless they are combined with considerable fat, which is entirely unnecessary.

Cranberries, plums and strawberries contain a considerable amount of benzoic acid, but practically all other fruits and vegetables have an alkali reaction. The food contains an acid, which later turns into an alkali in the blood tissues, due to acid potassium salts, the acid burns, leaving potassium carbonate. The process of burning in the body of fruits and vegetables, is very similar to the burning of wood, also plant life, with residue of potassium carbonate in the ash.

It has been impossible so far to feed a man enough orange juice to produce an acid reaction in the body fluids, so we are led to believe that fruits and vegetables cannot be eaten in too large quantities for the body to take care of the acid content. The alkali of these foods neutralizes the acids formed by such foods as meats, and keeps the blood and tissues neutral.

The following table expresses in cubic centimeters the surplus of alkali forming substances in various foods, in 100 calory portions and also in each pound as bought. One or two items from the list should be selected every day, more of them if possible.

Food Material	calory portion	per lb.
Apples	6.0	12.8
Apricots	10.9	26.9
Asparagus	3.6	3.6
Bananas	5.6	16.2
Beans, dried	5.0	78.3
Beans, dried lima	12.0	190.3
Beans, fresh string	12.9	22.7
Beets	23.6	39.4
Cabbage	18.0	21.8
Cauliflower	17.5	24.3
Carrots	23.9	37.8
Celery	42.1	28.6
Chard	41.1	69.7
Cucumbers	45.5	30.9
Dates	3.2	45.3
Grapes	2.8	9.2
Grape Juice	4.0	9.2
Lemons	12.3	27.4
Lettuce	38.7	27.9
Muskmelons	18.8	16.6
Mushrooms	9.0	1.8
Olives	18.9	188.1
Onions	3.1	6.2
Oranges	10.9	18.4
Orange Juice	14.3	28.0
Parsnips	18.1	43.7
Peas	3.0	3.3
Peaches	12.2	15.6
Pears	5.6	14.3
Pineapple, fresh	15.7	30.8
Potatoes	8.6	26.8
Pumpkin	5.7	3.4
Radishes	9.8	8.9
Raisins	6.9	9.7
Rhubarb	37.4	23.6
Turnips	6.8	25.0
Spinach	113.0	122.0
Tomatoes	24.5	25.5
Watermelon	8.9	5.1

Reducing Dietary for an overfat man. Yielding 1400 calories—Ordinary requirements, 2500 calories.

Breakfast	calories
Orange or Apple, 1	100
Eggs, 2	110-150
Graham bread, 2 thin slices	50-100
Clear Coffee	260-350

Luncheon	calories
Clear soup, 1 cup	25
Cracker, 1	25
Fish, (Halibut), broiled large serving with lemon	200
Green vegetable, plain	50
Potato, boiled, 1	100
Butter for potato and vegetable, (½ tablespoon.)	50
Raw fruit, (apple, pear, etc.)	50-75
	500-525

Continued on page 49

rent



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Continued from page 48

Dinner

Roast beef, lean, large serving ..	250
Vegetable (String beans, etc.)	
½ cup	25
Potato, 1 med. (boiled or baked)	100
Tomatoes, sliced or canned	50
Cheese and cracker	60
Clear coffee	

485

1285-1370

This leaves a little opportunity for variation. There is very little bread and butter, no sugar or cream in tea or coffee, no rich sauces or gravies, nothing fried, no hot breads, no rich desserts nor sweets.

A Day's menu for an over-fat Woman.

Breakfast

	calories
Fruit, (apple, orange, etc.), 1 ..	75-100
Egg, 1	65-75
Toast or bread, 1 slice	50
Coffee	
Skimmed milk for coffee 1½ tb.	10

200-235

Lunch at 10.30 a.m.

Bouillon, ½ cup	12
Water cracker, 1 cracker	10

Luncheon

Cold lean roast beef, med. serving	150
Rye bread, 2 thin slices	50
Salad, Lettuce any amount, Cottage cheese, 2½ tablespoons, French dressing, ½ tablespoon	85-100

285-300

Afternoon tea, 4.30 p.m.

Tea, no cream or sugar, but lemon if liked	
Graham cracker	35

Dinner

Boiled fish or lean meat, large serving	225
Potato, boiled or baked ½ med.	50
Vegetable, green or canned, large serving	25
Butter for vegetables, 1 teaspoon	30
Salad, (lettuce, cabbage, cress) ..	50
Fresh fruit, orange, grapes, grape fruit, etc.	50
Black coffee	

10.30 p.m.

Hot skimmed milk, ½ cup	45
-------------------------------	----

1067-1117

The sensation of hunger and weakness may be avoided by eating several times a day as in the above daily plan, being careful to include such light meals in the total day's reckoning. Very often a drink of water will satisfy the apparent craving for food. Tea and coffee have no food value, in themselves. If one must have sugar, a little saccharine may be used to sweeten tea or coffee, as the amount needed for one cup is so small as to be not very harmful, although any appreciable amount of it would be very injurious.

As will be seen from these two suggestive menus, no special cooking is required. One merely selects from the food prepared for the family, refusing those foods which are known to be specially fattening, and taking small amounts of others high in calories, with no second helpings of them, eating as freely as one wishes of those with very low calory content. Perhaps having fresh or canned fruit with but little sugar, in place of the regular family dessert. There should be no discussion of diets and reducing, etc., at the table, for the happiness and peace of mind of everybody there. In fact we talk altogether too much about our food.

The only way to tell whether or not one is losing weight, or gaining, or maintaining it, is to be weighed once a week, at the same time, preferably between eleven and twelve o'clock, always on the same day of the week on the same scales, and dressed in the same amount of clothing.

This information has been derived from experiments conducted by Doctors Rose and Sherman of Columbia. Caloric values and recipes will be given next month.

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The Truant Soul

Continued from page 46

more behind it. Myers had not surrendered his prey so easily as he had assumed to do. And Lancaster had been evasive—to spare her, perhaps, but evasive. And her task now was only to wait.

At eight she rose. She imagined that he must have finished the operation some time before, and be at the station, or on his way there, but her soul could not go out to his across the distance, and their communion seemed to be cut short by the same impenetrable darkness. Dressing, she was conscious of a stronger presentiment of approaching evil which she could not shake away.

It was a gloomy day, and the rain came down in torrents. About eleven o'clock Doctor Jenkins arrived in his buggy and inquired for Lancaster. He seemed surprised to learn that he had gone to Avonmouth.

He was preparing to return, but Joan felt the need of speech with him was irresistible. She did not mean to cross-examine him, she only wanted to shake off the feeling that Lancaster had passed out of her reach by speaking to one of his associates. She hardly knew the purpose of her accosting Jenkins until she saw the look of concern upon his face.

"Miss Wentworth, you aren't well!" he exclaimed. "You have been over-doing it!"

"No, Doctor Jenkins, but—Doctor Lancaster has gone to Avonmouth—"

"Yes, Miss Wentworth. But he won't come to any harm there, thanks to you. You have taught me a thing or two about morphine patients, Miss Wentworth," he went on, in his polite, complimentary fashion. "I never saw anyone get well as fast as Doctor Lancaster, nor any nurse that could handle a situation as you did," he added.

"Yes, but it was not really morphine, you know," said Joan, and then she almost gaped in astonishment. What had she said? Why had she said it?

Doctor Jenkins was staring at her too. "Not morphine, you say, Miss Wentworth?" he stammered.

"I mean, the symptoms weren't those of morphine poisoning," said Joan.

"Oh, well, Miss Wentworth, everybody takes it in a different way," he answered. "Yes, I reckon it was morphine, right enough. They wouldn't put the wrong label on the bottles. You certainly did set things humming, Miss Wentworth," he added, laughing and raising his hat.

"Wait a moment, Doctor Jenkins," persisted Joan. "I am so anxious about the doctor. He ought not to have gone; he was in no condition to go, and yet a man's life is at stake."

The doctor's face became at once impenetrable. He seemed to know more than she, Doctor Lancaster's fiancée knew; it was humiliating and ironical, but Joan saw that to question him, even if she had been so minded, was useless.

She was not minded. That would be a disloyal act toward her love. Soon she would know; and meanwhile she kept down her fears. She watched Jenkins drive away with sinking heart. And somehow the morning passed.

The hours of afternoon were leaden ones. Five o'clock came at last, with no cessation of the downpour, and Joan went out and paced the rain-soaked verandah endlessly, looking anxiously in the direction of the station, though she knew that it must be at least two hours before she could hope to see Jenkins' buggy again on its way up the hill.

Through the lowering western clouds the sun, emerging for a moment, streaked the west with angry crimson splashes. Lancaster must be nearly

home. But it was no use waiting there, where her fears grew from moment to moment. She went into the building, and saw the matron standing within her door. Suddenly she sensed the reflection of her own fears in Mrs. Fraser's heart; she knew the woman was doing nothing as she stood there, was waiting, like herself, and, in the same manner, hoping against hope for the doctor's safe return. Impulsively Joan entered the room. She could keep silence no longer. She broke down, sobbing distractedly.

"I am afraid something has happened to the doctor," she wept.

"Now you sit down in that chair, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Fraser, kindly. "It has been a trying day. But Doctor Lancaster will be home in an hour, and there's no use becoming anxious about him. Heavens, if we got anxious before we had cause, what should we do?"

"I know," sobbed the girl. "But I can't bear waiting. I know something has happened to him."

"Now, my dear, you are all worked up about him," she said. "He won't come to any harm. He can't come to harm when he went straight to his own hospital," she added.

But she spoke without conviction. Joan's hysterical mood was infecting her, increasing her own fears and forebodings.

"I reckon you know, Miss Wentworth, how much Doctor Jenkins and I feel we owe to you for taking care of the doctor," she said, seating herself at the girl's side. "And for getting that man out of the place, my dear. Man? He's a devil—he's the doctor's devil, Miss Wentworth. And no harm can come to the doctor with you watching for him and praying for him."

Joan looked up at her with troubled face. "Mrs. Fraser, I am so much at a loss," she said. "Doctor Jenkins and you have known Doctor Lancaster so long, and I am a stranger here. I am like a child in comparison with you, so far as knowledge of Doctor Lancaster is concerned. I have been fighting his physical troubles, and I do not know his mental ones. That is what puts me at a loss. How can I know that Doctor Lancaster's enemies are not waiting for him, or have not hurt him?"

The matron placed her hand on the girl's knee. "Why, my dear, Doctor Lancaster has no enemies," she said. "How could such a splendid man have enemies? Of course there are troubles; who hasn't them? And it may be there's things that Doctor Jenkins and I don't know—I've thought there might be. But we've only been here three years, and that was long after the doctor's troubles began. And of course we never listened to the village gossip. But oh, Miss Wentworth, you can't imagine the sorrow in our hearts when we saw that splendid man giving way to his habit, and letting it creep over him little by little and gain the mastery."

"At first, when I came here, it was only at times that he'd take the morphine, and then he'd have terrible outbursts of rage, and his mind would go, especially when he'd have those fits after he came back from Avonmouth. But after that the hoodoo got him. That was when I was afraid."

"The hoodoo?" inquired Joan.

"Miss Wentworth, the devil who was at him so long got hold of him once or twice. I've seen him come back from Avonmouth a different man, Miss Wentworth. That's when I've been afraid. Because the devil that can kill the body isn't much of a devil, but when he kills the soul there is no help

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but prayer. When he's in those dreadful moods he's another man. He's a wicked man, Miss Wentworth, and I'd shoot him then, if he tried to harm any of mine, and I wouldn't think I'd killed Doctor Lancaster. It all began after they accused him of stealing the trust funds.

"It is not true," said Joan.

"I'm sure it isn't, Miss Wentworth. But you see old Doctor Lancaster didn't leave the charge of the fund to his son; he left it in the care of the trustees. And there were complications about the hospital at Avonmouth. And then, after the doctor's bride ran away on the eve of their marriage it changed all his nature."

"I have heard of that," said Joan quietly. "But we must not discuss that in the doctor's absence."

"Why, everybody knows that, Miss Wentworth. Before it happened they say the doctor was the most respected man in Lancaster. He'd been born here, you know, on the plantation down in the valley Millville way. She was a Miss Reid. She came from Farnley County. She was the reigning belle there, admired and flattered, and it turned her heart to a stone to have all the men after her, crazy to marry her. The doctor was a young man then, and he couldn't see any further into her heart, such as it was, than the rest of them.

"She led the doctor a chase before she promised him, they say. But the very day before their marriage was to have been she left her home without a word to anyone, to go off with another man who's never been discovered. That broke the doctor up. He took to drugs then, they tell me. The Institute had been a big place before; it stood over on Morley's Hill, but it burned down one night, and we took this old farm house. And the doctor was using the funds, they said, and wasn't responsible at all.

"The trustees found that the money was gone. Nobody knew where it went, because the doctor had his own inheritance, and he wasn't the man to steal or squander. They wouldn't do anything to him, because of his family, but they put Mr. Myers in charge of the finances. That's all. None of us liked him, but what could we do about it? He was here when Doctor Jenkins and

I were appointed, and soon as we understood how matters were we agreed to stay as long as we could to try to help the Doctor.

"Mrs. Fraser, I want to know why Mr. Myers incited Doctor Lancaster to use morphine," said Joan.

"Miss Wentworth—"

"You know he did. You told me so. And Doctor Jenkins knows."

The matron looked agitated. "What could we do?" she cried. "Suppose we knew, what can two people do against a man like Myers? Suppose we had said so, who would have believed us? We did all we could do, and we all love the Doctor and would rather stay with him and help where we could than be discharged and do nothing."

She looked at Joan piteously, like a child caught in wrong-doing.

"I know you did your best," answered the girl. "But why should Doctor Lancaster stay here in Myers' power, instead of at his home in Avonmouth, where he is respected and powerful? Nothing of all this is known there?"

The matron wrung her hands. "I don't know," she answered. "I suppose that man has had him by the throat in more ways than we know. Whenever the Doctor used to go to Avonmouth Mr. Myers would go with him, and generally he'd come back with him. Miss Wentworth, till you came here the Doctor wasn't a man; what with his drugs and the hold Mr. Myers had over him, he was just a machine. And Mr. Myers was the driver."

Joan had the feeling that she should not listen to the matron's talk about Lancaster; it seemed disloyal of her; but she felt, too, that she must know more, and speedily, if she was to thwart that menacing evil which she sensed more and more clearly as the moments passed.

"Miss Wentworth," said the matron, placing her hand on the girl's arm firmly, "There's something else I ought to have told you about. Mrs. Dana—" "Hark!" interrupted Joan, holding up her hand for silence.

Then they heard, a long distance away, and inaudible to one whose attention was not strained, like theirs, the sound of the wheels of Jenkins' buggy.

To be concluded next month.

The Call of the Skis

By H. H. Fariss

You men who are chained to
desk and stool,
Come out on the white hills
with me;
Lay aside your pens and your
pencils,
Break your shackles and be
free.
Your blood will glow and your
pulses thrill
At the stinging whip of the
wind,
You men who pore over your
ledgers
Till you're pallid and weak and
thin.

Climb the hills to their topmost
summit,
Then poise for a moment and
fly
Swiftly down and on, like a wild
bird,
As the snow-jewelled trees rush
by.
Your feet are as winged as
Mercury's,
Your heart sings in glad vic-
tory,
For you've left behind life's dull
routine
And you're free, man—you are
free!

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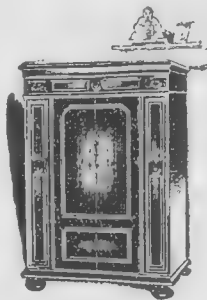


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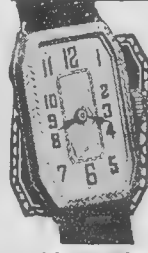


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The Tarry Buccaneer

I'm going to be a pirate with a bright brass pivot-gun,
And an Island in the Spanish Main beyond the setting sun,
And a silver flagon full of red wine to drink when work is done,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.
With a sandy creek to careen in, and a pig-tailed Spanish mate,
And under my main-hatches a sparkling merry freight
Of doubloons and double moldores and pieces of eight,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.
With a sash of crimson velvet and a diamond hilted sword,
And a silver whistle about my neck secured by a golden cord,
And a habit of taking captives and walking them along a board,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.
With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and a cocked hat cocked askew,
And a long low rakish schooner a-cutting of the waves in two,
And a flag of skull and cross-bones the wickedest that ever flew,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

—John Masefield

A Chat With Bobby Burke

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner,
This is a boy's poem this time. Sometimes we give poems for girls, sometimes poems that are real to everyone, but this is a real pirate, boy's poem. Can't you just see the old tarry Buccaneer? John Masefield, the man who wrote this poem was once a sailor, in fact his life reads like a story book for he has at different times done the most dreadfully hard work, and while he was working he was writing, and after awhile some one saw some of his writing and recognized how good it was, and now he is known as one of the outstanding poets of England. Have you ever heard that lovely sea song "Sea Fever" or the other one "Cargoes?" John Masefield has written plays too, very lovely ones. He was able to do these things because all his life, no matter how hard he worked, no matter how discouraged he was, he kept his dreams. Your dreams are the most important thing you have, don't lose them. If you want to write poetry and people laugh at you, never mind, keep on writing, and if you can write, some one will find it out some day. Keep your dreams. Do you perhaps want to be a doctor, or an engineer, or a nurse, or an architect, and there does not seem to be the slightest chance that you ever can. Keep on thinking about it, planning for it, dreaming of it, working for it, and some day you will get what you want, if you really want it. Keep your dreams.

If you are discouraged think of men like Joseph Conrad, a Norwegian sailor who shipped before the mast, who in the odd moments when he was not working like a slave, wrote and dreamed. He died three years ago, the greatest English

(Continued on column 4)

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

The Pinkity Winkity Stories by Marion Wathen Fox

THE FAIRIES' PARTY

A FEW days after Pinkity Winkity returned home from her visit to Bright Eyes, she was out at the little stream, which ran back of their house, washing her doll's clothes, when she heard a gay little voice saying, "Welcome home, Pinkity Winkity! Welcome home, Pinkity Winkity!"

And if there wasn't a fairy sitting on a water-lily bathing her wee feet in the stream.

"Oh, thank you, Fairy," answered Pinkity Winkity, "I did not suppose the fairies knew of my visit."

"Oh, my dear! the fairies know nearly everything that goes on in the low green valley, particularly to those we love; so, of course, we know all about your visit and your kindness to Bright Eyes."

"Do you really? Do you really?" twinkled and dimpled Pinkity Winkity, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed back the fairy, splashing her tiny, snow-white toes in the stream. "Of course we do, and that is just why I have come to invite you to our party. We're having a party especially for you, Pinkity Winkity—on our hill-top tomorrow night. It's to show you how much the fairies love you for all the kind things you've done for dear little Bright Eyes. We are going to be all dressed like flowers at the party, and you are to choose whichever kind of flower you'd like to be and we'll have your dress all ready."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! I should so love to go to a 'fairy party'! and—if you please, I shall choose to be a forget-me-not."

"Well! Well! That is the very flower that will suit you, dear Pinkity Winkity; because you never seem to forget any one, you are always thinking of something kind to do for people. You certainly will look sweet dressed like a dear little blue forget-me-not. We'll expect you tomorrow night at twelve o'clock, then," and with this the fairy floated off down the stream on a lily pad.

So, next night, just at the stroke of twelve, off went Pinkity Winkity, following the path made by the moon-beams right up to the fairies' hill-top. The queen of the fairies, herself, came to the door to welcome Pinkity Winkity, and soon all the little people were crowding about and calling out, "Welcome, Pinkity Winkity! Welcome, Pinkity Winkity!" My, but they did look beautiful, all dressed in their flower-dresses! It seemed as though pansies and roses and sweet-peas and poppies and hollyhocks and pinks and sweet-williams and lillies and—every kind of flower that Pinkity Winkity had ever seen or heard of, had all come to life, and were frolics about there on the hill-top, their beautiful colors splashing and gleaming fair and lovely amidst the silvery moon-beams.

Then the queen waved her wand and—Pinkity Winkity was herself the size of a fairy and dressed in a dainty forget-me-not dress.

Oh, such a beautiful place as they had made of their hill-top for the party.

A tall, tall rose bush, covered with beautiful pink roses, many times taller than the fairies, stood in the middle of the hill. From its top floated streamers of silver ribbon away out in every direction to the sides of the hill-top, where they were fastened to the ground. About these silver ribbons were twined tiny green vines covered with pink roses and between the roses dangled wee silver bells, which the soft night breezes gently swayed to and fro so that they tinkled, tinkled. Under these silver ribbons with their bells and roses the fairies danced and froliced, and Pinkity Winkity with them. Every now and then some of the fairies would reach up and pull the silver ribbons so that the bells played a beautiful tune—oh, but Pinkity Winkity was having a lovely, lovely time!

At last the fairy queen called out, "Refreshments at the tulip bed!"

And over they all scampered to a bed of

magnificent tulips at a corner of the hill-top. The Queen broke off a beautiful purple tulip and handed it carefully to Pinkity Winkity. Inside was the loveliest kind of drink just the color of her tulip. Each fairy broke off a tulip filled with a drink the color of each flower. So they all drank from the tulip cups and were very much refreshed.

Then they took Pinkity Winkity to where a gay row of tall hollyhocks were growing.

"Have a swing Pinkity Winkity!" they called to her, and almost before she knew what was happening her she was swinging on a little golden rope tied to the hollyhocks. So, for awhile they played on swings—and the fairies were so lovely about giving everyone turns on the swings!

But, while Pinkity Winkity was swinging on the golden swing, she noticed off at the far side of the hill-top, a great strip of the most magnificent flowers she had ever seen, the flowers were growing close, close together and seemed of almost every kind and color of every flower that grew. Indeed, it seemed like a great table massed with a top of flowers. While she was wondering about it a fairy stepped in front of the strip of flowers and blew on a silver bugle, clear and sweet:

"Come to the feast! Pinkity Winkity's banquet is ready!"

So, over to the table of flowers skipped all the fairies. And there were little velvety green cushions of moss all about the table; so everyone sat down, and the Queen said:

"Now, help yourself, Pinkity Winkity. And we hope you'll like our fairy food."

Then, to Pinkity Winkity's surprise, everyone broke off leaves of the flowers and began to eat them; so Pinkity Winkity did the same. And if the flowers didn't taste like the loveliest, loveliest cake! She tasted the leaf of a red flower and she seemed to be eating—strawberries; she nibbled the leaf of a yellow primrose and it was lemon pie; the little pink and white sweet-williams were little pink and white frosted cakes; the little lily bells were full of ice-cream—oh my, my!

Just when they were nearly done of the feast a funny little fairy jumped out of a snap-dragon and began to do tricks, the funniest, funniest kind of tricks, so that Pinkity Winkity laughed till she cried. Then a fairy band began to play on little golden fiddles and harps and many queer kinds of instruments which Pinkity Winkity did not know what to name. Pinkity Winkity had never, never, heard such sweet music. Then, all at once, they all started to sing a lovely song to the music. And, if it wasn't about Pinkity Winkity herself. The last of it said:

"Now, we'll away to the wishing green! This is Pinkity Winkity's party and she is to wish for the very nicest wish she can think of, for the fairies would give her something beautiful for herself because of all her dear kindness to Bright Eyes."

So, off they scampered to the Wishing green. And all the fairies were as still as still could be waiting for Pinkity Winkity to decide what lovely thing she would wish for herself.

Then Pinkity Winkity bowed to the Fairy Queen and said:

"I wish for a—pink china teapot for my mother!"

"I wish for a—pink china teapot for my mother!"

"I wish for a—pink china teapot for my mother!"

"Please, Fairy Queen, grant me this wish!"

Right away a branch of the big green tree dipped down to Pinkity Winkity, and dropped at her feet a lovely, lovely pink china teapot all lined with silver, even the spout, and with the handle and cover all patterned in blue and white forget-me-nots with tiny hearts of gold.

"O—h! O—h!" exclaimed Pinkity Winkity, "I never, never thought a teapot could be so beautiful! Thank you! Thank you! dear fairies!"

novelist of his day. Think of this John Masefield I have told you about, of W. H. Davies a tramp, who wrote as he wandered from place to place, but who sent some of his poems to G. B. Shaw, and was helped to publish them, and now he writes not only poetry, but novels too. Canada needs dreams to help to build up her great plains for the world. If the men who first came out here by ox cart and boat had had no dreams where would we have been? It was once a dream in some one's mind that Vancouver and Montreal should be linked by rails of steel, but you know it is a dream no longer, for not only one, but two railways cross Canada. Keep your dreams. Whether they are of railroad building, writing, painting, singing, farming, or doctoring, keep them, and make them come true. We need dreamers, and dreams come true.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL

SOMETHING SENT IN

Our Christmas Card Competition

WELL boys and girls there is no doubt at all about who won this competition, for Elsie Knaut of Forestburg, Alta. (aged 13), sent in two such lovely cards for a young girl to make that it was decided as soon as her envelope was opened. We have printed one of the cards for you but the coloring in it which you can't see is very nice.

Gold Buttons go to Louisa Jamieson of Salmon Arm, B.C., Jessie Crowhurst of Red Deer, Alta. (R.R. No. 4), to Clarence and Cleo Palmer of, Waldeck, Sask., Marjorie Gibbens, Cadillac, Sask., Mary Anderson of McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Honorable Mention to Doreen Assmus of Swift Current (who although only five, has already sent in several nice things to the Cosy Corner, including her picture); Grant Robinson of Saskatoon; Winnie Ellery of Starbuck; Mary M. Schneider, Edrans, Man. Ruth A. Haugen, Hardy, Saskatchewan.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A NICE letter from Louise Jamieson of Salmon Arm, telling us what she is giving the various members of her family for Christmas. A very helpful letter but too late for us I am afraid.

Letters from Ellen Coles and Eileen M. Kerr thanking the Cosy Corner for their prizes for the summer competition on "Stop, Look, and Listen." Eileen says her pen has a guarantee on the box, and wishes to know what that means. If this guarantee reads "This pen is guaranteed for one year" it means that if at any time during the year the pen does not work properly, the company who made it will repair or replace it. Of course, if you drop it and break it you could not expect to have it replaced, but if it refuses to work you can get it mended.

Frank Jeffrey sent us some riddles—"As big as a steeple, as light as a feather, yet no man can lift it"—a shadow.

When is it best to read books of nature? When autumn turns the leaves.

Chester Hamilton Baker of 2559 Vancouver St., Victoria, B.C., aged 8, would like to hear from other boys and girls. He goes swimming in the Y.M.C.A. tank on Saturdays, and in the summer goes fishing with his daddy. A 16 pound salmon once got hooked on the line when he was holding the rod and nearly pulled him out of the boat. Chester writes a good letter, you'd like to hear from him.

John Cole of Salmon Arm, B.C., writes a jolly fine letter. He's a real boy too. He has a busy time in his lovely valley, with orchards everywhere. He milks cows, feeds the pigs and chickens, and chops wood, besides going to school, and doing fifth grade work, which is pretty good for eleven, don't you think?

Pearl Kortzman of Torlea, Alta., sends us in a copy of Pauline Johnson's poem "Harvest Time."

B.M., of address unknown, sends us in some verses she has written herself. They are nice little verses but we haven't much room left so can only quote one.

They are called "Christmas Joys."

"All through the day a blissful dream,
Of tables with turkey and silver gleam,
Of stockings and dollies and Christmas trees,
'Now time for bed.' Oh not yet, please!"

Perhaps B. M. will send us in some other verses, and please sign your name and give your address. Don't be shy of the Cosy Corner, we are all friends here, and the best of friends.

The Princess and the Wolf-Spider

Continued from page 14

a rehearsal for their Sovereign Lady had returned, and, at the same time, informed them that the sun would rise as usual the following morning.

Just as the Ladies-of-the-Bed-Chamber were about to tuck the Princess in her cosy, warm, little nest, there was a knock at the door, and in came Miss Worry. Miss Worry was, really, the troubled thoughts of the Princess as she was trying to decide how she could help Chief Bangwack to be good. After thinking a long time, she decided, so Miss Worry took the hint and flew out of the window. Then the Princess went right to sleep and dreamed that the old Chief had become a kind old man, loved by everyone, and the most beloved among his large family of Wolf-Spiders.

The Scribbler had said the sun would rise at the usual time next morning and it did, amid such a riot of song that even the oldest people of the Fairy Kingdom remarked they had never heard such melody before. All the birds that could sing did, and even the Flamingo, Stork, and old Daddy Pelican, tried, but oh, what a mess they made of it!

The Princess arose early and after having her bath of sunbeams and dew-drops, requested her first Lady-of-the-Bed-Chamber to select the garments that she was to wear for the morning, not forgetting to go to the window to thank the songsters for the delightful musical that she had enjoyed "very, very much."

Many of the birds had tried so hard to please their Princess that they had strained their throats; others were so tired that they could not sing one note—that is, if it were a whole note—perhaps a quarter would have been possible with very great effort. One young Mocking-Bird had just learned to sing, and was so proud that he kept right on singing after the others had stopped. The Princess felt that he should not strain his voice, so requested one of her attendants to ask the little fellow to rest and save what songs he had left, for another time.

"How so much melody and joy can find a home in such a little throat is hard to understand," observed the Princess.

The youngster did stop, but having so much more to say in his songs, and so many songs to sing, flew so far away that no one in or about the Palace could hear him. Perching himself on a swaying bough, he burst again into song, trilling, and piping, warbling and whistling. He might have been singing now if a wee little worm had not been discovered clinging to a leaf. This caused him to forget all about his melody. Jumping down, he devoured the squirming morsel with great relish. It tasted so good that he decided to seek others as nearly like it as possible. Never again did he sing in the vicinity of the Palace without being specially commanded by some member of the Royal Household.

Hardly had the Princess finished dressing when a messenger, all out of breath, came running from Take-It-Easy, to tell her that Chief Bangwack had been elected Mayor of the town. When the messenger recovered his breath, which he had lost several times, he informed her that the Chief was going among the people of Take-It-Easy as if he had always lived there. He had rented the house of the late Mayor and was moving to town with his family, and threatened to punish any of his people, or any other people, if they were ever thoughtless enough to eat any of the people of the village or any of the people of the suburbs or any other people; and that he was very sorry that he had ever eaten anybody, and would starve rather than do anything that would hurt the feelings of the Princess, and if she ever visited Take-It-Easy again he would be delighted to have her come and stay at his house all the time she was in town.

This tickled the Princess so, that she had the Mayor of Take-It-Easy and all the people in the town, and some of the people around the outskirts, come over and spend the week-end.

"Bob" the Dog

By George Ballard Bowers

DOG! used as an epithet applied to a human is a "fighting word." But after having read in a California daily a news item of Bob, I feel that the term should no longer bear insult.

Bob was a common Airedale terrier, but his story shames numerous pages of human history. His is not an ordinary tale of fidelity unto death; it is different.

Bob's master and a companion went for a hunt along the edge of the Mojave Desert. Days passed, yet they did not return home. When a searching party came to the end of the trail in their little camp, both hunters were dead. There had been a tragedy. Only Bob knows what happened, but circumstances seem to lead to the belief that his master had accidentally shot his companion in the back, then, in a moment of anguish, put the rifle to his own head.

Bob was left alone with the dead. Although he was an expert hunter, he could not leave his silent master even to catch one of the numerous rabbits scurry-

ing through the brush. Soaring lazily in the blue above watched a vulture. He knew that Death had passed. Already on the ridge above the camp, two coyotes licked their chops in anticipation.

Five days and five nights Bob kept the complaining birds and beasts from their feast.

When the searchers came up, a dozen vultures swished out of the brush and the coyotes slipped over the ridge. Bob was whining near his master's ear; he had grown too weak to stand.

Yes, Bob's story was different; he was faithful after death.

Since Bob was only a dog, why did he not abandon his silent companions to chase the taunting desert rabbit which he could have outdistanced with ease?

Since Bob cannot make known his thoughts to man, no one will ever know just why he suffered hunger while there was abundant food in sight.

"Dog!" A term meaning fidelity even after death.

Sport

"Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman cried
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun:
"The world looks so happy, so golden
the sun!"

I'll slip to the woods where the wild things
hide."

The deer that he "shot" never dreamed of
his aim,

And the bird that he caught went on with
her song,

Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter
and wrong,

Yet rich were his "trophy" and varied
his game.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



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The New Year

NOTHING is harder to realize than the meaning of time. Nature seems ageless. The creation shows no diminution of force. The seasons, in their round, bring us year after year the same succession of flowers and bees and the harvest of the fields and autumn leaves and winter snows. On the stroke of December's last midnight we say goodbye to the Old Year, and with the next breath we greet the New Year—which we shall call the Old Year when the passing of twelve months brings us once more to December's last midnight. We say Old Year and New Year, because we read time and events and the universe through our own personality and in human terms. Ageless Nature, which brings us the winter snows, is even now preparing to bring us the budding leaves and blossoms of springtime. Can we not say of the old world that it is a new world, just as we say when the clock strikes twelve on the last night of December that that year is old, and say the next instant that it is a new year? The world and the year are both new, and to every one of us they bring opportunities for better living. We "live in deeds, not in years."

Hope Well Founded

ON THE coming of every new year humanity looks forth from its watch towers in the hope of seeing some sign of the dawn of the golden age which has always been its secret dream. "Surely," we say, "the new year will bring good to human kind." And the hope is always well founded. The river of human affairs flows on unceasingly according to Divine purpose. Storm winds sometimes may make us think that its waves are flowing backward. But it is only the surface of the mighty river that is troubled.

While the Years Pass

"TIME travels at divers paces with divers persons." But for no one does time stand still. And no mortal has found the trick of stretching our waking hours to more than the clock measures with its moving hands. Nor can we, like the legendary Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, doze and wake to find the people about us using a new speech and a new coinage. But we can realize that each day is a new day, and "the years that bring the philosophic mind" teach us that while the days and months melt away like "the snows of yesteryear," it is wisdom to take a tighter grip on the true realities and let the shadows go. If we take care of the day, the year will take care of itself.

What Some Theorists Forget

AFTER recently reading an article by an eminent economist who appeared from what he wrote to have convinced himself that the world is headed for bankruptcy, The Philosopher remembered the book published before the Great War by an equally eminent economist, who proved to his own complete satisfaction that it had become a financial impossibility for the world to wage war for any longer than

six months. Yet the Great War was waged for four years and a half. There need be no fear that the world is tumbling into bankruptcy and humanity is about to collapse into ruin. There are things which certain eminent thinkers forget to take into account, things which defy the theories of economists. One of these things is the power of humanity to "carry on" against a sea of troubles, and work towards the achievement of its destiny.

The Art of Politics

AN OLD friend of The Philosopher, on a recent visit to his office, took up from the table a book whose title announced that it dealt with Political Science. "There's no such thing!" he said, putting the book down again. "No science is possible without fixed properties, ascertained laws and causes that will produce effects that can be determined in advance. Until there is a science in human nature, there can be no science of politics, and there can be no science of human nature, because human nature is uncertain and unpredictable. The most successful politicians are successful because they play on the emotions of the public. That is to say, they practise an art. Science and art are quite different things." And The Philosopher had to agree that he had never yet read a book on Political Science which justified its title.

A Thought About Doctors

PERHAPS in time we shall do away with our present system of paying doctors better for illness than for health. In the Cabinet row in the new Legislative Assembly of Manitoba, sits Dr. E. W. Montgomery, a new Minister, whose concern is Public Health. Most of the other Provincial Governments and the Dominion Government now have such Ministers. Perhaps we are on the way to a time when doctors will be paid for keeping each person, or family, or rather, group of families, in good health. To a large extent, that is what all good doctors are doing now, in spite of the fact that it takes money out of their pockets.

Dreams—and Realities

FIFTY years from now, it is prophesied, buildings will be heated by radio. People will then be seeing, of course, as well as hearing by wireless transmission. Inventors on both sides of the Atlantic have been working to perfect a "looking set" which will be no more expensive than a radio "hearing set," and there seems to be every reason to believe that an English inventor has won the race. Think of the many things we have today which would have struck our grandparents dumb with astonishment. Can we doubt that fifty years from now the crop of everyday wonders will have become greatly increased? The idea of transmission by radio of the heat of coal from the mine-mouth to where it is needed seems incredible today. But does it need a greater effort of imagination than would have been required fifty years ago to see Winnipeg lighted, not by kerosene and gas, and its street cars drawn, not by horses, but by waterfalls on a river scores of miles away?

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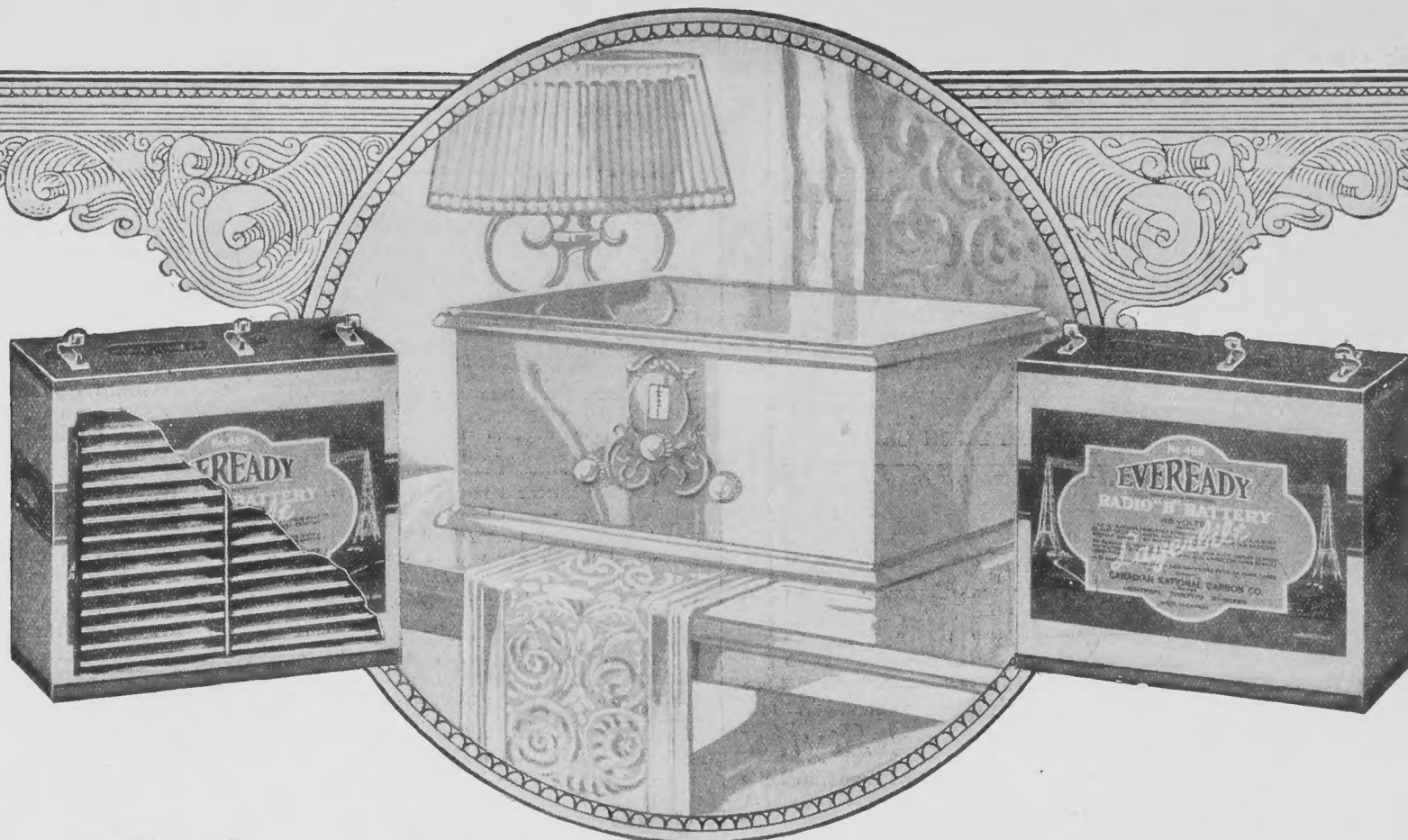
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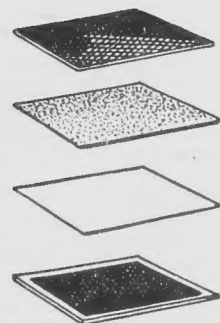
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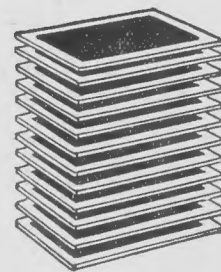
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What The World Is Saying

Are They?

There has been a good deal of comment at the number of women who attend prize fights. Perhaps some of them are there because they want to see a man get what is coming to him.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Amphibious Politics

Perhaps the political parties can arrange each to have in its platform a plank, which will be dry on one side and wet on the other.—Springfield Republican.

Extraordinary Place, Hollywood

A California beauty specialist says that the women screen stars do not take any exercise. Of course not. What are they paying their doubles for?—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Ye Editor's Longing

The girls whom we knew at school are still busy keeping that school girl complexion, but what we wish we could recover is that schoolboy stomach.—Brookville Recorder-Times.

This Dangerous Gasoline Age

"Walking is still the best thing for the health," says a health expert. But running, side-stepping and dodging make for a longer life.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Fenders Can Be Replaced

If motorists will not be careful for the sake of pedestrians, they should be careful at least for the sake of their own fenders.—Minneapolis Journal.

An Old Joke in New Guise

Halfpenny fares have come into force in Glasgow. Confirmed pedestrians are not at all pleased, as they now save less by walking.—Halifax Mail.

He Was Out of Luck, Indeed

An American remarks that the first thing that struck him in London was the double-decked covered-in 'bus. He was particularly unfortunate.—London Express.

Tapering Fingers in Hollywood

Nearly every movie actress has long, slender fingers. The continual slipping on and off of wedding rings must wear down the fingers in time.—Baltimore Sun.

As May Readily Be Seen

Statistics show that the women on this continent now buy more silk stockings in a day than were bought in an entire year twenty-five years ago.—Buffalo Express

They Might Jump Better, Too

There might be advantages in having rubber pavement. The pedestrians would bounce better.—Montreal Herald.

Vanished Days

Some persons will remember the days when knees were only mentioned in connection with prayers.—Calgary Herald.

For Speeders to Keep in Mind

Scientists have produced a more permanent finish for cars, but nothing yet invented beats a locomotive.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Ye Editor as a Millinery Expert

Some of the most prevalent styles of women look to us like a cross between a bird's nest and a two quart dipper.—Vernon News.

The Back Teeth, No Doubt

A Vancouver dentist has been summoned for seizing a patient's false teeth for arrears. Sounds like a gum game of some sort.—Toronto Telegram.

For Life at Sea Like Life on Land

A new ocean liner will have aboard a garage capable of holding sixty automobiles. Then all it will need to make it complete will be a few speed fiends, a motor highway, a speed cop, and a supply of pedestrians.—Toronto Mail and Empire

Why They Look Languid

What exhausts these young women so is the necessity of powdering their noses so often, of arranging their hair every now and then and of frequently pulling down their skirts.—Montreal La Presse.

The Council Should Meet at Ottawa

By meeting at Ottawa the Council of the League of Nations would receive the inspiration of viewing results between peaceful nations which have tested arbitration, rather than force, for over a century.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Progress of Women

Women, says an English paper, have invaded all but thirty-seven of the occupations of the world. There are as yet no women engine-drivers. There isn't any back seat in a locomotive cab.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

So It Would Appear

According to a famous explorer the Eskimos near Coronation Gulf are honest, generous and industrious. Civilization, however, must eventually overtake them.—Niagara Falls Review.

Yes, Indeed

Dr. Herman Bundesen, Chicago health officer, says the average citizen of New York and Chicago has the mentality of a child of twelve. But think how much a child of twelve knows these days.—Toronto Star.

O Woman!

Feminine intuition is that divine faculty that causes a woman to bring out her felt hat in July, her straw hat in January, her fur neckpiece in June, and her chiffon hose in December.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Keeping Up an Ancient Joke

A number of gold coins have been found in a well in Scotland. A large number of drownings are now expected.—The Pas Herald.

Uncomplaining Fossils

They have found more fossils in Ohio—the kind that are dug up, and not those that still grumble about bobbed hair and short skirts.—Detroit Free Press.

A Query for the Future to Answer

Is it not possible that a time may come when Montreal will be better known as Mile 2394 from the Hudson Bay railway?—Winnipeg Free Press.

An Injudicious Announcement

Very unwise, we think, of the beauty specialist who advertised that she would be delighted to give ladies some useful wrinkles.—Ottawa Citizen.

This Amazes Us, So To Speak

Our local Luther Burbank says he is thinking of trying next year to cross seed corn with butter beans, in an effort to produce corn on the cob that will carry its own lubricant.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

And It Has a Wide Mouth, Too

It has been said that the Nelson river goes on a wild rampage each spring, that it often changes its course entirely. The person who said that must have confused the river with the politicians.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

One Way of Looking At It

The only thing that can be said for these people who keep on predicting the end of the world is that they get a little bit closer every time.—Medicine Hat News.

A Bee-made Motoring Emergency

Don't dodge responsibility. When a bee comes under the windshield, stop the car yourself, instead of trusting to a telegraph pole to do it.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Youthful Opportunist

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "Where are you going to take that dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by. "I—I'm going to see where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.—United Presbyterian.

A New Vacuum Cleaner

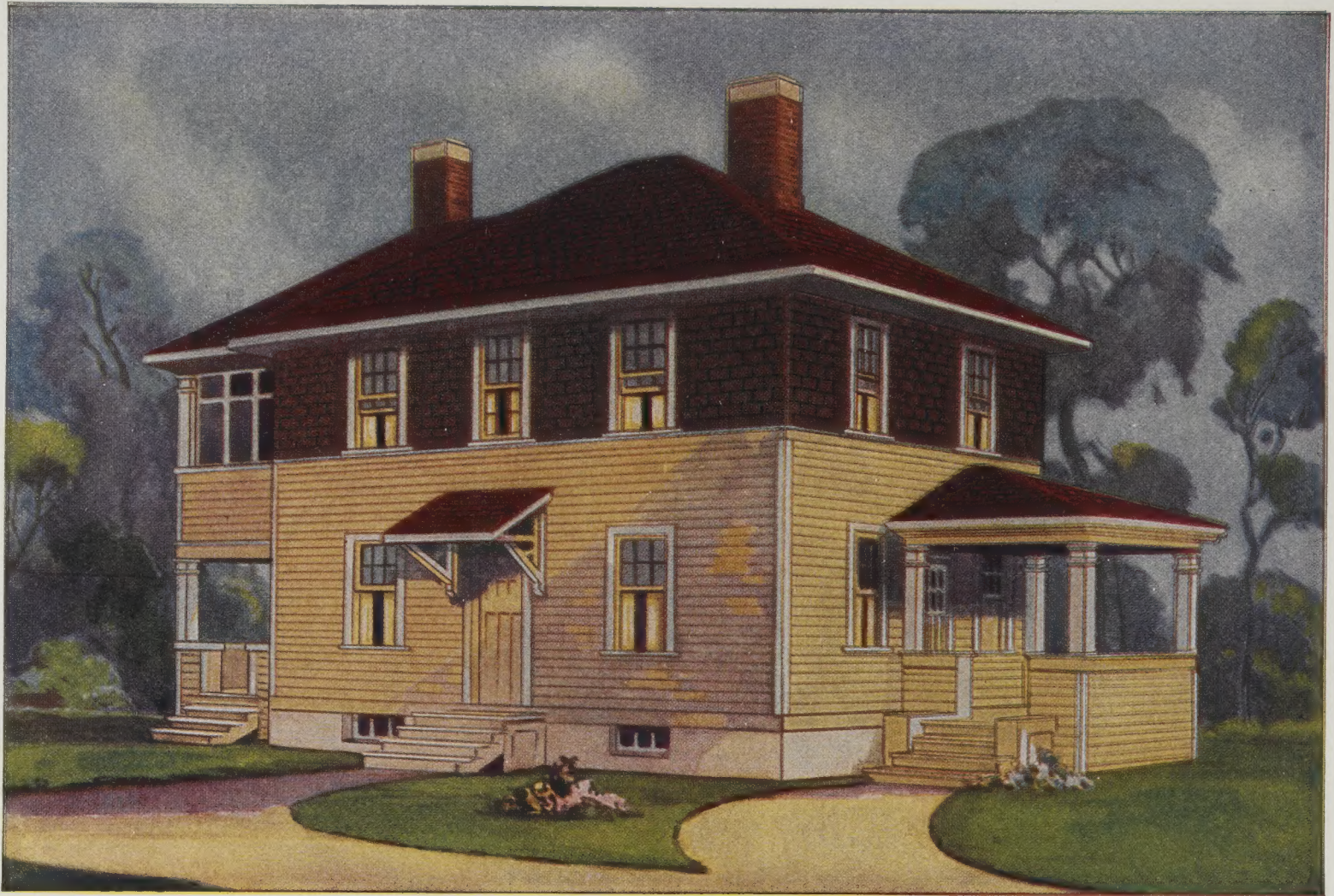
Johnny came back from his first sight of an elephant much excited. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "Katie spilled some peanuts on the ground and what do you think happened? The elephant picked them up with his vacuum cleaner."—Ohio Utility News.



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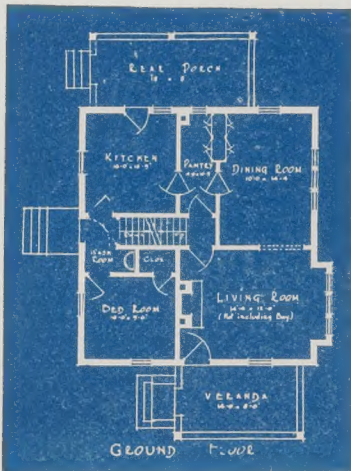


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A Home of Lasting Happiness

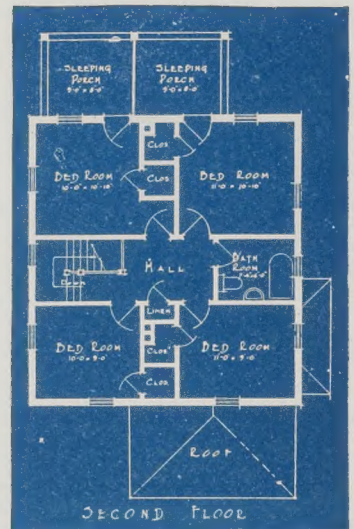


THE distinctive charm of a home constructed entirely of wood, properly and artistically designed, cannot be duplicated in any other material.

Are you planning to build? Then plan carefully and build well if you would have a permanent home—combining warmth, comfort, beauty and convenience.

Remember, there are no short cuts to *good construction* and the accepted methods of good building practice cannot be improved upon.

Plan to use only the best building lumber and always the right kind of lumber for the work it has to do. Every piece should be selected for you at the lumber yard by an expert lumberman, under your own supervision. You cannot afford to have weaknesses and defects develop after your money has gone into the building.



There is no one better fitted to give you sound building advice than your home town lumberman. Consult him first thing. He has all kinds of plans, a complete stock of lumber and will always be at hand to consult as the job progresses. He gives you right in your home town a service that cannot be duplicated.

Here is a suggestion—send in the coupon for the beautifully illustrated plan book shown here, pick out a design that suits you in the main, then take it to your home town lumberman and talk it over with him.

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association, and the Associations of the B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Limited, the Mountain Lumber Manufacturers and the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers.



THE WESTERN RETAIL LUMBERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, Scott Bldg., WINNIPEG.

Please send me, without Charge, copy of your new plan book, "Plans for the Home Builder."

Name.....

Address.....

(COUPON)



A Boy, A Dog—and RAPID OATS

Robin Hood Rapid Oats is the genuine "PAN-DRIED" rapid cooking flake. It comes in a NON-PREMIUM package; also in a package marked CHINAWARE which contains a piece of high grade beautifully decorated china.



THIS is Bob Fenton at breakfast with his dog. You can tell from the picture that Bob has a good body and a bright mind. Mrs. Fenton says that Robin Hood Rapid Oats is their regular breakfast every day of the year. Bob likes it. So does all the family. And Mrs. Fenton knows that it is helping her boy to grow up into strong manhood—every mother's ambition.

Breakfast at the Fentons' is an easy meal to get. In less than 5 minutes from the time Robin Hood Rapid Oats is put on to cook, it is served and on the table in steaming bowls, thoroughly cooked and Oh! so appetizing.

Everybody Likes Rapid Oats

Today, in Canadian homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this famous cereal has become the COMPLETE BREAKFAST for old and young. Everybody likes the delicious nut like taste found only in Robin Hood Rapid Oats. The great Robin Hood Mills

Limited have perfected a scientific method for bringing out the full natural flavor of the oat kernel. This is known as the "PAN-DRIED" process. It not only improves the taste but also makes the body building food elements more digestible.

Chinaaware in Each Package

Mrs. Fenton buys Rapid Oats because she knows it is the best food she can give her family—but she also welcomes the china-ware that comes with it. In each package marked "CHINAWARE," she gets a beautiful piece such as a cup and saucer, a cream pitcher, a porridge bowl or something equally desirable.

You, too, can make a collection of decorated china-ware for your home. Ask your grocer for Robin Hood Rapid Oats, the "CHINAWARE" package. Then serve your family with the most nourishing breakfast that money can buy. From now on "Start the Day" with Robin Hood Rapid Oats.



Start the day with

Robin Hood
Rapid Oats
(PAN-DRIED)

ROBIN HOOD MILLS LIMITED—MOOSE JAW—CALGARY—MONTREAL